HOWE'S NEW

BANJO

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WITH ABOUT

200 OF THE MOST POPULAR AIRS OF THE DAY:

CONSISTING OF

SONGS, WALTZES, POLKAS, MARCHES, DANCES, &c.

COMPILED BY ELIAS HOWE.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY ELIAS HOWE, AGT., 103 COURT STREET.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by WILLARD HOWE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

CATALOGUE OF BRASS BAND MUSIC,

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Selections from "Trovatore"	1.00

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Garibaldi Quickstep, "Garibaldi's Hymn," "Belle Brandon," and "John Brown"		1.00

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Lombardi	*Verdi.*	1.00
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INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE BANJO.

MANNER OF HOLDING THE BANJO.

The Banjo should be placed transversely on the right thigh, the right fore arm resting upon the edge of the instrument, the hand hanging above the strings so as to bring the wrist just over the bridge. The head of the Banjo should be elevated, so as to bring it nearly even with the left shoulder.

THE LEFT HAND.

The left hand should lightly press the neck just below the Nut, between the thumb and the first finger, leaving the ends of the thumb and fingers free. The arm should hang naturally, with the elbow separated from the body; the fingers should be separated, and held ready to strike the strings perpendicularly. The thumb is sometimes used to *stop* the fourth string.

THE RIGHT HAND.

The thumb should be extended and rest on the fifth string. The fingers should not be separated, but held closely together, and move simultaneously with the first finger; the first finger should be held a little farther out from the hand than the other fingers. The fingers should be held stiff, except at the third joint. The wrist should be held limber.

MANNER OF PLAYING.

In playing, the thumb and first finger only of the right hand are used; the fifth string is touched by the thumb only, this string is always played *open*, the other strings are touched by the thumb and the first finger, the thumb and finger should meet the strings obliquely, so as to cause them to vibrate across the finger-board. The strings are touched by the ball of the thumb, and the nail of the first finger. The first finger should strike the strings with the *back* of the *nail*, and then slide to. When using the thumb, the first finger nail should rest against the first string; when using the first finger, the thumb should rest on the fifth string; when the first finger strikes any one of the strings, other than the first string, the finger should slide to, and rest on the next string to the one struck; when the first string is struck, the finger should slide to, and rest on the top of the instrument.

MANNER IN WHICH THE BANJO IS STRUNG AND TUNED.

The Banjo has 5 strings, the 1st, 2d, 3d and 5th, of which, are Gut, and the 4th is of Silk covered with silver wire.

The 3d string is tuned first, then the 2d string is tuned a third above the third string, then the 1st string is tuned a fifth above the 3d string, then the fifth string is tuned an octave above the 3d string, then the 4th or Bass string is tuned a fifth below the third string.

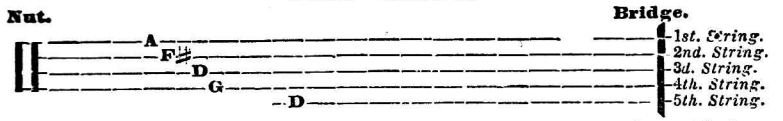
Owing to the peculiar construction of the Banjo, the performer can play in *two* keys only, without changing its *pitch*, these two keys are the keys of the third string and the fourth string.

The third string is usually tuned to the letter D, (the same with the third string of the Violin,) and the 4th string a fifth below which, makes it G, therefore the keys of G major, and D major, are called the *Natural* keys of the Banjo.

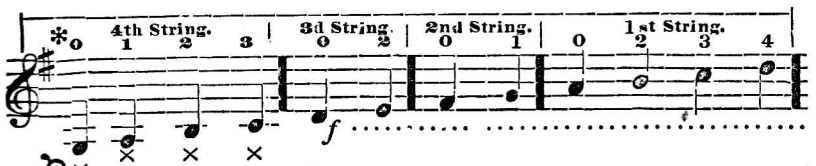
All Banjo music is *written* in the keys of G and D, therefore when the performer wishes to play in any other keys, he has but to change

the *pitch* of the strings, and then play in the key of G or D, producing the *sounds* of whatever key he tuned to. In this manner while it would seem to the performer that he was playing in the key of G, or D, the tones he would produce might be in the key of A♭, or any other remote key he might tune to. It will thus be seen that the Banjo can be played in *any* key.

THE BANJO.

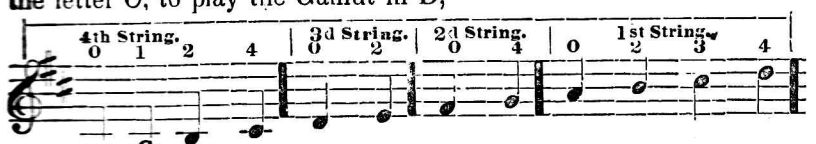


* The letters at the end of the strings indicate the names of the open strings. The letters on the fingerboard indicate the Gamut or Scale in the key of G, this key being the principal key of the Banjo. The 5th string is always played *open*, and is generally called the *Thumb String.*

GAMUT IN THE KEY OF G.

* ○ Indicates an open string; 1, the first finger of the *left* hand; 2, the second finger; 3, the third finger, and 4, the fourth finger.

○× Indicates the thumb of the *right* hand, and F, the first finger.

In the key of G, the letter F is sharped; in the key of D, the letters F and C, are sharped: therefore as the F is sharped *naturally*, that is in *tuning* the Banjo, the performer has therfore but to sharp the letter C, to play the Gamut in D,

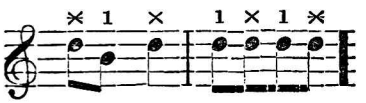


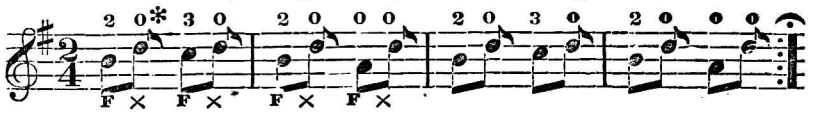
To tune by the A tuning fork, the 1st string should be tuned in unison with it, then tune the 3d string a fifth below, after which, tune as before directed.

The greatest difficulty in playing, is to *stop* the strings perfectly. In this, the pupil must be guided almost entirely by his ear; he should, however, *generally* allow half the width of his finger, as space between each finger, and also keep the first finger about the same distance from the *nut.* In *stopping* the 4th string, the *first* finger should be placed about a finger's width below the *nut.*

MOVEMENTS.

There are five principal movements or motions used in Banjo music, and as these form the basis of all Banjo pieces, the learner should become thoroughly familiar with them.

Whenever the letter D of the fourth line of the staff occurs *singly*, it should be played on the fifth string. When two or more occur, the first should be made on the 1st string, the next on the fifth string, and so on, thus:

MOVEMENTS.

Commence slow, and gradually increase the speed.

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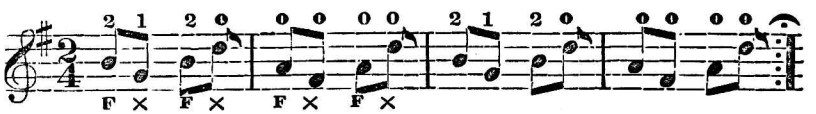

No. 3.

* The notes to be played by the right hand, have a double stem.

No. 4.

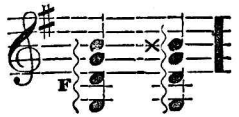
No. 5.

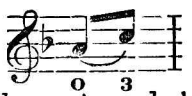
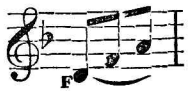
CHORDS.

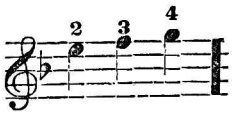
A Chord is a union of two or more sounds, to be played simultaneously.

When a single chord occurs, it is to be played by the first finger alone, which is done by sliding the finger rapidly over the strings, beginning with the *lowest* note.

When two or more chords composed of the same letters occur, the first is made with the first finger, and the second is made by sliding the back of the *nail* of the thumb rapidly over the strings, commencing with the *upper* note of the chord.

thus: 

When the slur is found on two or more *ascending* notes, which occur on the *same* string, the first note is struck by the first finger of the right hand; the next note is made by bringing a finger of the left hand down with force upon the string, thus:

The 1st note, A, is made by the right hand, the 2d note is made by striking the string with the third finger of the left hand. When the slur is found on two or more *ascending* notes which occur on *different* strings, they are made by striking the first note with the 1st finger of the right hand, and then sliding the first finger over the remaining notes, thus: The D is struck, and the finger then slides over the F♯ and A.

SECOND POSITION.

Whenever notes occur that are higher than the D of the first string, the Thumb of the left hand should be placed just above the 5th string, so as to bring the first finger upon the place where the 3d finger makes D, when the hand is in the natural position. Then to make E, put down the 2d finger on the first string; to make F♯ put down the 3d finger on the same string; to make G, put down the 4th finger on the same string, taking care to keep the fingers apart about the width of a finger. When the hand is placed thus, it is said to be in the 2d Position. The first string is the only one ordinarily used in the 2d Position, and the letters stand on the staff, thus:

MANNER OF TUNING THE BANJO IN THE DIFFERENT KEYS.

To play in the Keys of C, and F, tune Third * String to C.

To play in the Keys of D♭ and G♭, tune Third String to D♭.

To play in the Keys of E♭ and A♭, tune Third String to E♭.

To play in the Keys of E and A, tune Third String to E.

To play in the Keys of F and B♭, tune Third String to F.

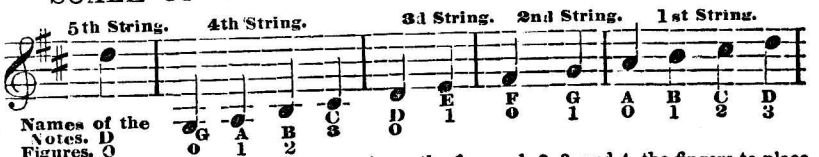
* After the Third String is tuned, tune the Second String a third ABOVE it; the first String a fifth above it; the Fourth String a fifth BELOW it; and the Fifth String an Octave above it, in the same manner as in the Natural Keys (G and D) of the instrument.

To play in the Keys of D and G, tune Third String to D.
To play in the Keys of F♯ and B, tune Third String to F♯.
To play in the Keys of G♭ and C♭, tune Third String to G♭.

The above are all the Major Keys, these being in general use. If the performer wishes to play in the Minor Key, he must tune the Second String a Minor Third from the Third String, learning the other strings at the same pitch as in the Major Keys.

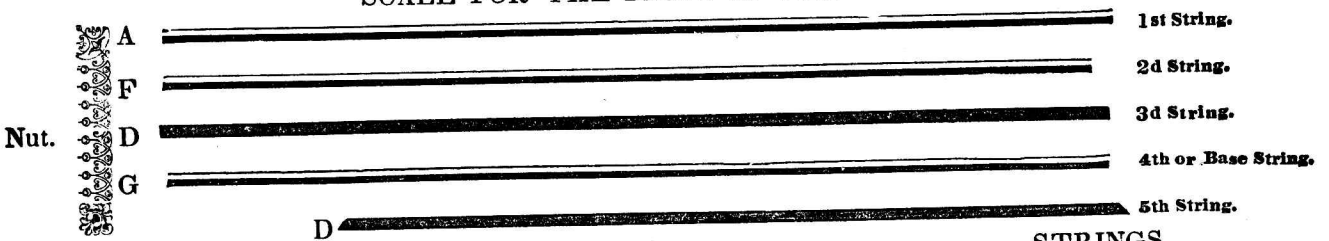
The learner should frequently change the PITCH, in playing the foregoing pieces, and he will thus obtain a pleasing variety in the sound. A good imitation of the Banjo can be made on the Guitar, by removing the Sixth String, and putting the First String in its place, and then playing in the Banjo style.

The use of the Banjo was until recently almost entirely confined to the negroes of the South and their imitators, the members of various negro minstrels; it was often made in a very rough and clumsy manner, totally devoid of scientific principles such as guide the makers of Guitars and Violins, to which class of instruments it belongs. But within a few years the improvements that have been made in their manufacture is truly wonderful, so instead of its being classed among the third and fourth rate instruments, it is now ranked in the first class, and is destined to perform a very important place, not only as an accompaniment to vocal music, but it will take a prominent position in the performance of instrumental music. The interest that it has excited in the musical world can readily be accounted for on listening to the sweet and beautiful tones that it produces in the hands of a skillful performer.

SCALE OF THE BANJO IN THE KEY OF D. ♯♯

The 0 above represents the open strings, the figures 1, 2, 3, and 4, the fingers to place upon them.

Music for the Banjo should be in the keys of G♯, D ♯♯, A ♯♯♯. But music in other keys can be played by changing the pitch of the instrument.

SCALE FOR THE BANJO IN THE KEY OF D.



☞Music for the Banjo is always written on the Treble Staff.

POSITION.

Hold the Banjo in your left hand, about two inches from the nut, let the neck rest in the hollow of your hand, which will bring your fingers and thumb directly over the strings, and let the instrument rest against your right side, which will bring it in a proper position to perform with the right hand. You must sit in an upright and graceful position, as it is less tiresome, and will give your right hand a fuller use of the instrument.

STRINGS.

The Banjo generally has five strings, although they are sometimes made with six, and even seven, yet five strings is the number in general use.

It is of the greatest importance that good strings are selected: get those of a clear, white color, the real Italian are superior to all others, although they may cost a trifle more; yet for purity of tone and retaining the pitch, they will be cheaper in the end, one lasting as long as three common ones.

NAMES OF THE STRINGS.

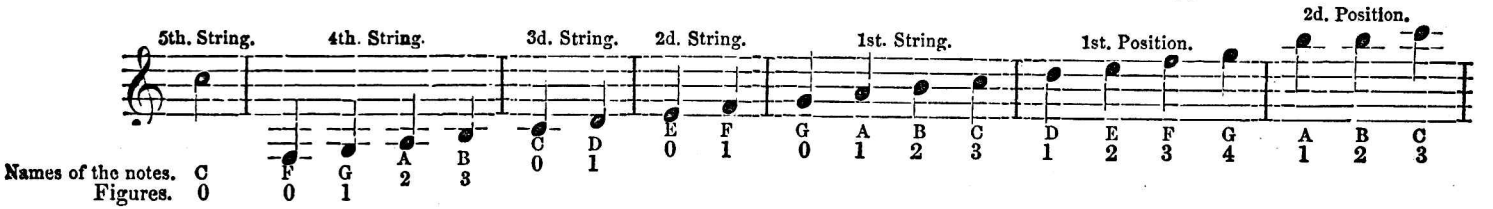
The shortest on the left of the finger-board is called D, or Buzz, and is the violin 1st, or E string, which we will number 1. **The first** on the right of the finger-board is called A, the same as the violin 1st, or E, we will number 2; the 2d from the right is called F sharp, is a violin 2d, or A, number 3; the middle string is D, is a violin 3d, or D, number 4; the next is a wire Base or G, is a guitar 4th, or D string.

So that in calling at Stores where they know nothing about the Banjo, get 2 violin 1st or E, one 2d, or A, one 3d, or D, and one guitar 4th, or D.

ON TUNING THE BANJO IN THE KEY OF C.

Tune the middle or third string to C, the 5th or shorter to C an octave above; tune the 4th string to F a fifth below lower C. Tune the 2d string to E a third above the lower C, and tune the first to G on a third above the 2d or a fifth above lower C.

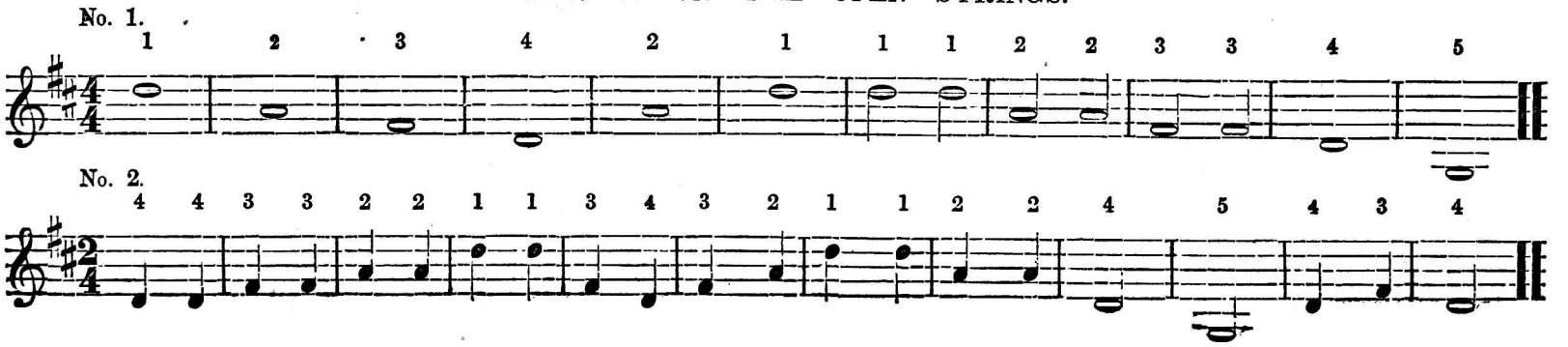
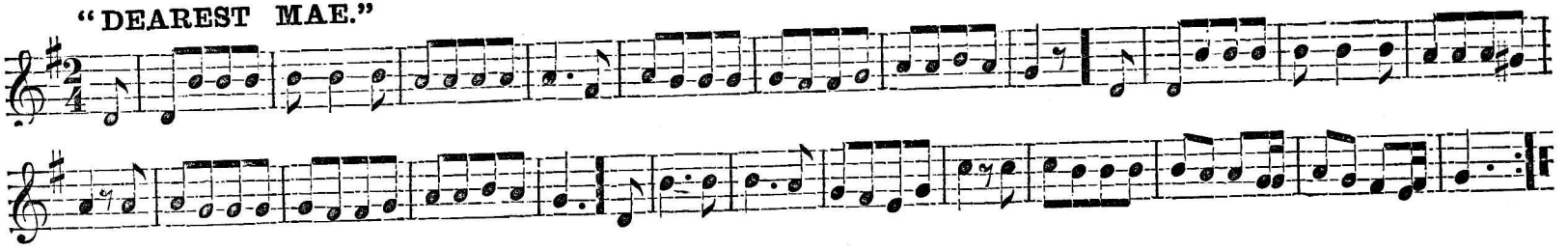
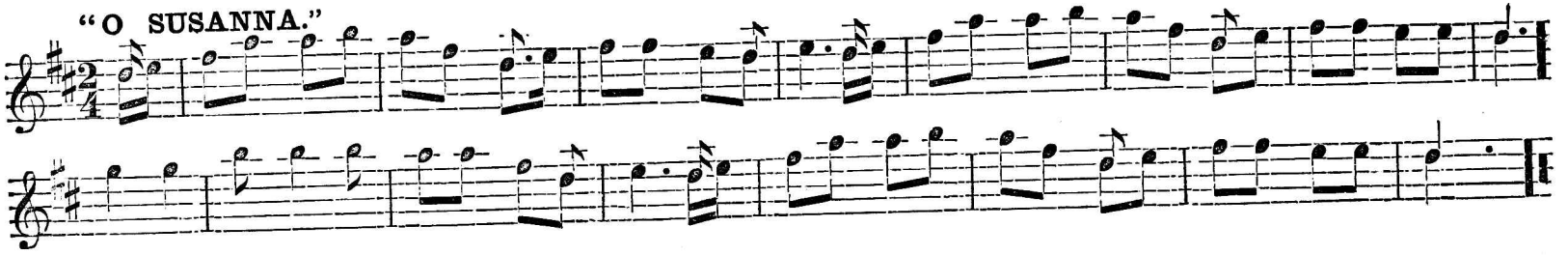
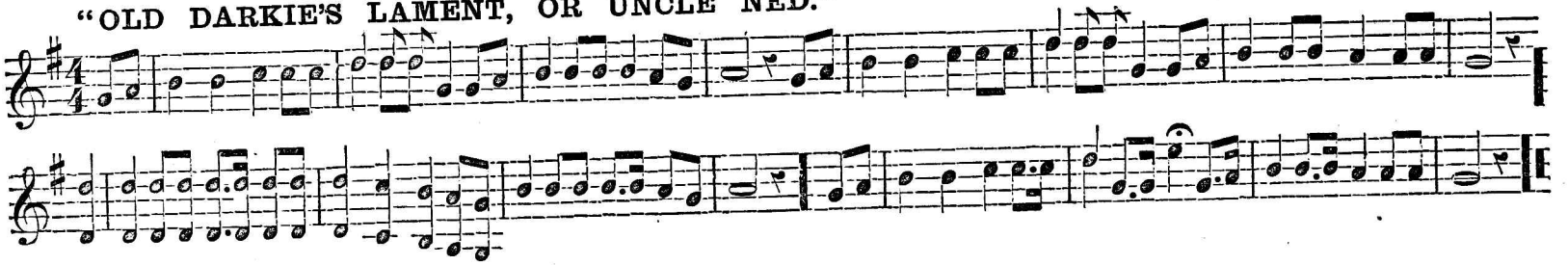
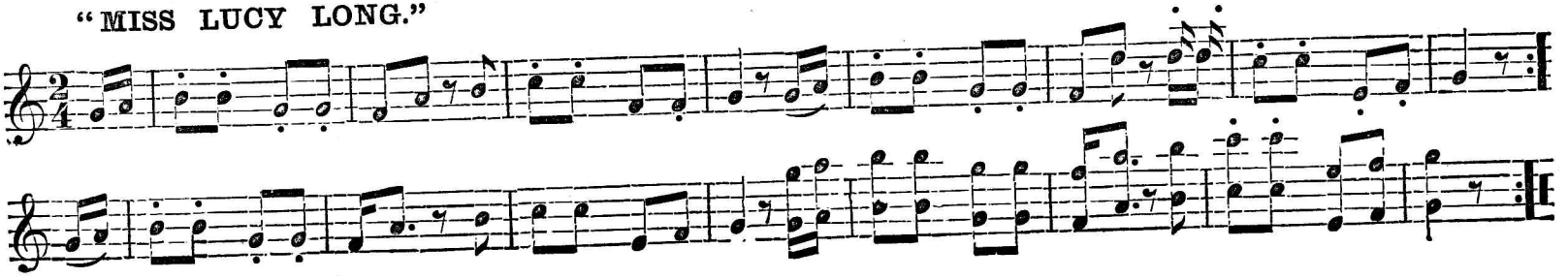
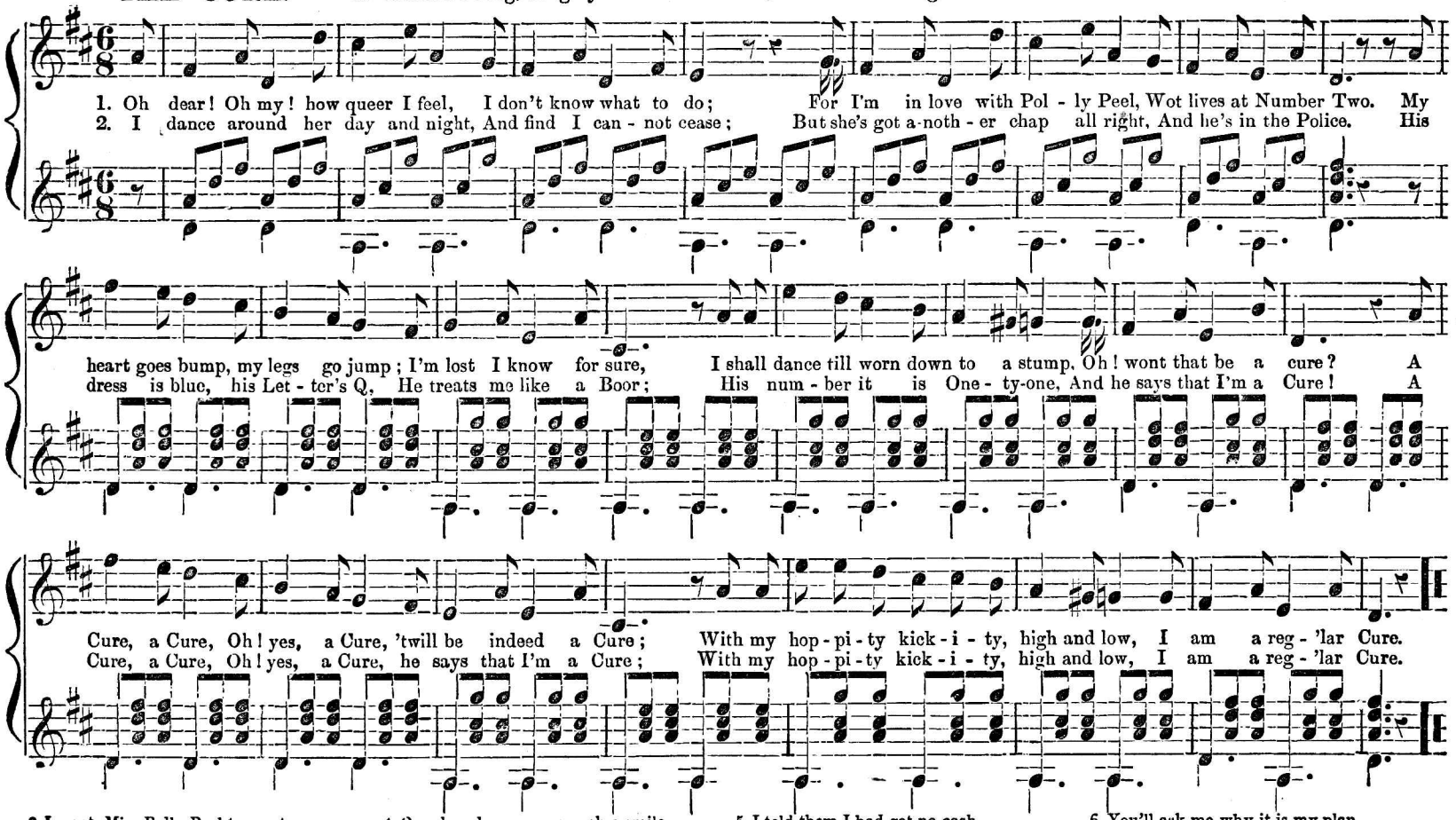
SCALE FOR THE BANJO IN THE KEY OF C.


5th. String.
4th. String.
3d. String.
2d. String.
1st. String.
1st. Position.
2d. Position.
Names of the notes. C F G A B C D E F G A B C D E F G A B C
Figures. 0 0 1 2 3 0 1 0 1 0 1 2 3 1 2 3 4 1 2 3

The 0 above represent the open strings, the figures 1, 2, 3 and 4, the fingers to place upon them.

ON TUNING THE BANJO IN THE KEY OF D. ♯♯

Tune the middle or third string to D, the 5th. to D an octave above, the 4th. to G, the 2d. to F, and the 1st. to A, which corresponds to A on the violin.

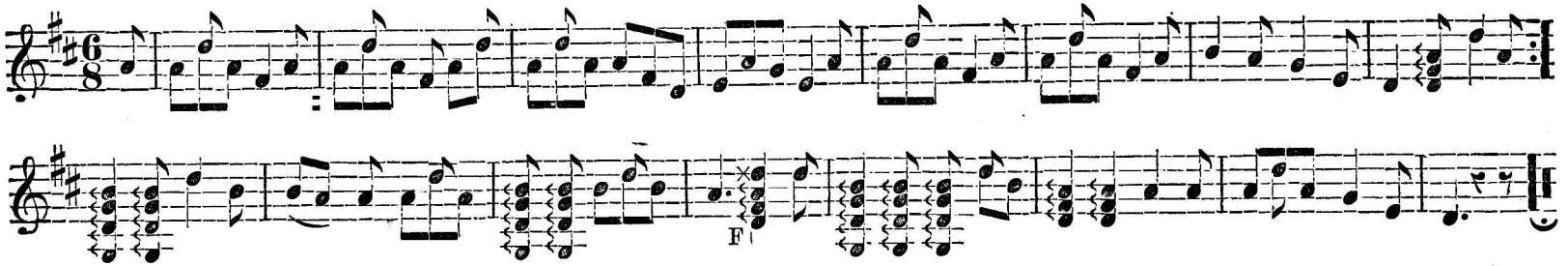
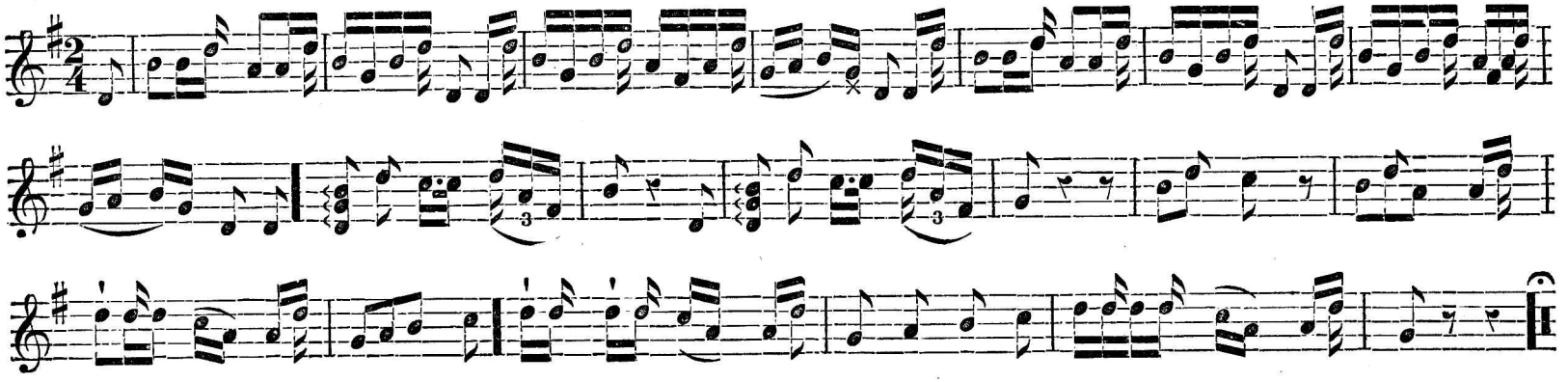
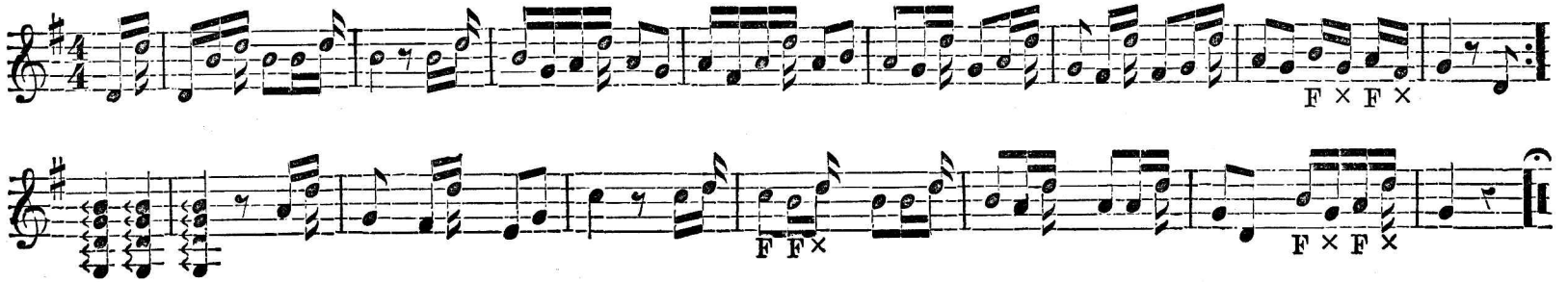
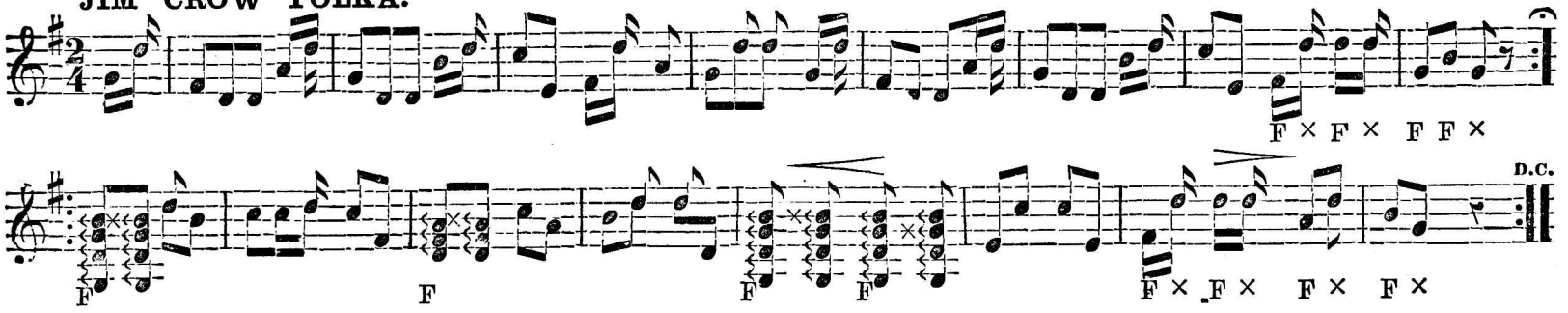
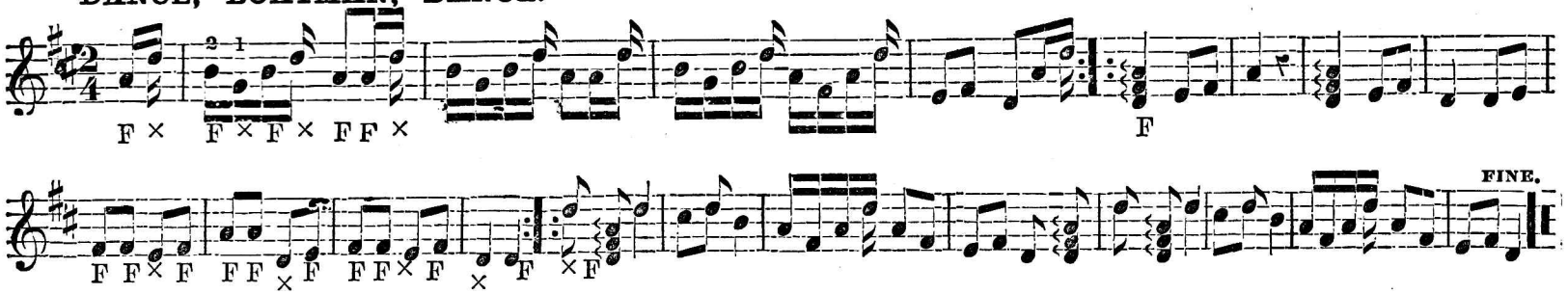
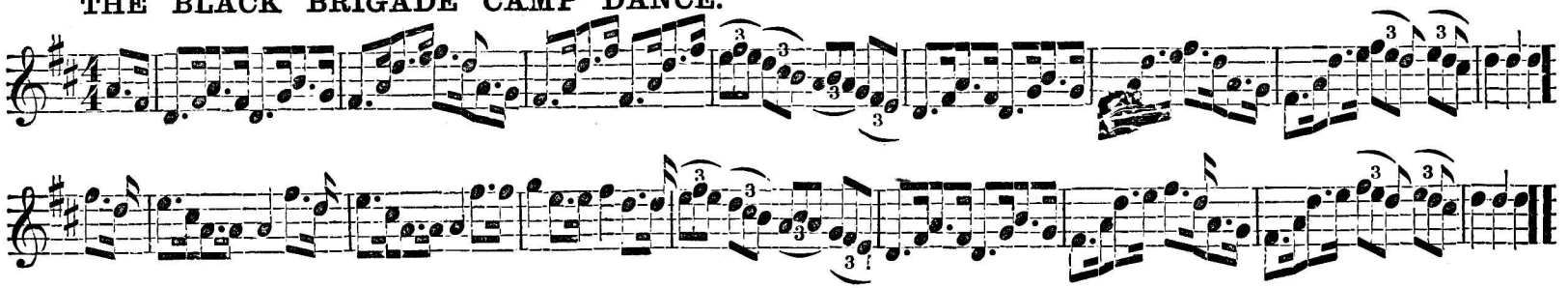
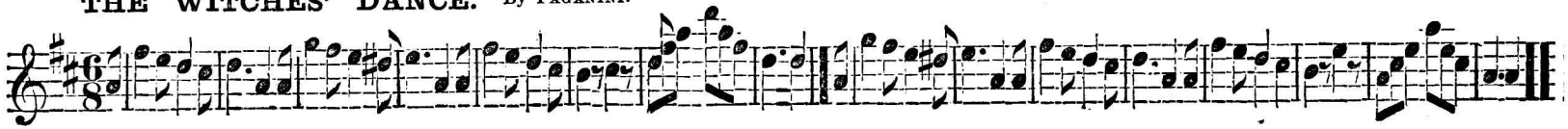
EXERCISES ON THE OPEN STRINGS.

"DEAREST MAE."

"O SUSANNA."

"OLD DARKIE'S LAMENT, OR UNCLE NED."

"MISS LUCY LONG."

"THE CURE." A celebrated song, sung by "Morris Brothers, Pell and Trobridge Minstrels."

1. Oh dear! Oh my! how queer I feel, I don't know what to do; For I'm in love with Pol - ly Peel, Wot lives at Number Two. My
2. I dance around her day and night, And find I can - not cease; But she's got a-noth - er chap all right, And he's in the Police. His
heart goes bump, my legs go jump; I'm lost I know for sure, I shall dance till worn down to a stump, Oh! wont that be a cure? A
dress is blue, his Let - ter's Q, He treats me like a Boor; His num - ber it is One - ty-one, And he says that I'm a Cure! A
Cure, a Cure, Oh! yes, a Cure, 'twill be indeed a Cure; With my hop - pi - ty kick - i - ty, high and low, I am a reg - 'lar Cure.
Cure, a Cure, Oh! yes, a Cure, he says that I'm a Cure; With my hop - pi - ty kick - i - ty, high and low, I am a reg - 'lar Cure.

3 I went, Miss Polly Peel to meet,
But the man who'd brought the coal,
Left wide the op'ning in the street,
So I tumbled down the hole;
As black as soot, poor me, they put
In water most impure,
By way of giving me a wash,
Now was'nt that a Cure,
A Cure, a Cure, Oh! yes, a Cure,
Oh! was'nt that a Cure.
[2.] With my hoppity, &c.

4 One day she gave me such a smile,
Oh! how my heart did beat;
When after walking near a mile,
She asked me to stand treat.
She broke a glass and then did say,
"This young man so demure,
The damage I have done, will pay;"
Oh! was'nt that a Cure?
A Cure, a Cure, Oh! yes, a Cure,
Oh! was'nt that a Cure.
With my hoppity, &c.

5 I told them I had got no cash,
Said they that's rather odd;
But as the glass has gone to smash,
Why you must go to QUOD!—
In vain I said to ONE-TY-ONE
That I was awful poor;
So I tipp'd for what I had'nt done,
My eye! that was a Cure—
A Cure, a Cure, Oh yes! a Cure,
Oh yes, it was a Cure.
With my hoppity, &c.

6 You'll ask me why it is my plan
To dance and not be stopping;
I was bit by a mad Fiddler Man,
That's why I keeps on hopping—
But I have got no more to say,
That you could now endure,
Except before I dance away,
That I'm a grateful Cure—
A Cure, a Cure, Oh yes, a Cure,
I am a grateful Cure.
With my hoppity, &c.

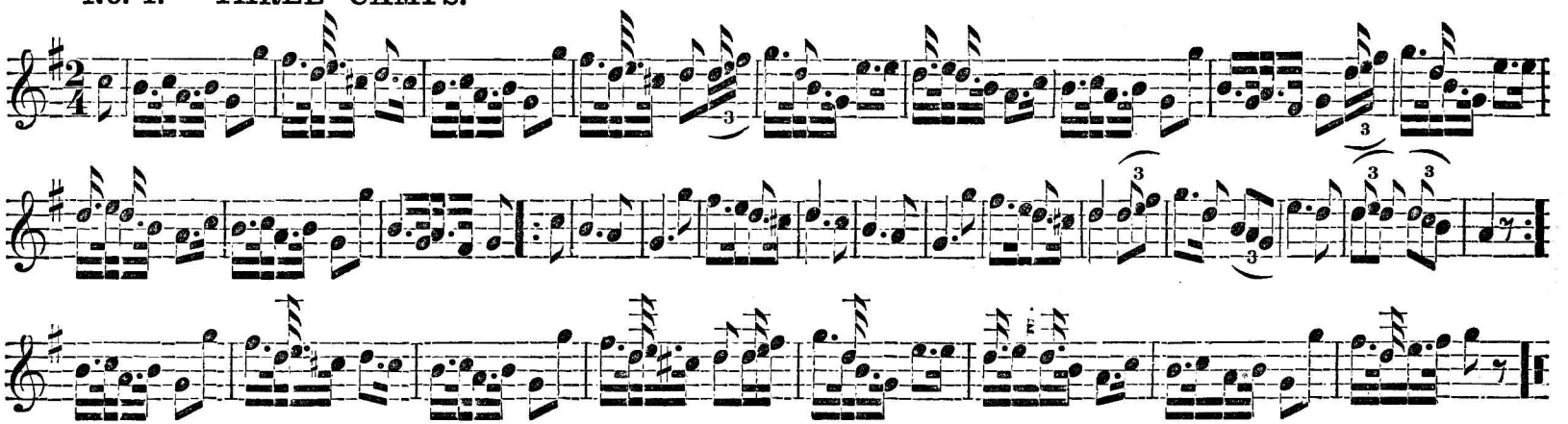
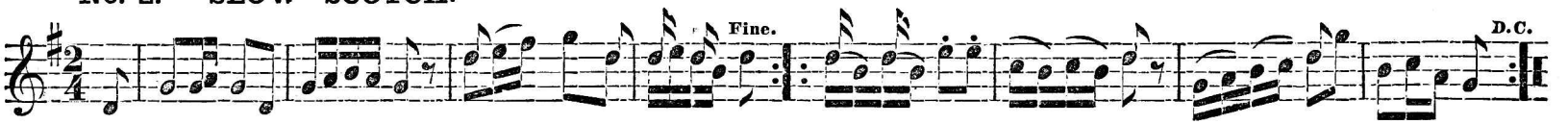
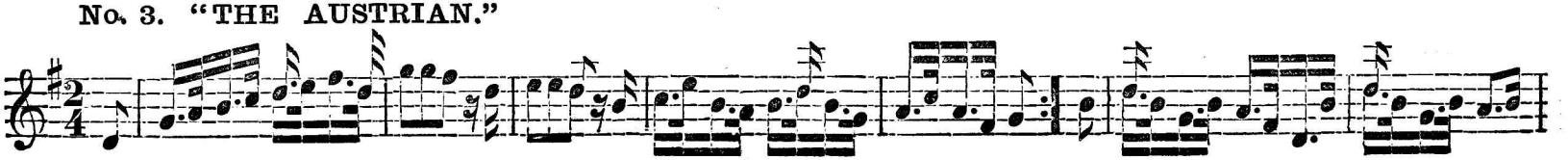
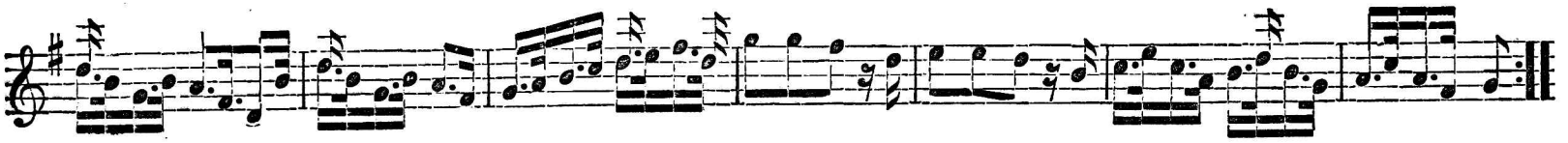
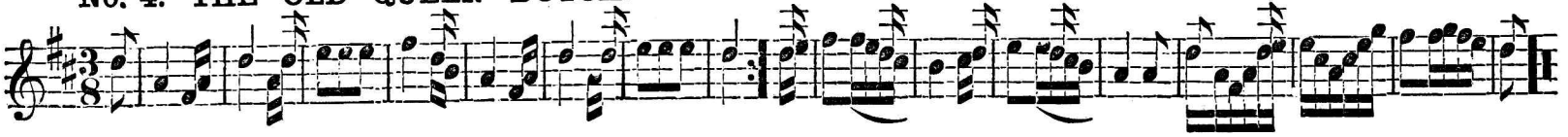
"CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY."

"WHO'S DAT A KNOCKIN' AT DE DOOR."

"DEAREST MAE."

JIM CROW POLKA.

DANCE, BOATMAN, DANCE.

THE BLACK BRIGADE CAMP DANCE.

THE WITCHES' DANCE. By PAGANINI.

THE FULL CAMP DUTY,

AS PRACTISED IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY AND NAVY.

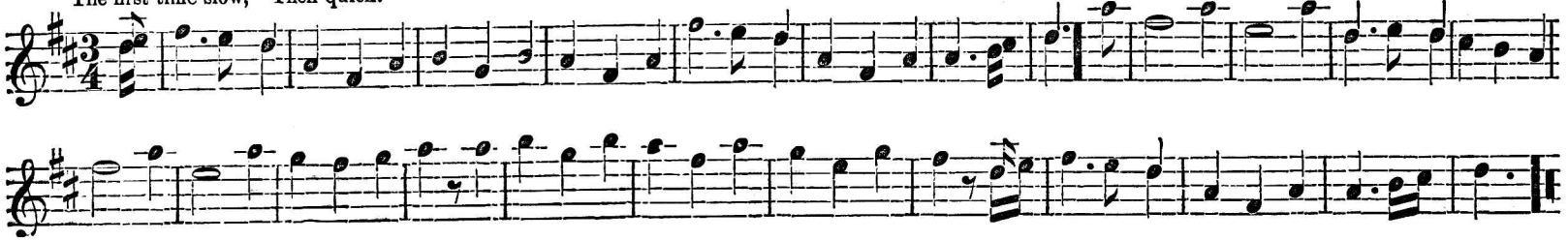
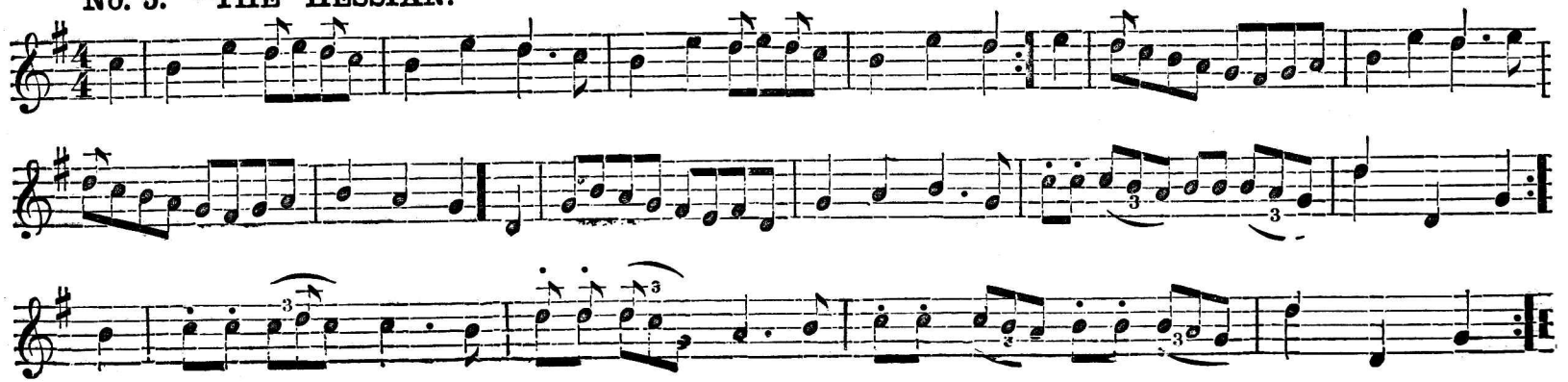
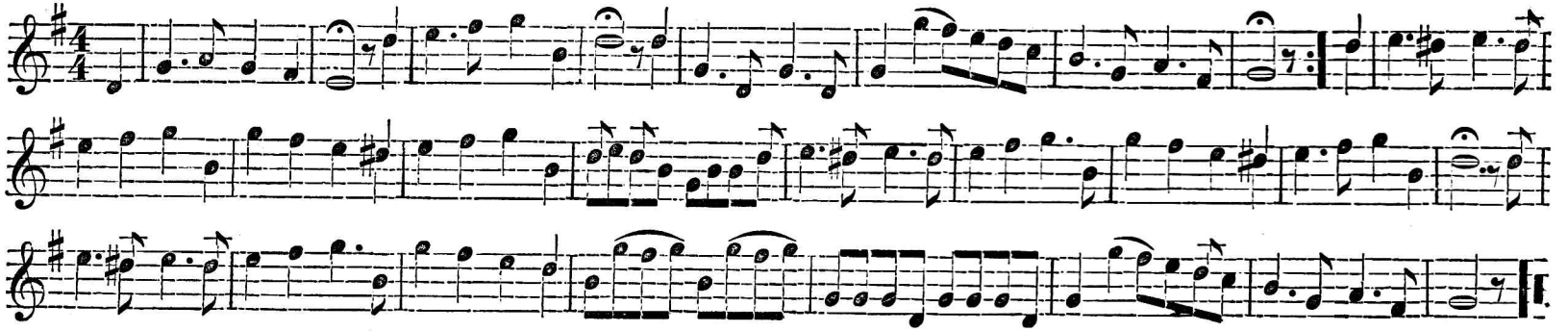
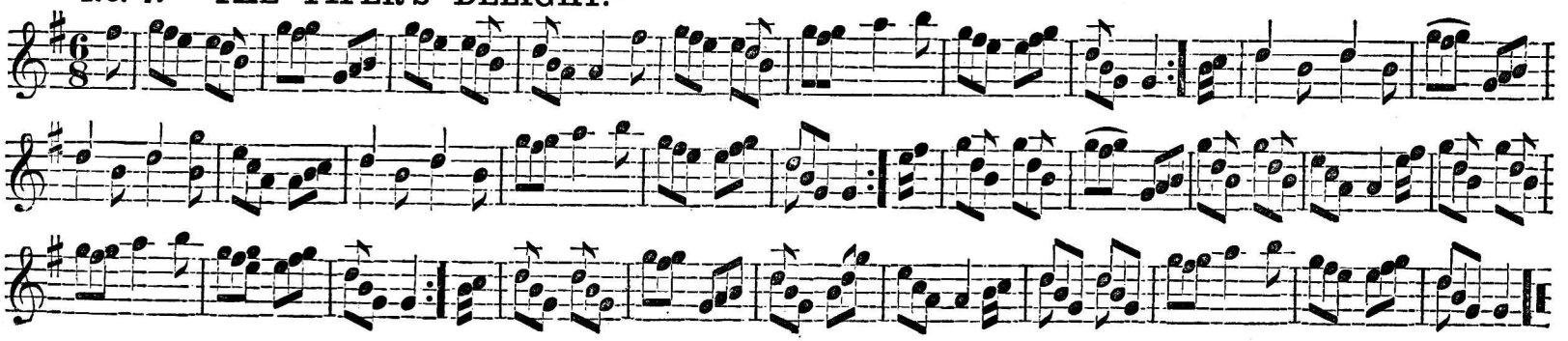
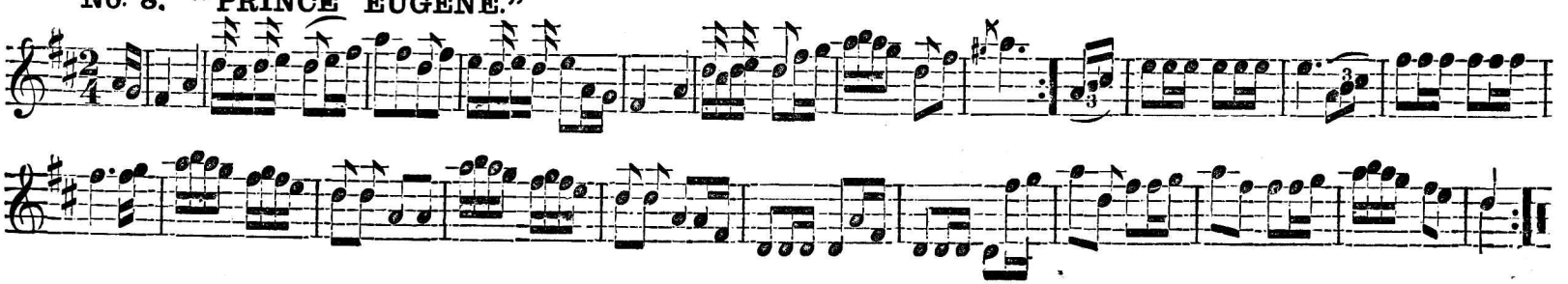
The REVEILLE is the signal for the men to rise, and the Sentinels to leave off challenging. It is usually played at dawn of day, except when the troops are on the march, when the signal may be played at a much earlier hour. The men form on their company parade grounds, and as soon as the *Reveille* ceases the rolls are called by the orderly Sergeants, *superintended by a commissioned officer.*

REMARKS.—No. 1. Of the Reveille, "The Three Camps," as it is written, must be played in about slow march time, and as though it had four beats to the measure instead of two, as usual $\frac{2}{4}$ time.

No. 2. "Slow Scotch," is also a slow movement, as it is impossible for the drummer to beat it correctly, unless played slow and with marked accent. Great care should be taken, that the time may be steady throughout the performance of the whole camp duty.

No. 1. "THREE CAMPS."

No. 2. "SLOW SCOTCH."

No. 3. "THE AUSTRIAN."

No. 4. THE OLD QUEEN DUTCH.

"KINLOCK OF KINLOCK."

Usually played, but not really a part of the Reveille.

The first time slow, Then quick.

No. 5. "THE HESSIAN."

No. 6. "THE DAWNING OF DAY."

No. 7. "THE FIFER'S DELIGHT."

No. 8. "PRINCE EUGENE."

No. 9. "THE QUICK SCOTCH."

End the Reveille with repeat of No. 1, The "Three Camps." Sometimes the first strain of the "Three Camps," *only* is played as the finale of the Reveille.

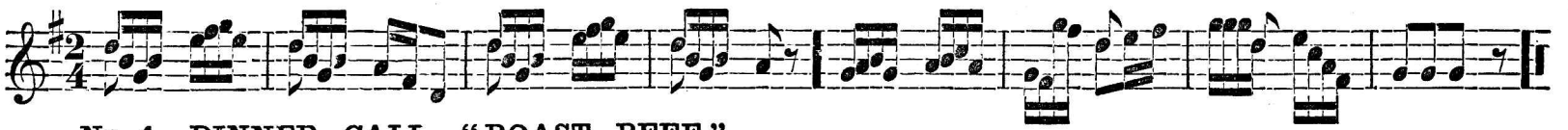
No. 1. "PEAS UPON A TRENCHER." Breakfast call.
Signal for Breakfast.

No. 2. "SURGEON'S CALL." Play through twice, and end with 3 Camps, No. 1. Reveille.

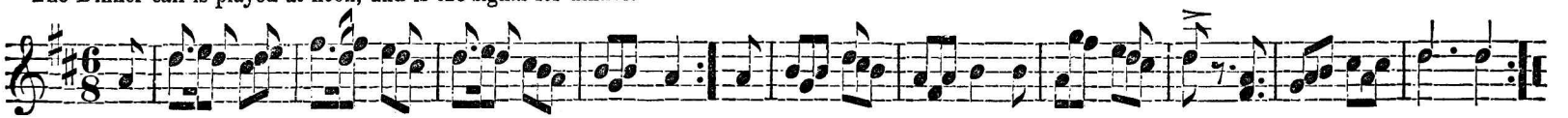
The surgeon's call is played at *— o'clock in the morning, when the sick, able to go about, are conducted to the hospital by the first Sergeants of companies, who hand to the Surgeon a list of all the sick in the company.

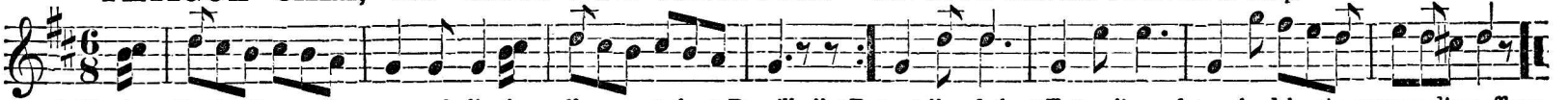
Three Camps.

No. 3. "THE ASSEMBLY." Signal for forming the Regiment.



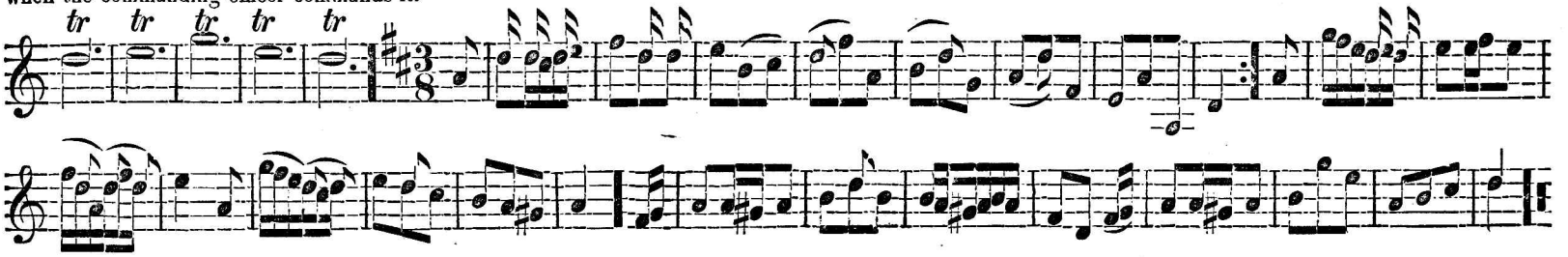
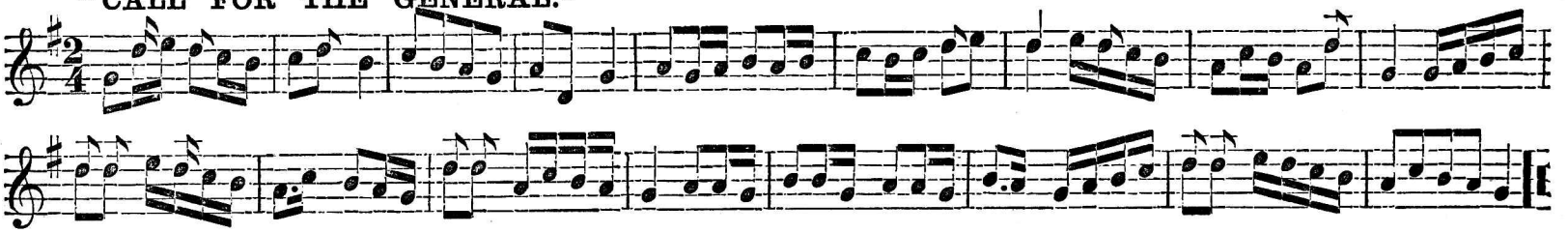
No. 4. DINNER CALL. "ROAST BEEF."

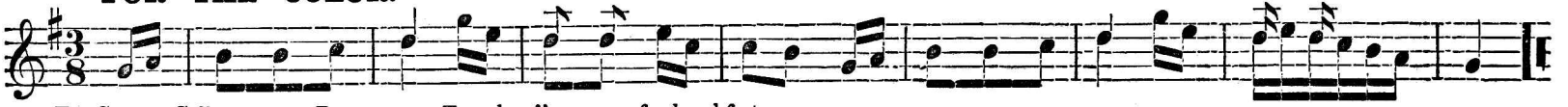
The Dinner call is played at noon, and is the signal for dinner.

"FATIGUE CALL, OR CALL FOR PIONEERS." Also used to drum idle women out of camp.



* The hour for the Troop, Surgeon, and all other calls, except the "Reveille," "Retreet," and the "Tattoo," are determined by the commanding officer.

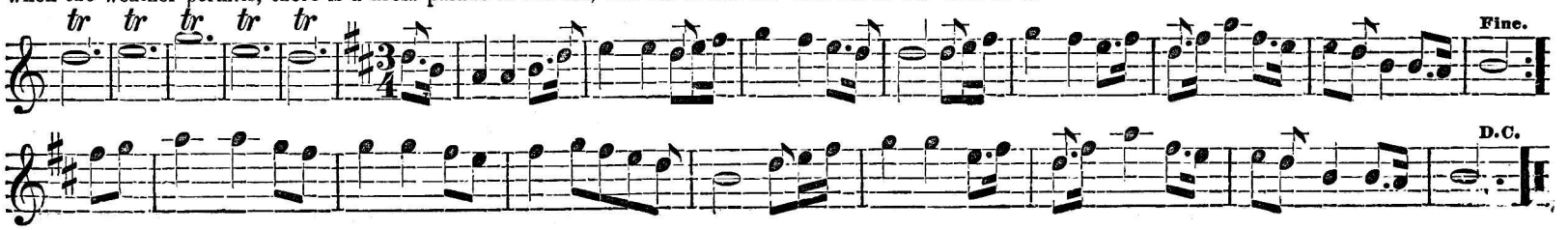
"TROOP FOR GUARD MOUNTING."

The Troop is played at * — o'clock in the morning, for the purpose of assembling the men for duty, inspection at guard mounting, and morning dress parade, when the commanding officer commands it.

"CALL FOR THE GENERAL."

"FOR THE COLOR."

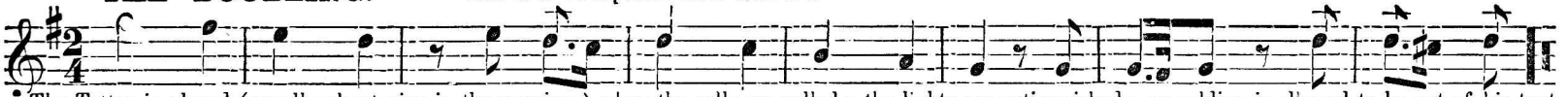


For Supper Calls repeat " Peas upon a Trencher," same as for breakfast.

"THE RETREAT."

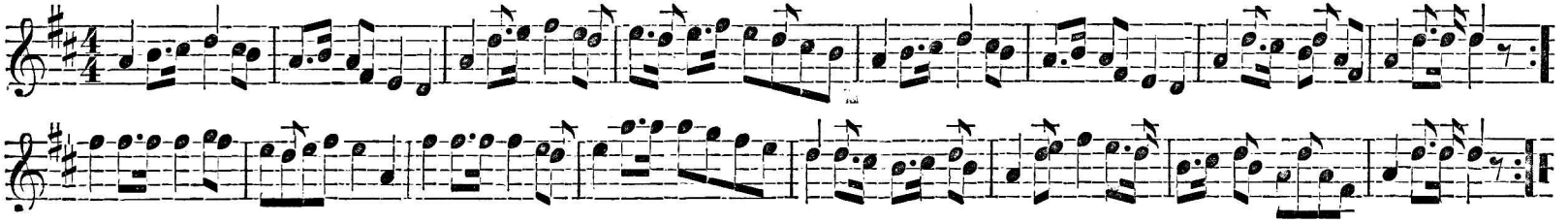
The retreat is played at sunset, the evening gun is fired, and the flag is taken down for the night, when there is a roll-call and the orders for the day are read, when the weather permits, there is a dress parade at *retreat*, and the orders are read out at the close of it.

THE TATTOO.

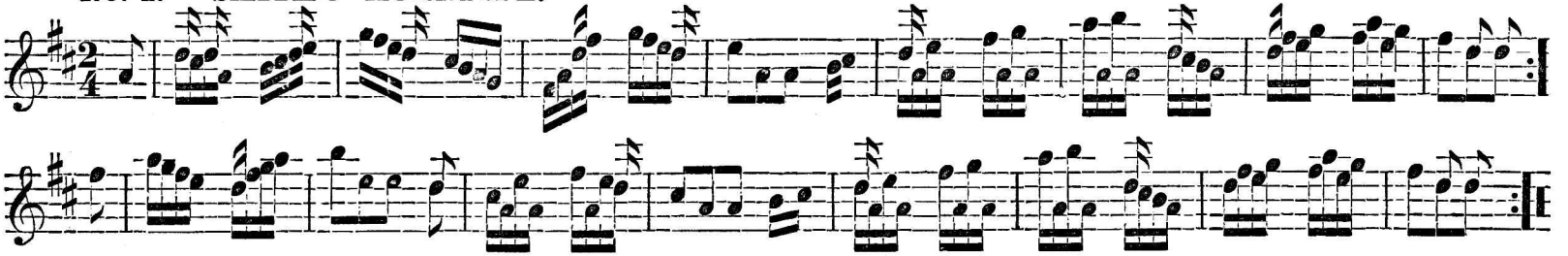
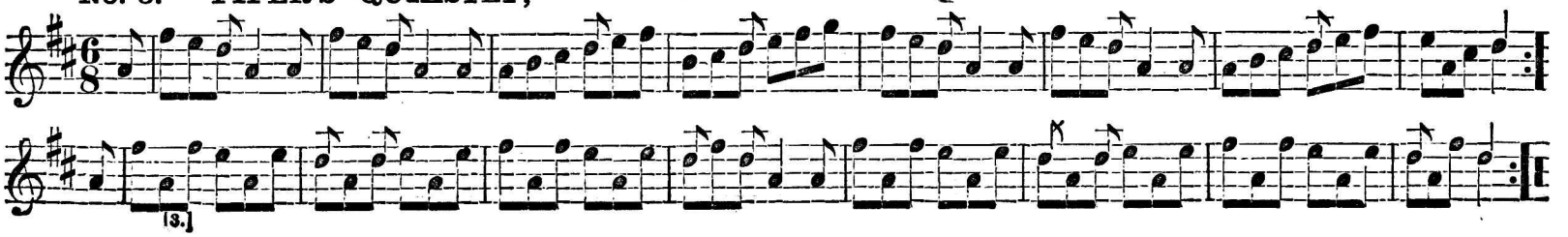
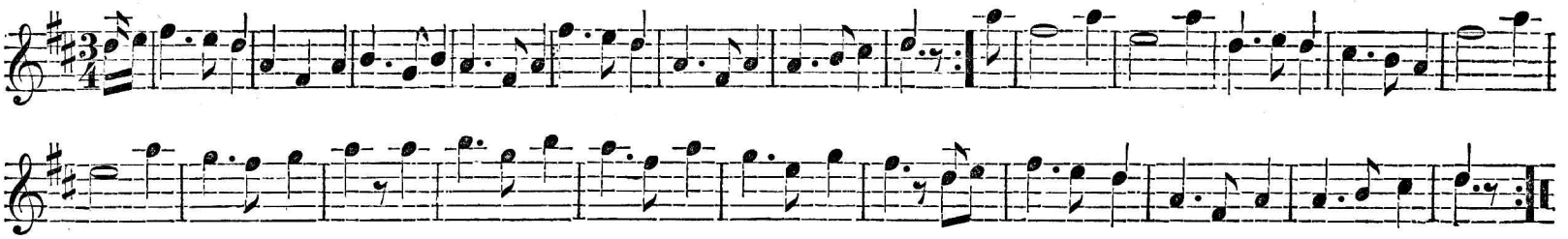
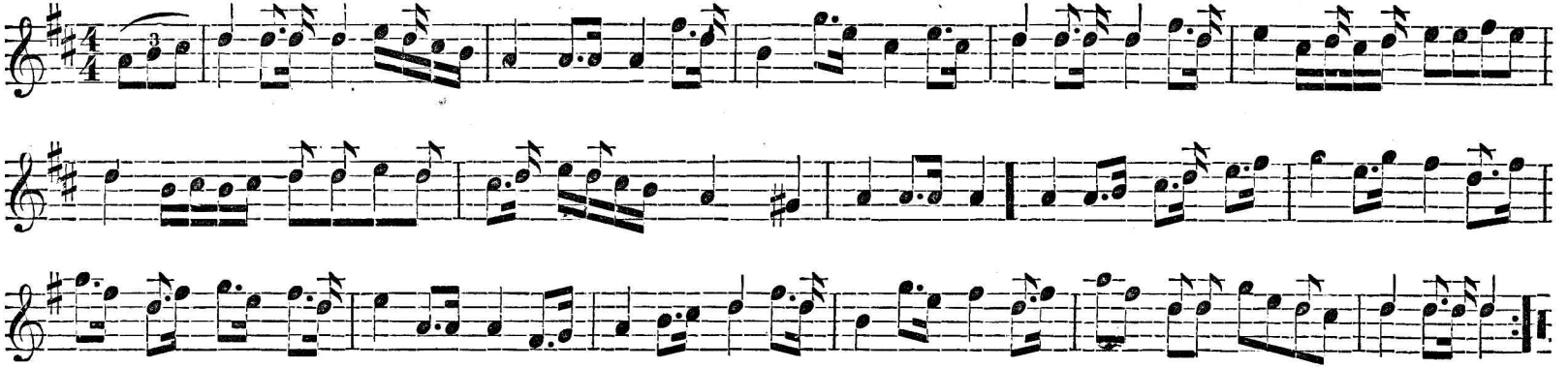
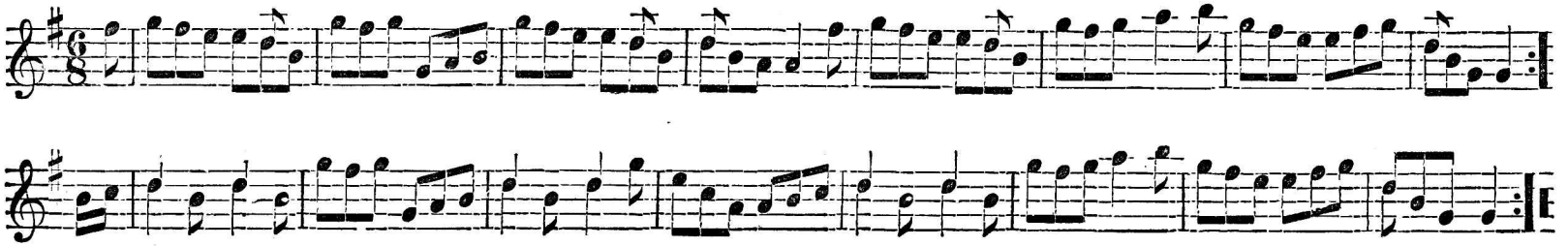
"THE DOUBLING." This is to be repeated after each No.

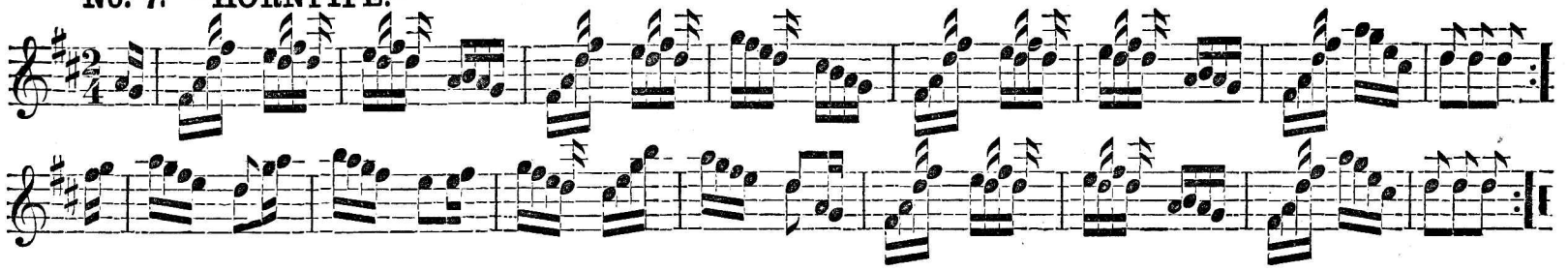


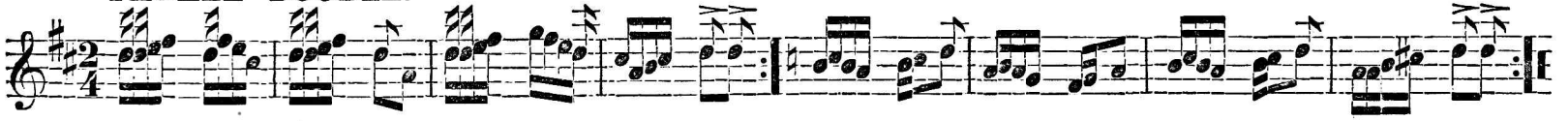
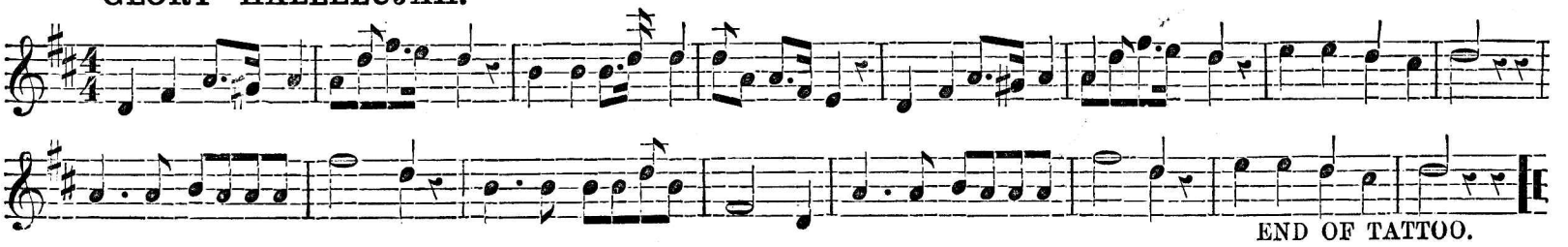
The Tattoo is played (usually about nine in the evening,) when the rolls are called; the lights are extinguished; no soldier is allowed to be out of his tent or quarters after this hour, without special permission.

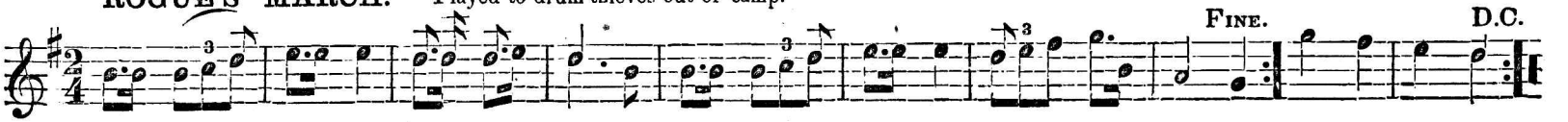
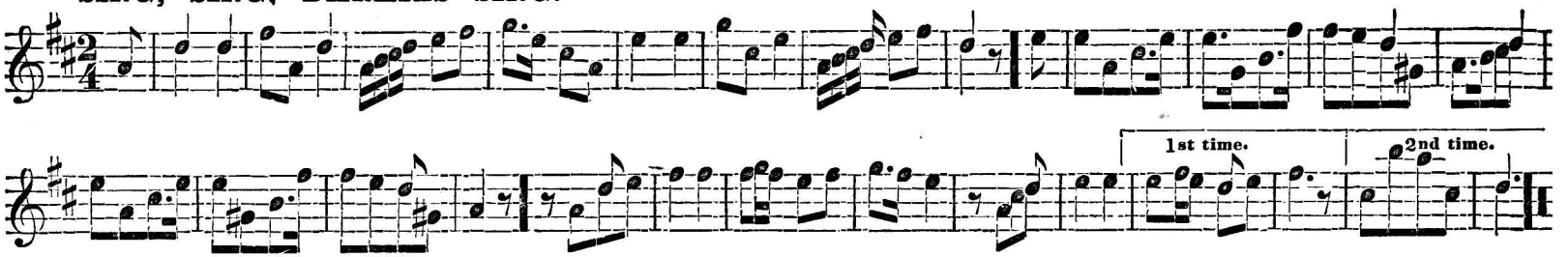
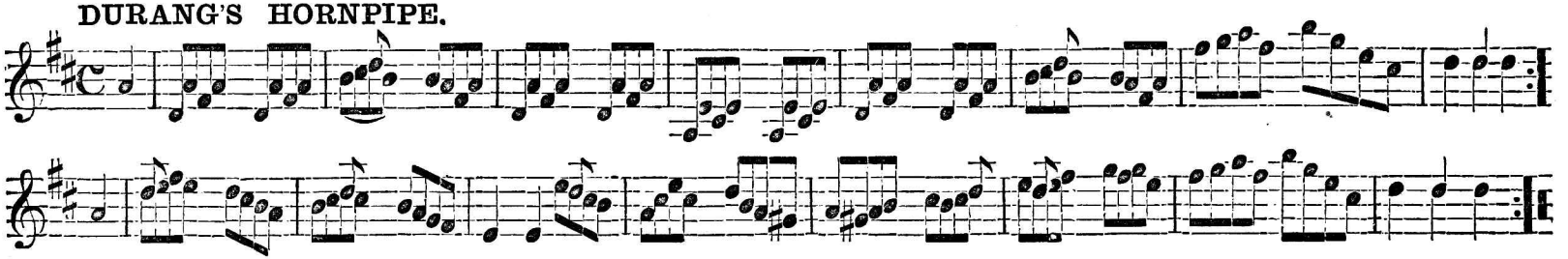
No. 1. "HAIL TO THE CHIEF."



No. 2. "SMITH'S HORNPIPE."

No. 3. "FIFER'S QUIKSTEP,"

No. 4.

No. 5. "BATTLE MARCH."

No. 6. "A DOUBLE DRAGG."

No. 7. "HORNPIPE."



"YANKEE DOODLE."

"GLORY HALLELUJAH."

"ADJUTANT'S CALL." **"CALL TO ARMS OR QUARTERS."**

"ROGUE'S MARCH." Played to drum thieves out of camp.

SING, SING, DARKIES SING.

DURANG'S HORNPIPE.

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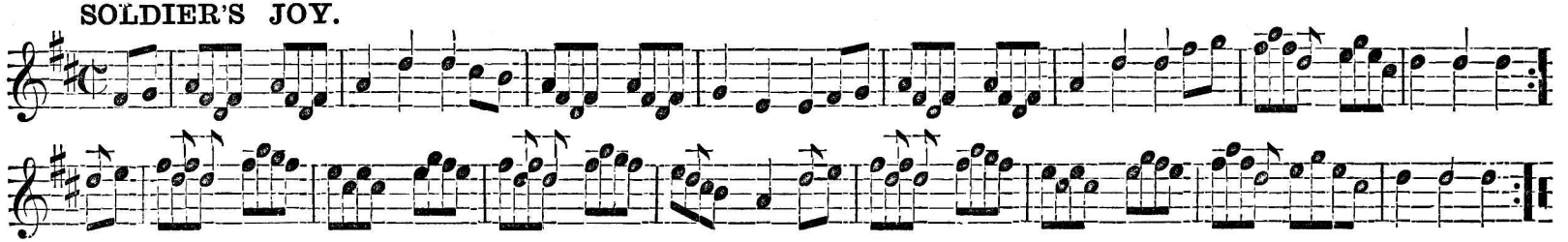
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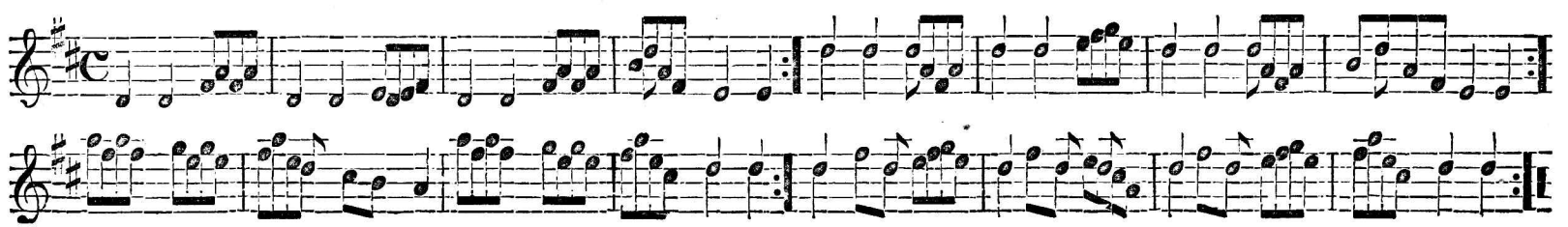
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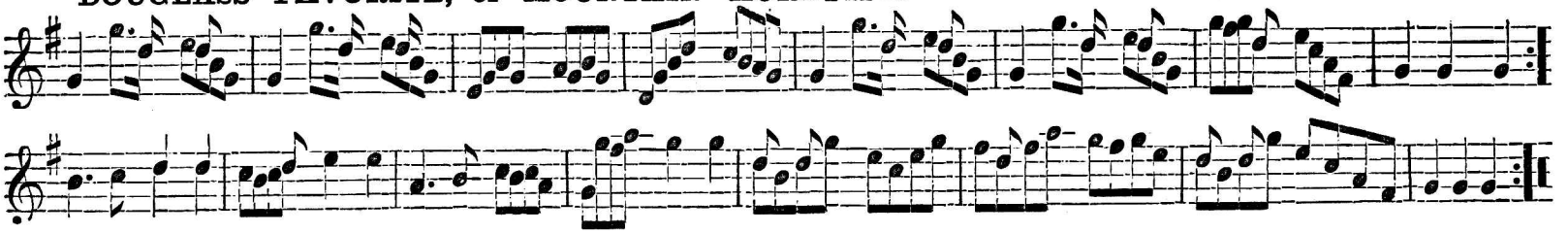
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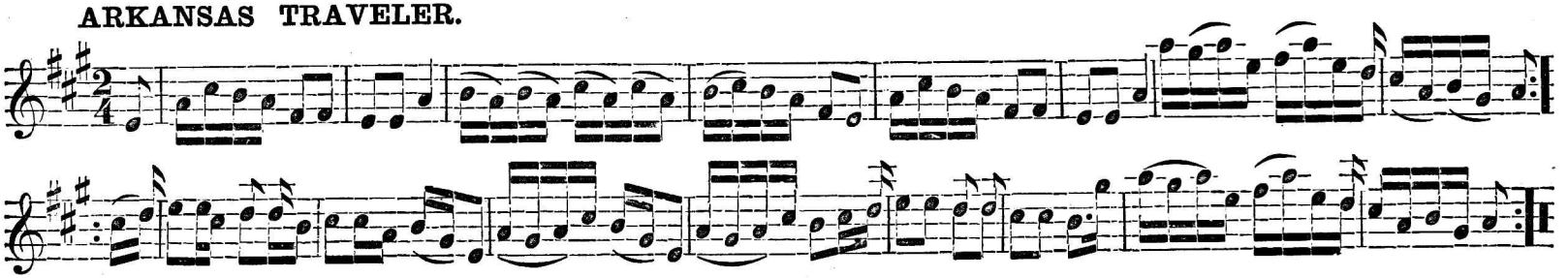
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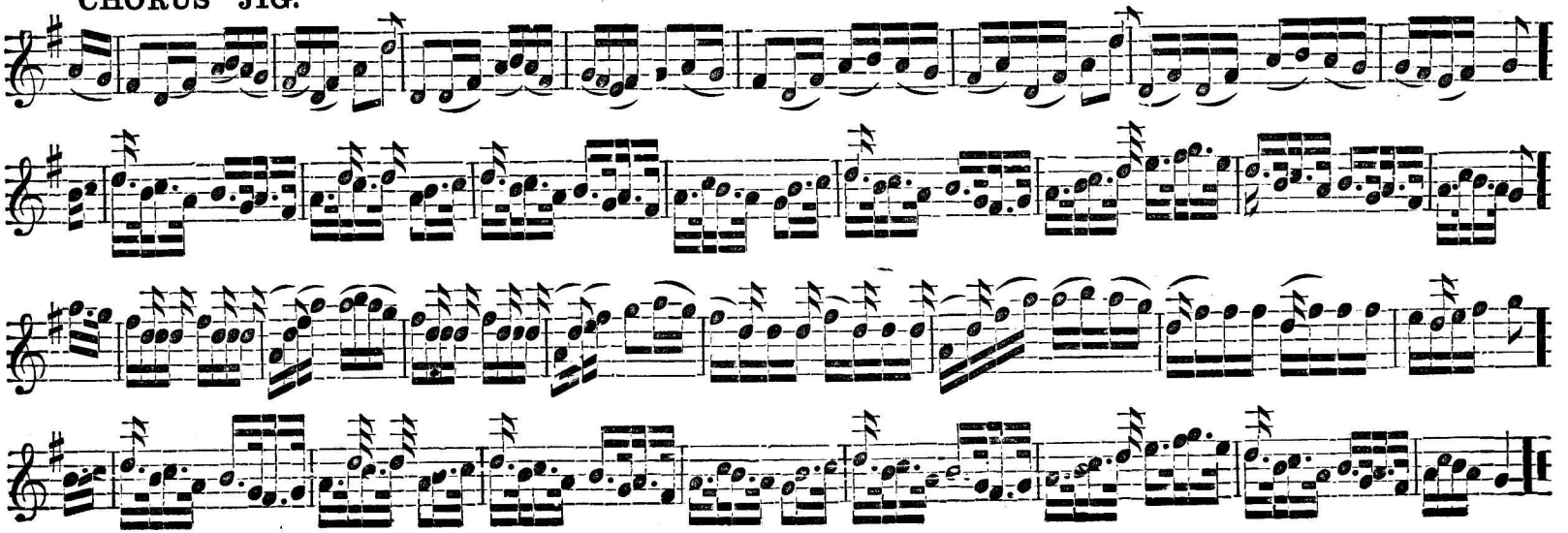
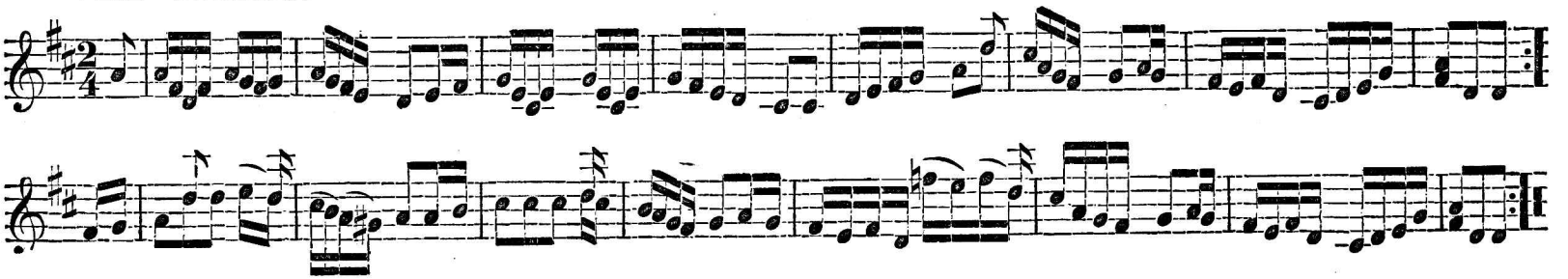
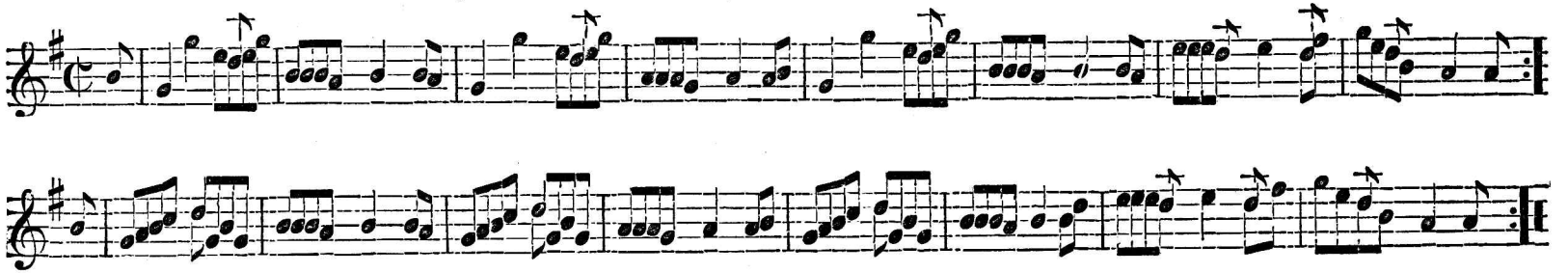
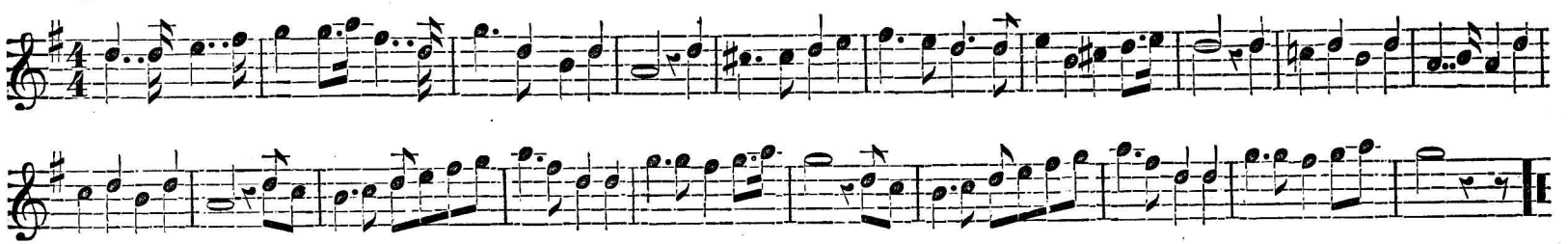
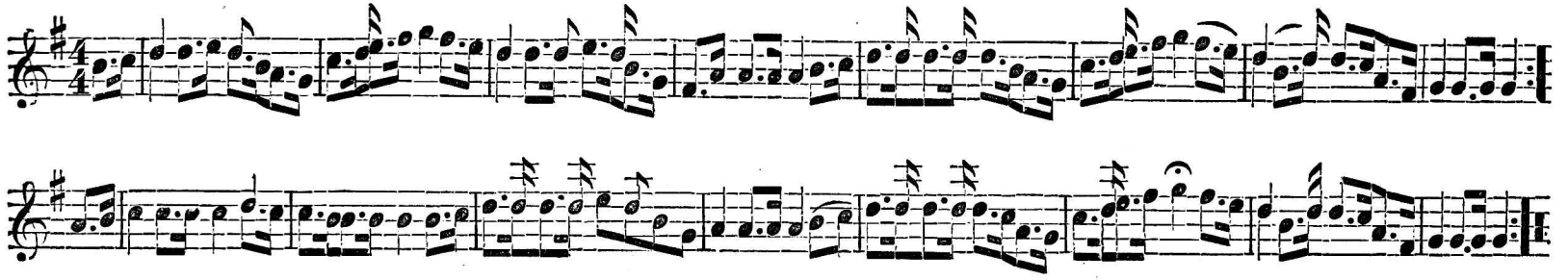
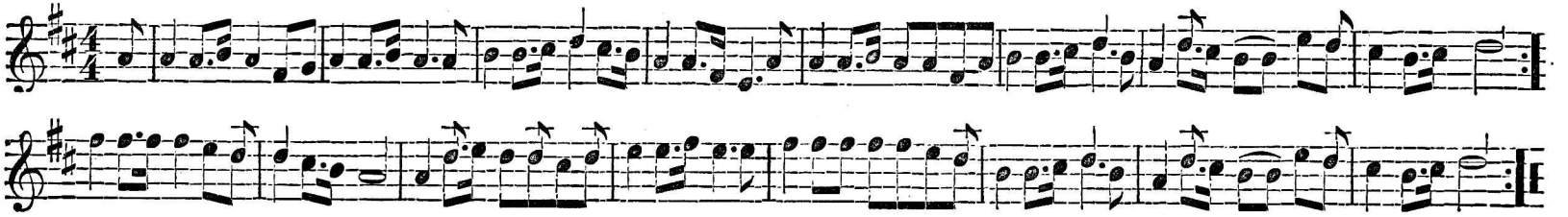
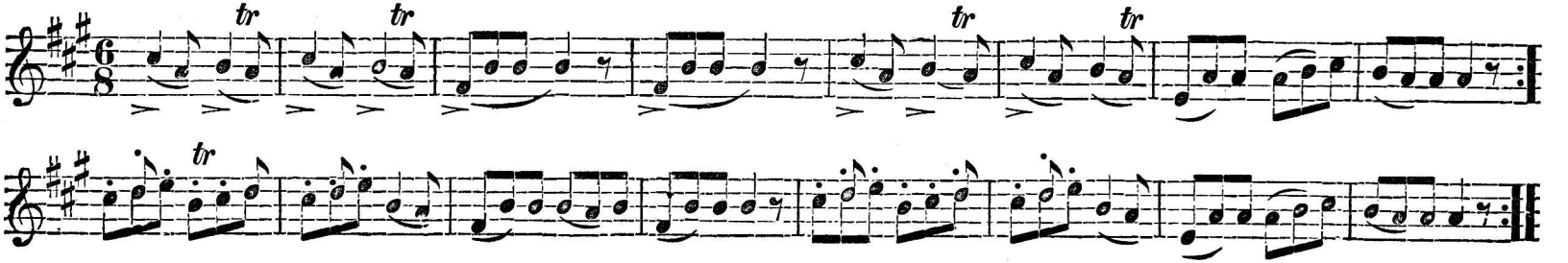

THE CUCKOO.

MISS MC'LEOD'S REEL, OR THE ENTERPRISE AND BOXER.

PARTANT POUR LA SYRIE.

DRUNKEN SAILOR.

BATTLE MARCH.

ON THE ROAD TO BOSTON.

MARCHING ALONG.

BULLY FOR YOU.

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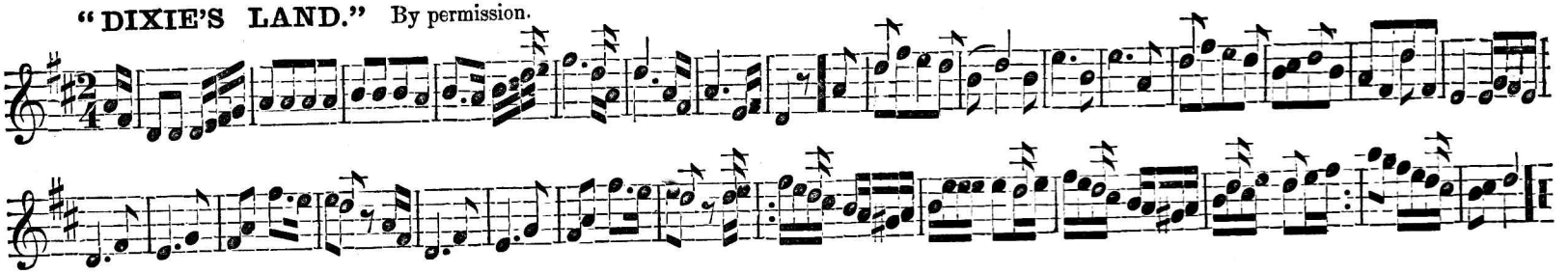
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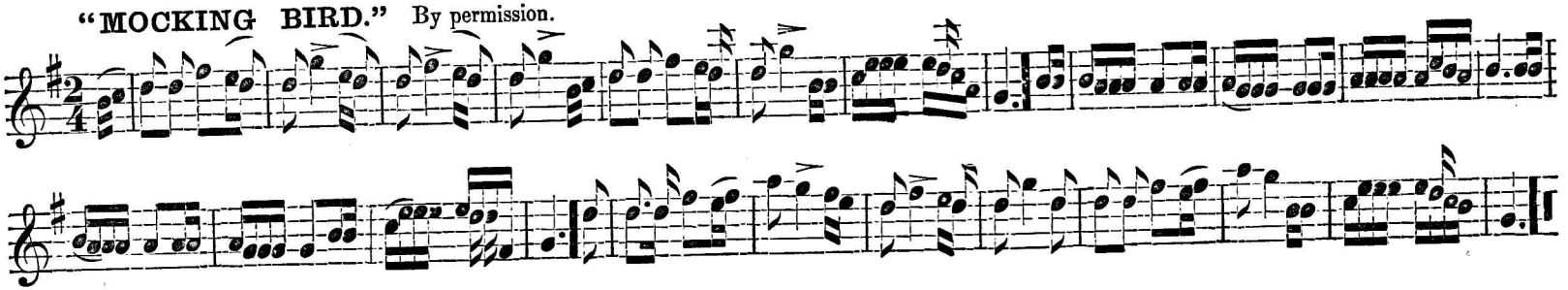
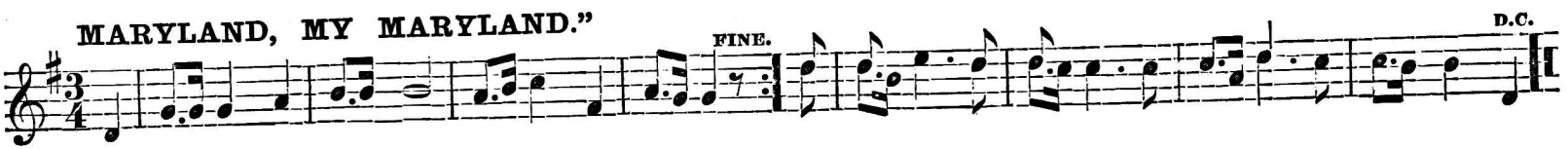
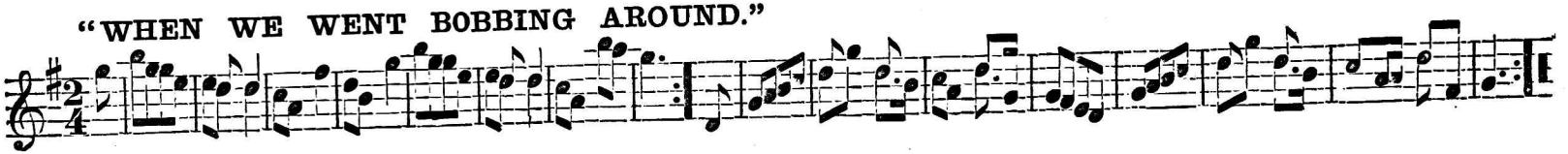

"MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND."

"WHEN WE WENT BOBBING AROUND."

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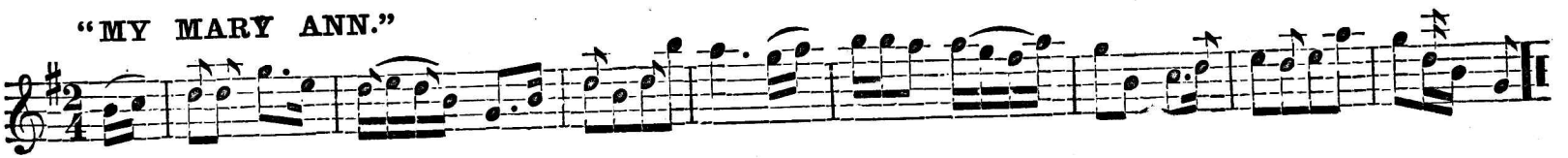
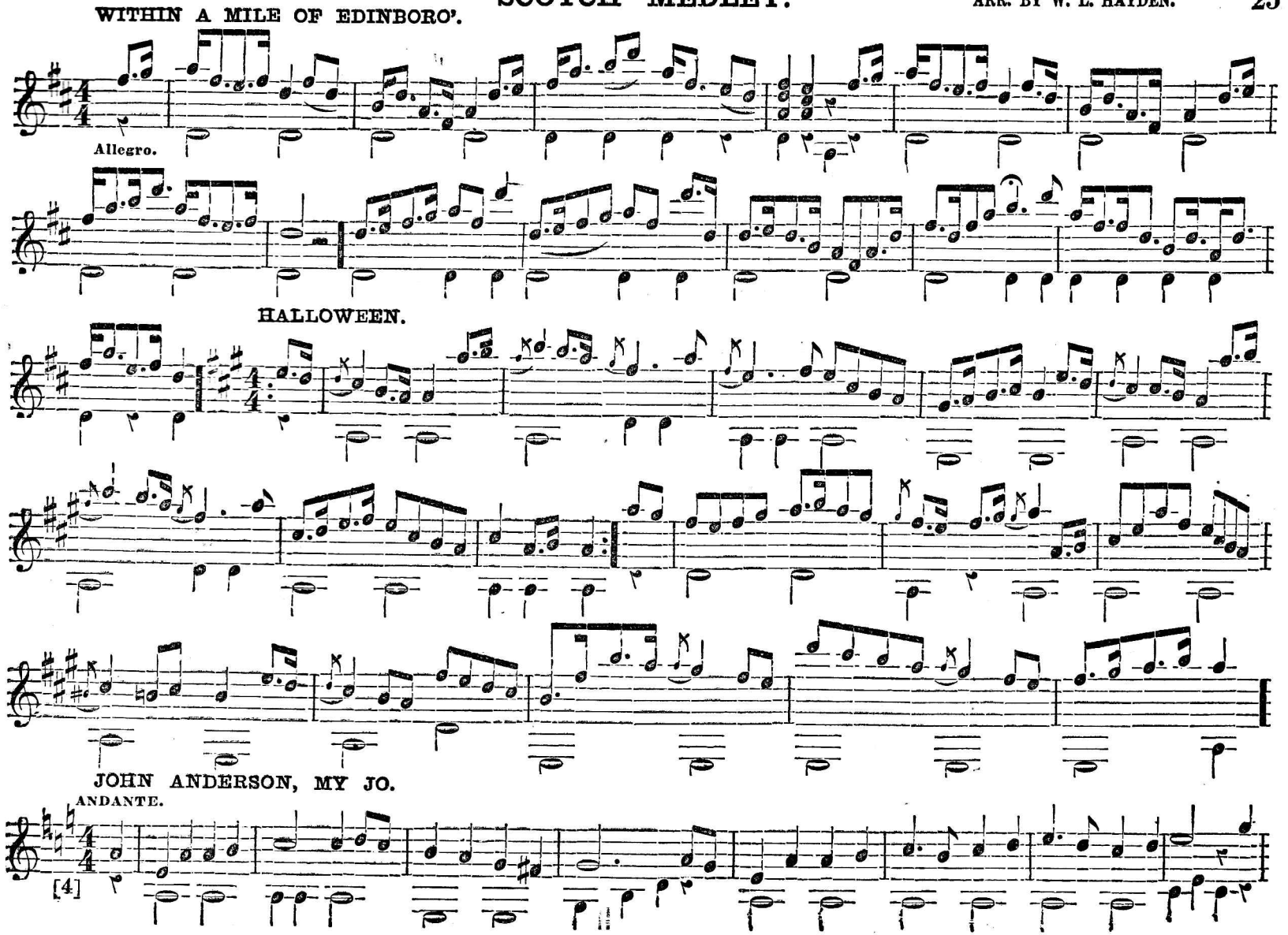
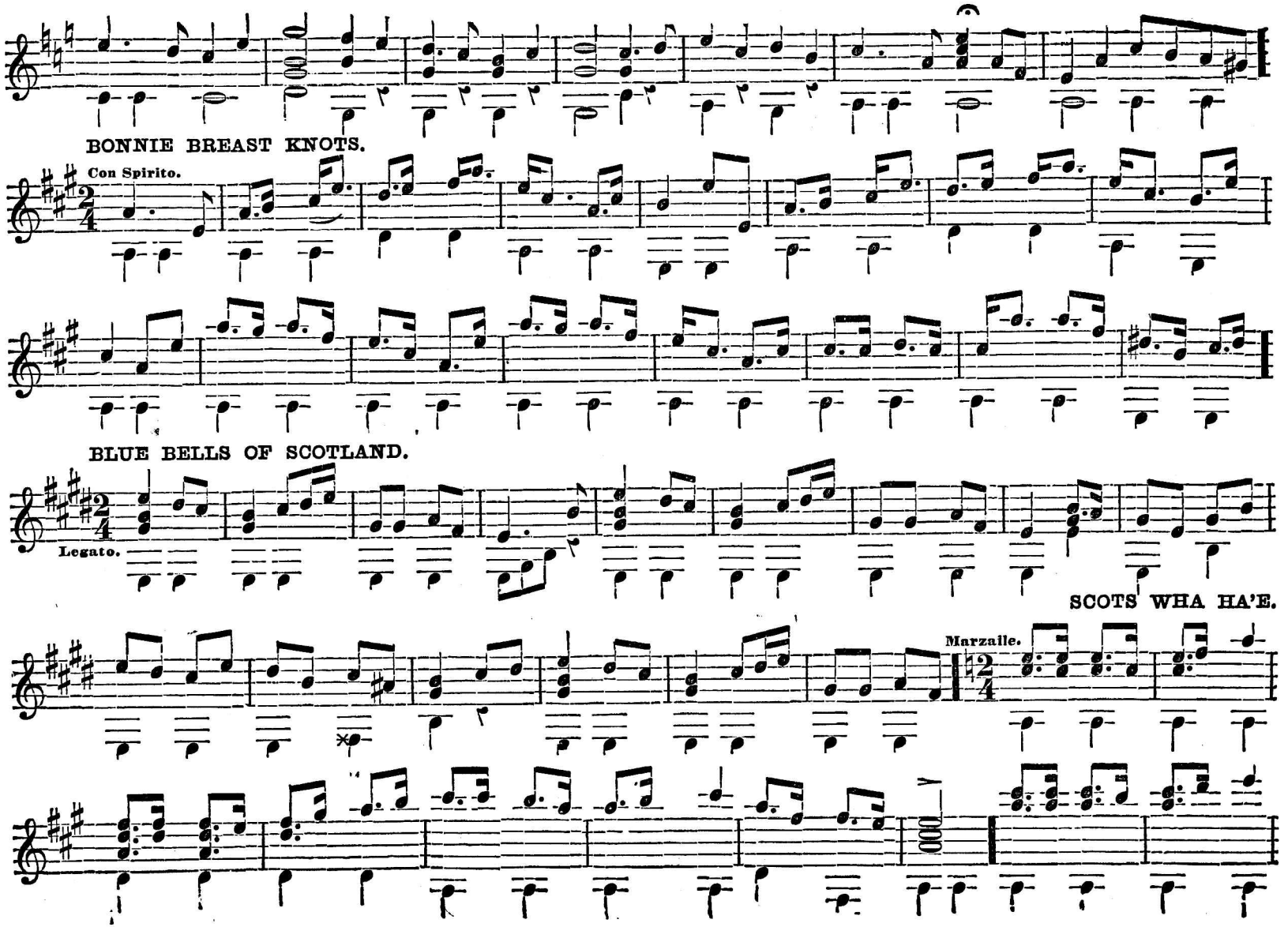
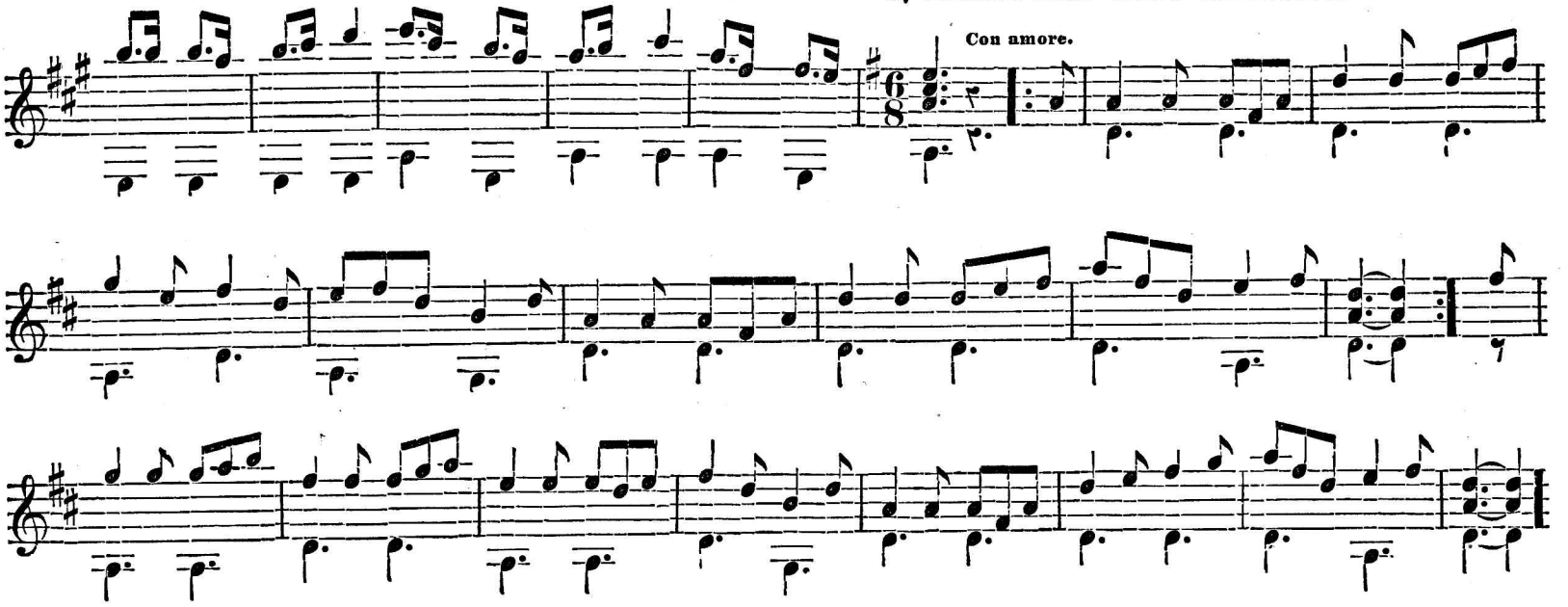
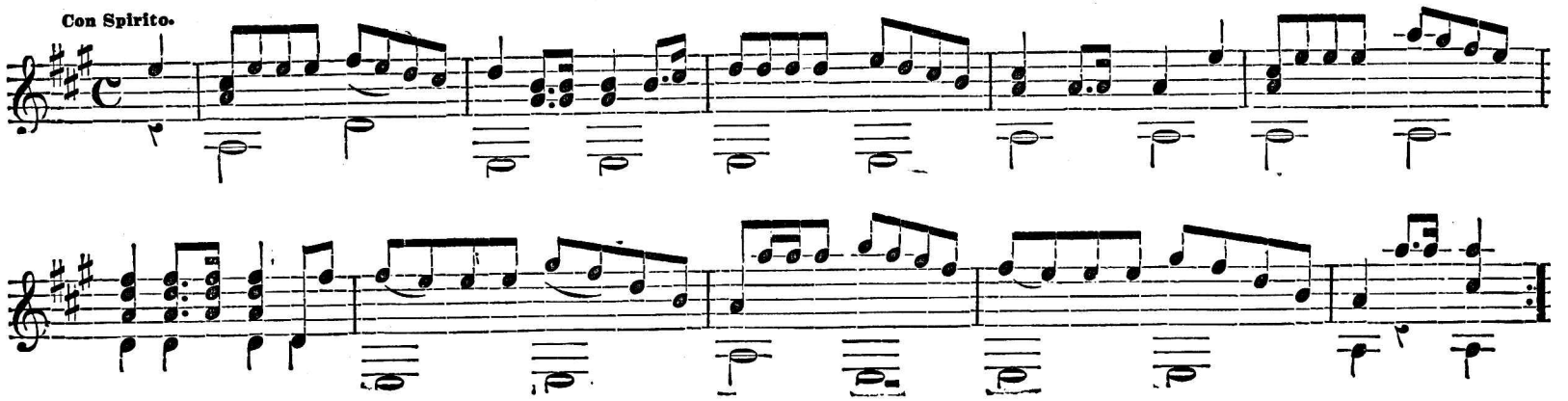
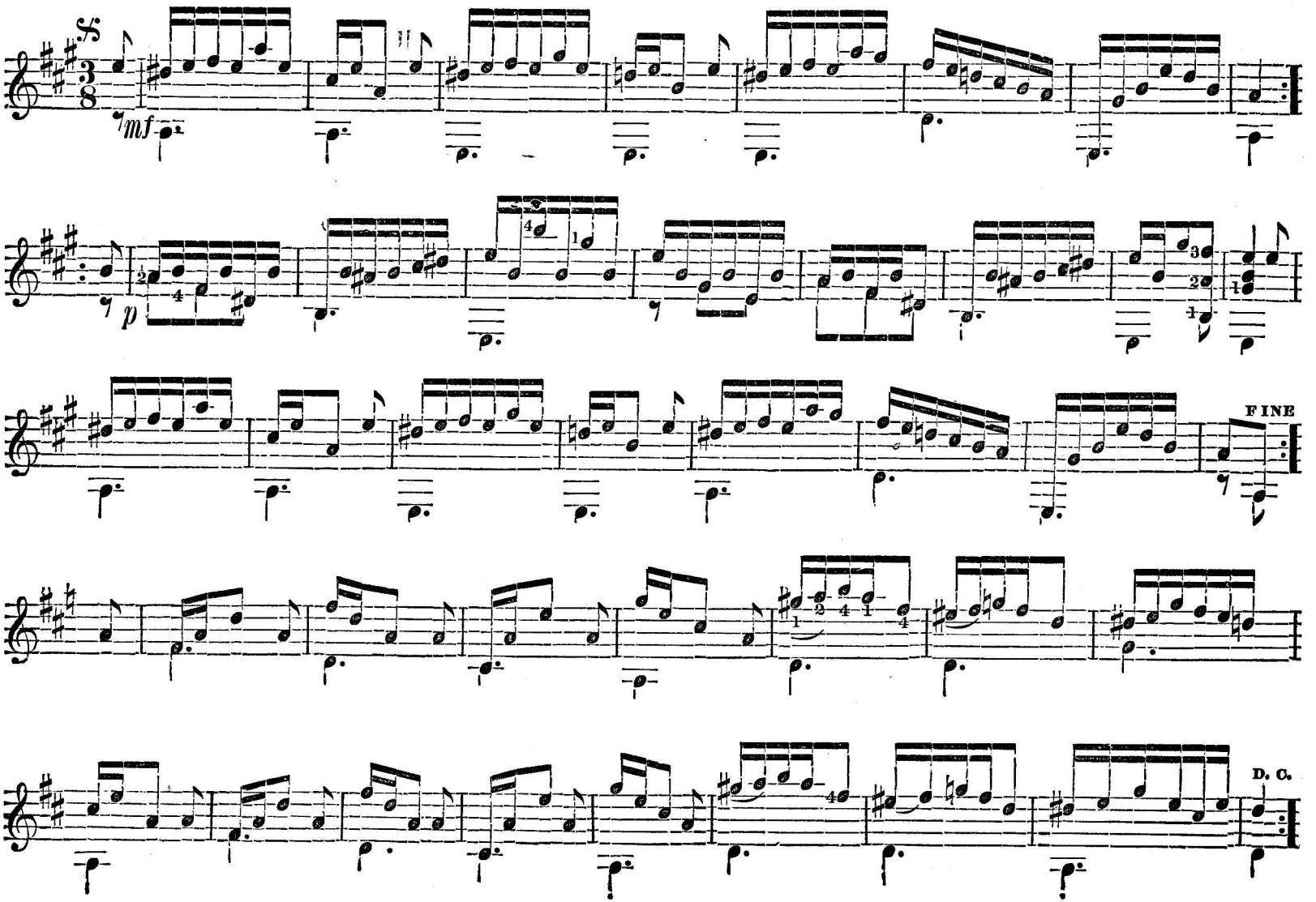
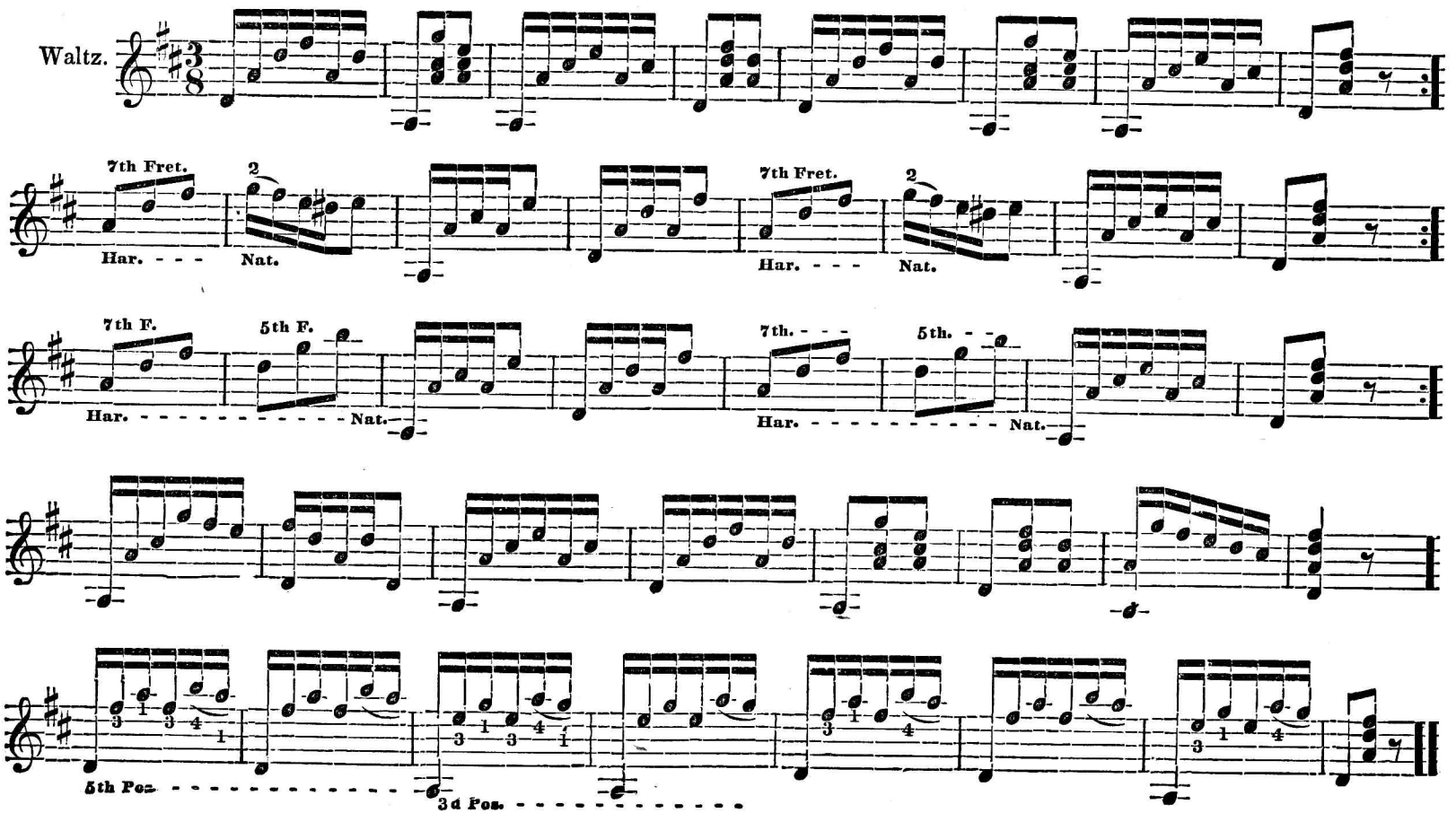
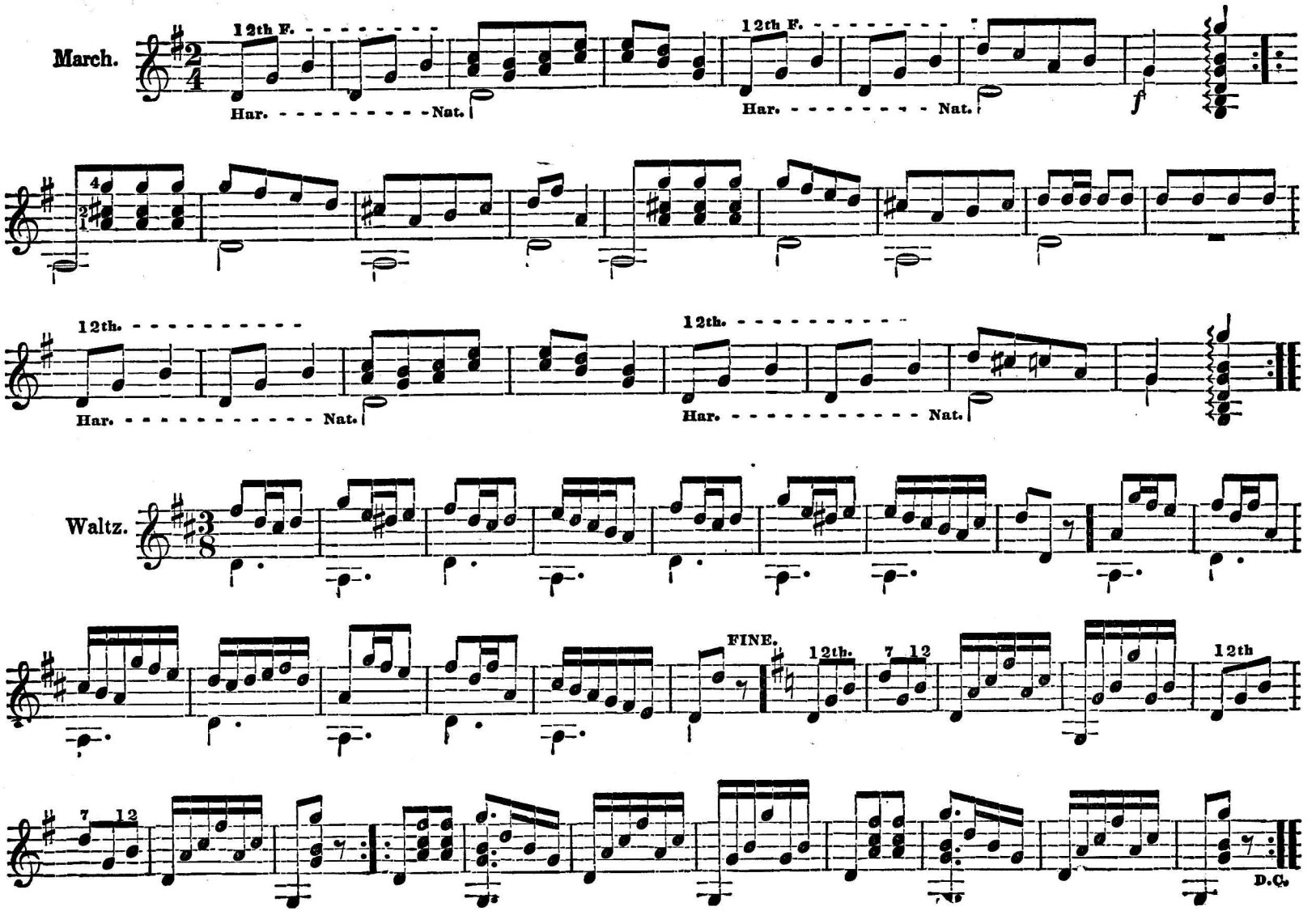
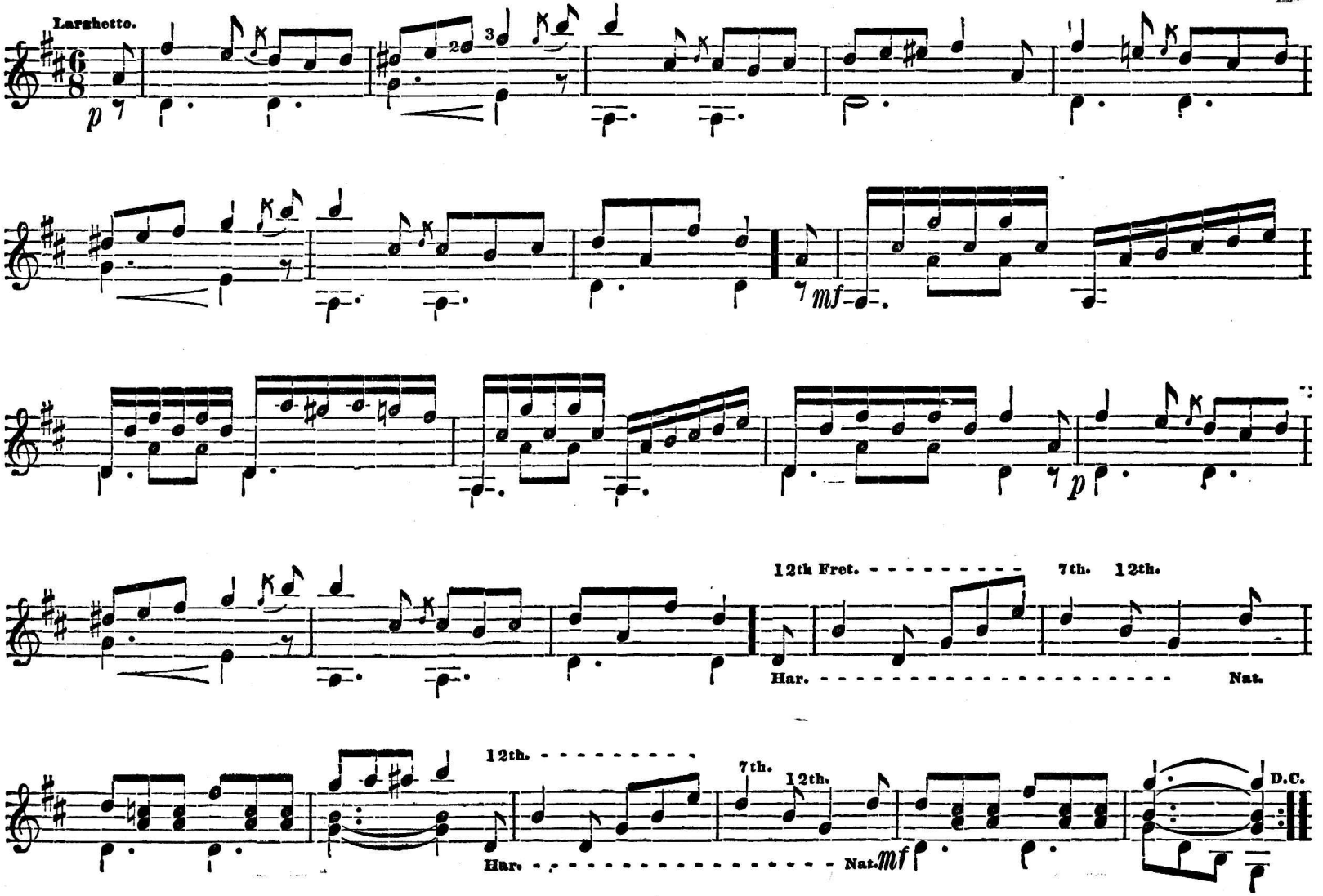
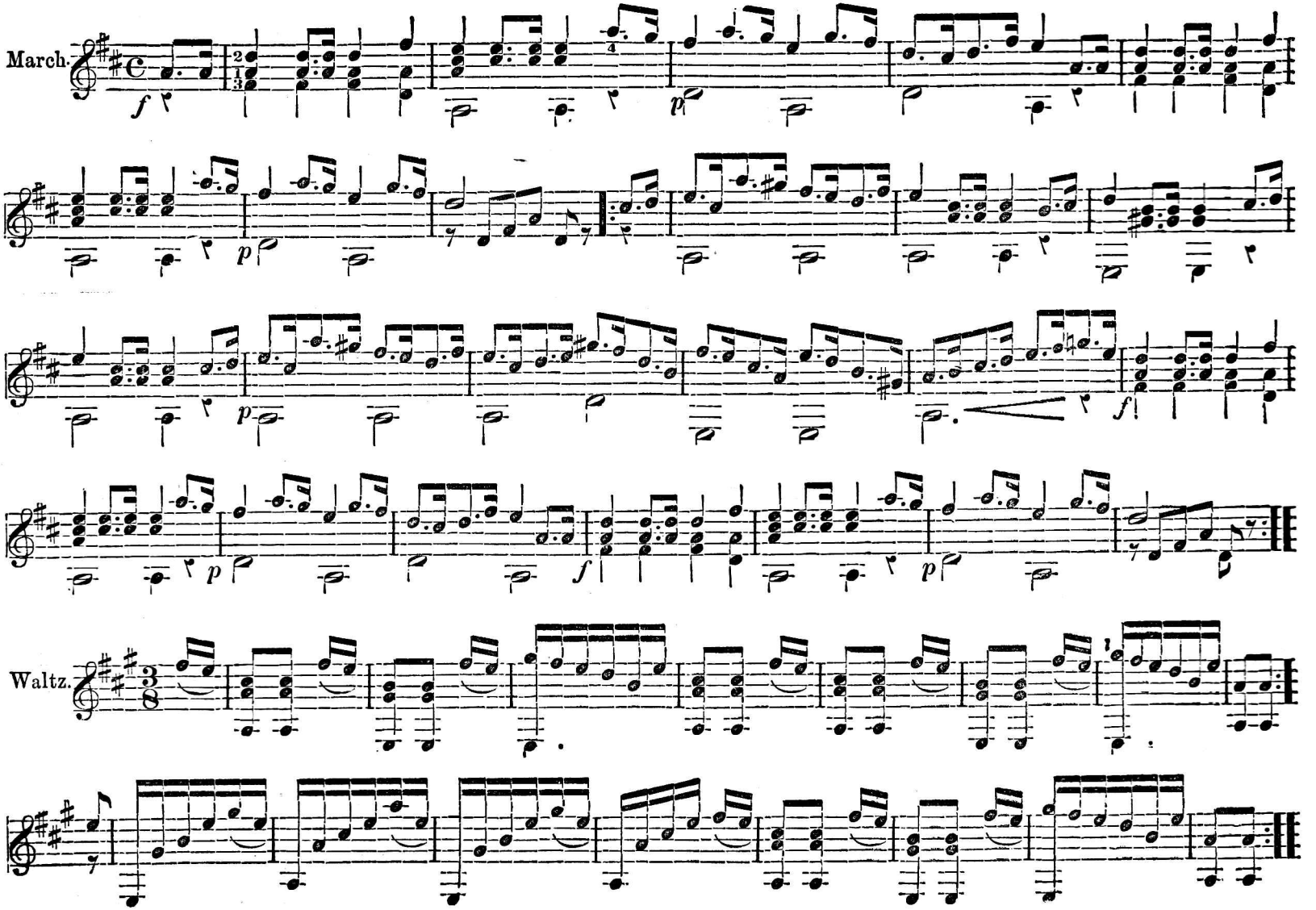
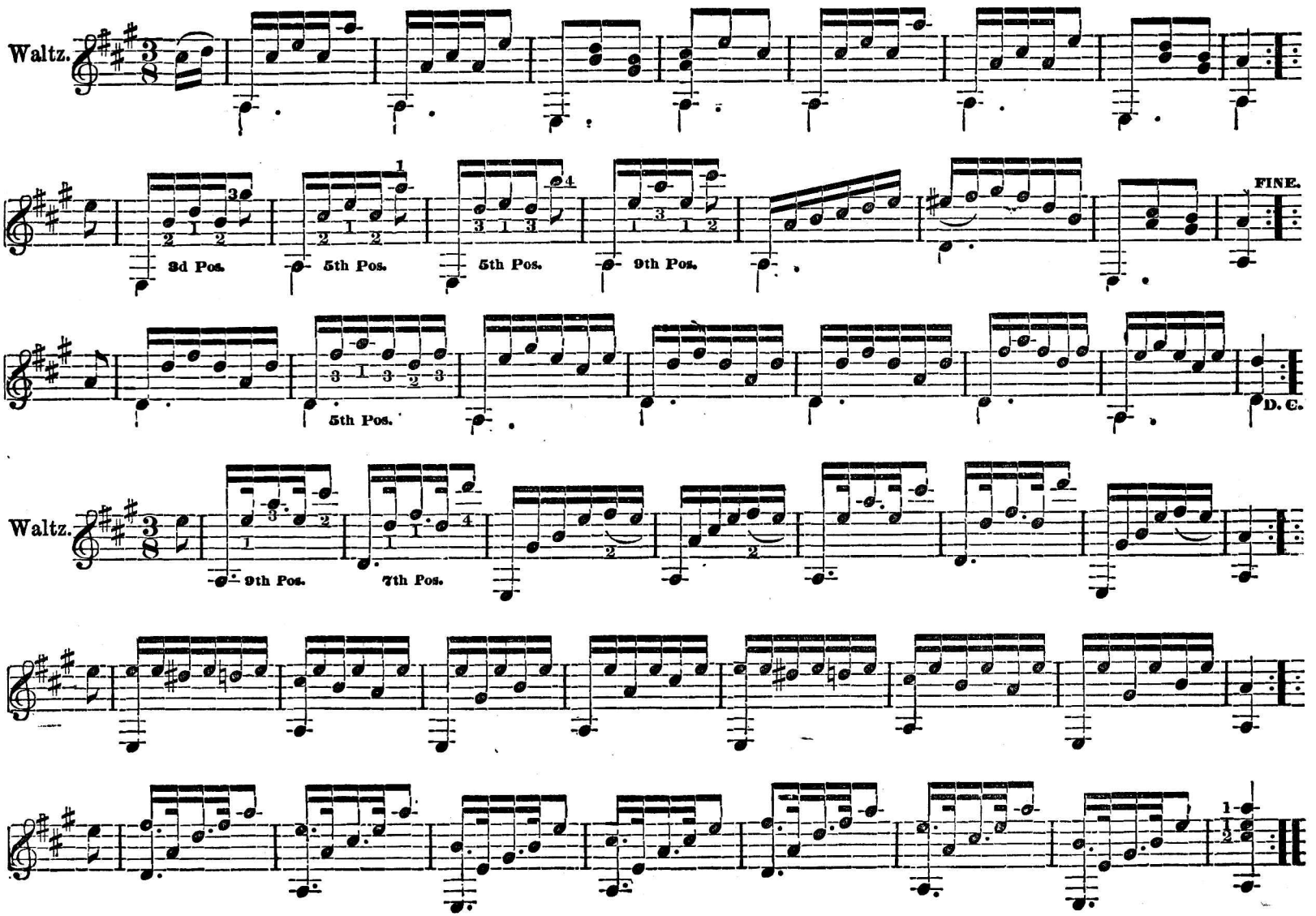

WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBORO'.
Allegro.
HALLOWEEN.
JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.
ANDANTE.

SCOTCH MEDLEY, Continued.

O, LASSIE ART THOU SLEEPING.

SWEDISH SOLDIER'S MARCH.

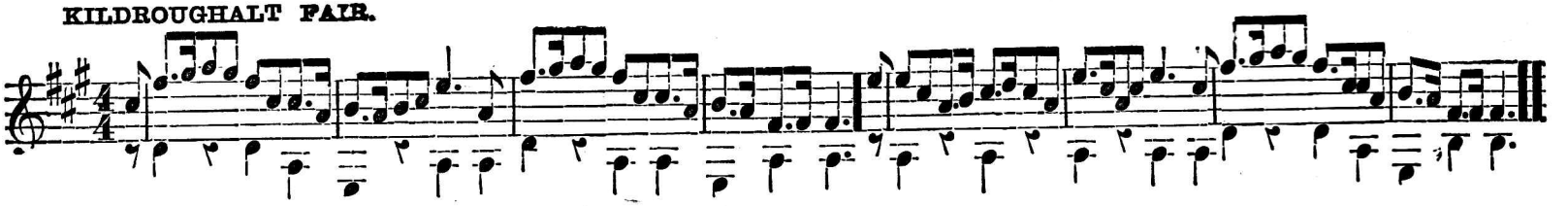
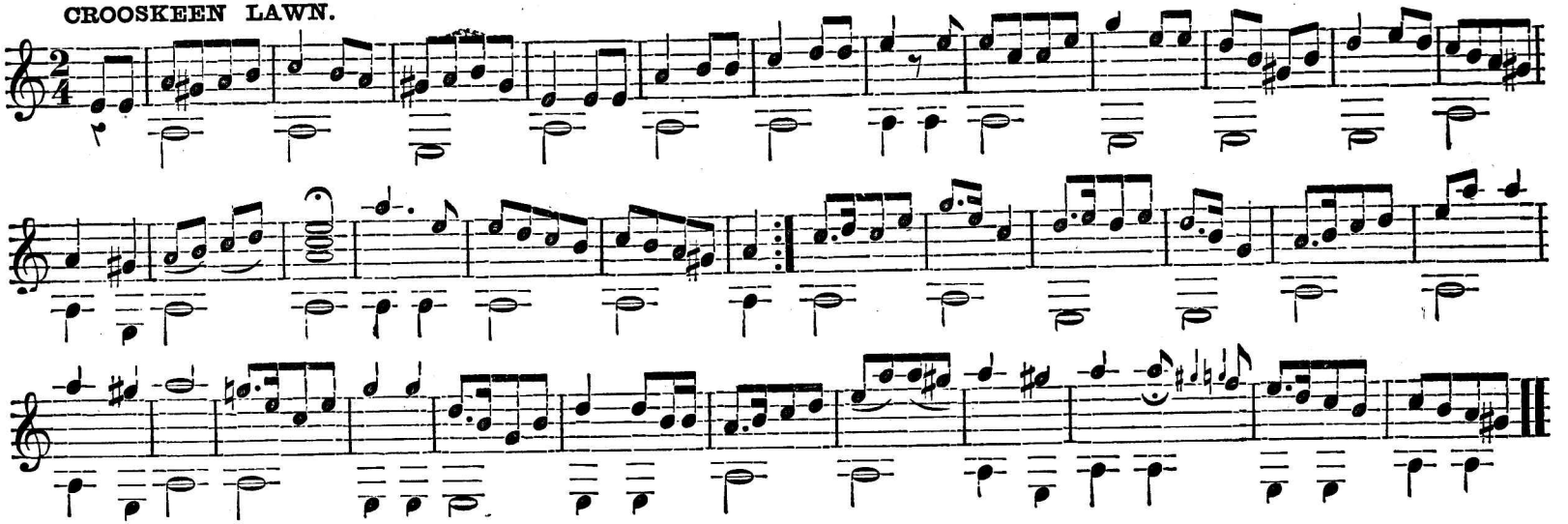
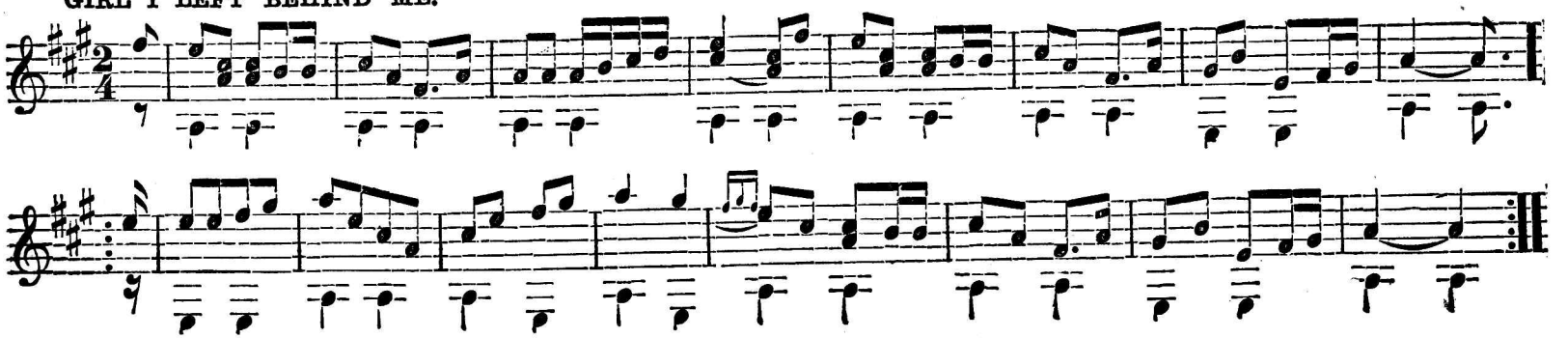
ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

NEVADA WALTZ.

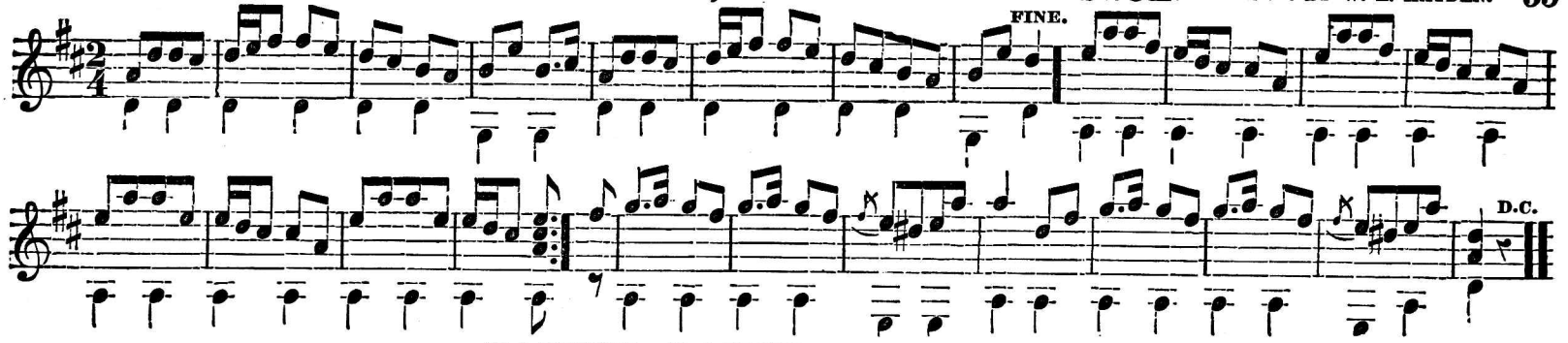
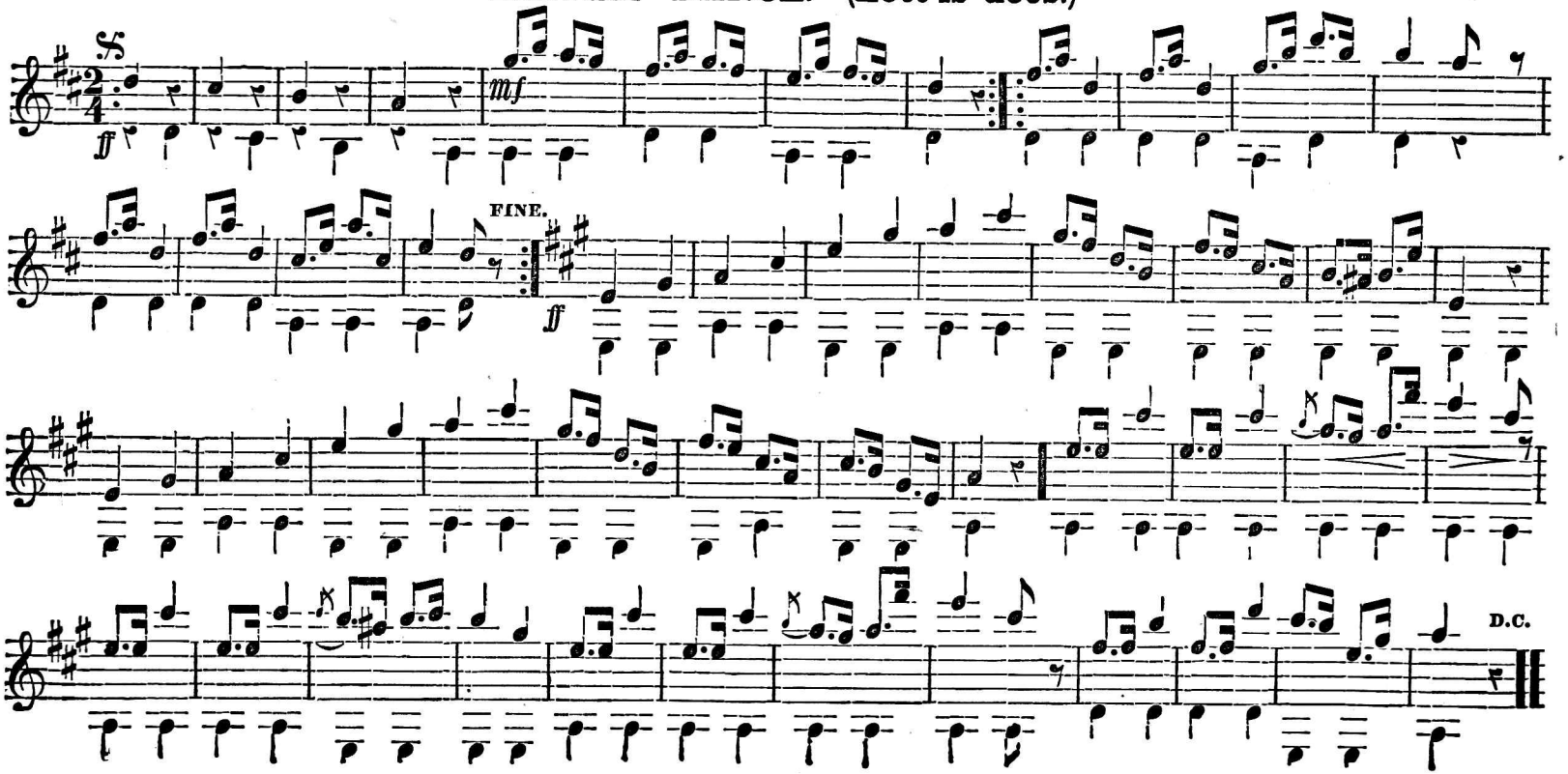
CARCASSI.

HARMONICS.

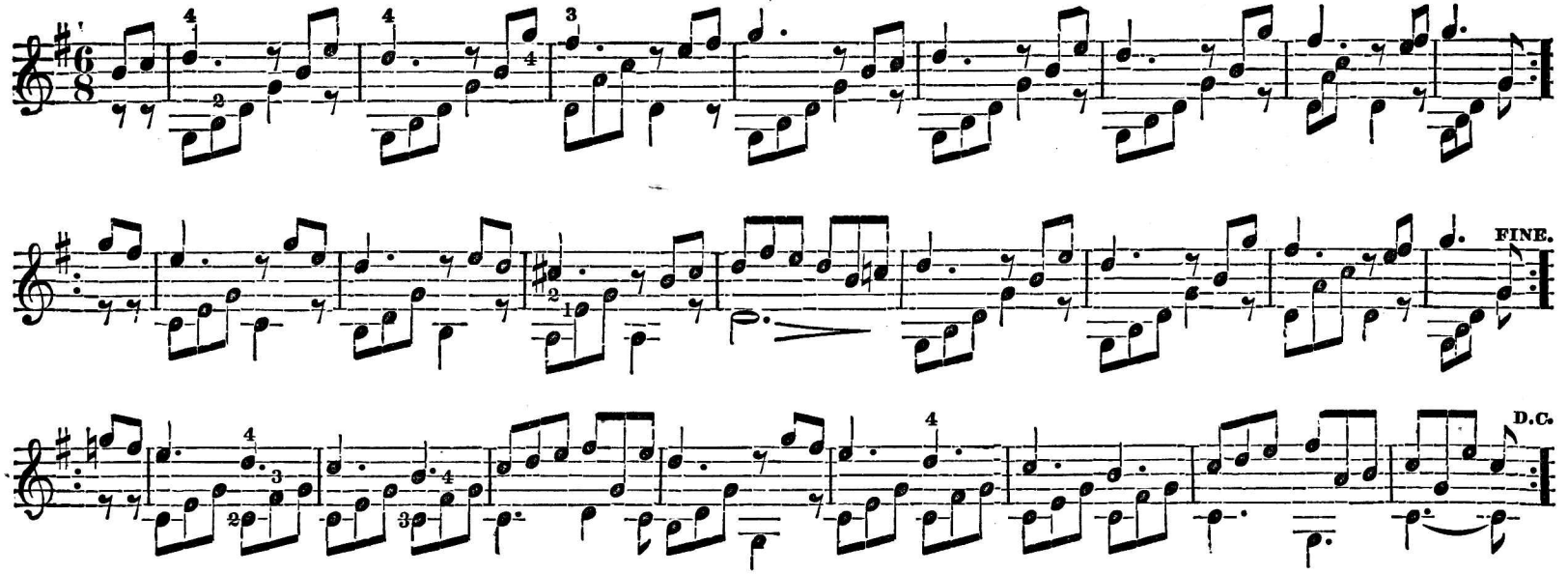
In the following pieces, there are notes occur, which are played by placing a finger of the left hand across all the strings of the Guitar, at certain divisions of the finger-board. The finger must press lightly, with just sufficient force to prevent the string from sounding as if open. The strings must be struck near the bridge, with, perhaps, a little more force than for the natural notes. These notes are called Harmonics; and when played, sound an octave higher than the notes as they are written. They are found on the 12th, 7th, 5th, 4th, and 3d frets; and are designated by the abbreviated word, Har.; and the notes that follow these, by the word Nat.

March.
12th F.
Har.
Nat.
12th F.
Har.
Nat.
f
12th.
Har.
Nat.
12th.
Har.
Nat.
Waltz.
FINE.
12th.
7 12
12th
7 12
D.C.

Larghetto.
p
mf
p
12th Fret.
7th.
12th.
Har.
Nat.
12th.
7th.
12th.
Har.
Nat.
mf
D.C.

March.
Waltz.

Waltz.
3d Pos.
5th Pos.
5th Pos.
9th Pos.
FINE.
5th Pos.
D. C.
Waltz.
9th Pos.
7th Pos.

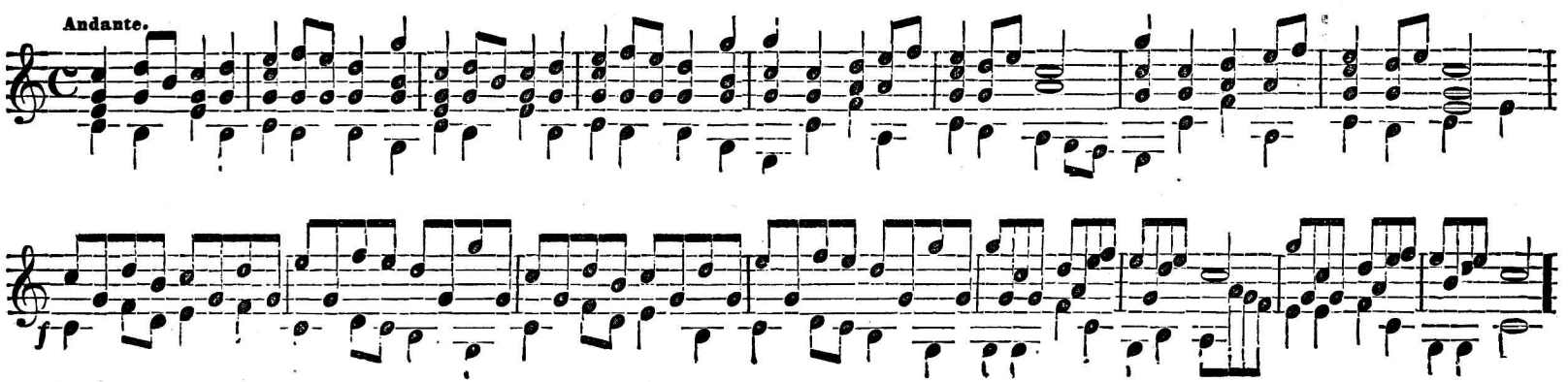
IRISH MEDLEY.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

KILDROUGHALT FAIR.

CROOSKEEN LAWN.

GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

SHANGHAI POLKA, OR CHINESE DANCE.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

DANISH DANCE. (Lott'is does.)

MINNIE RONDO.

CARCASSI.

AIR FROM ZAMPA.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

NATIONAL MEDLEY.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

MAESTOSO.

f

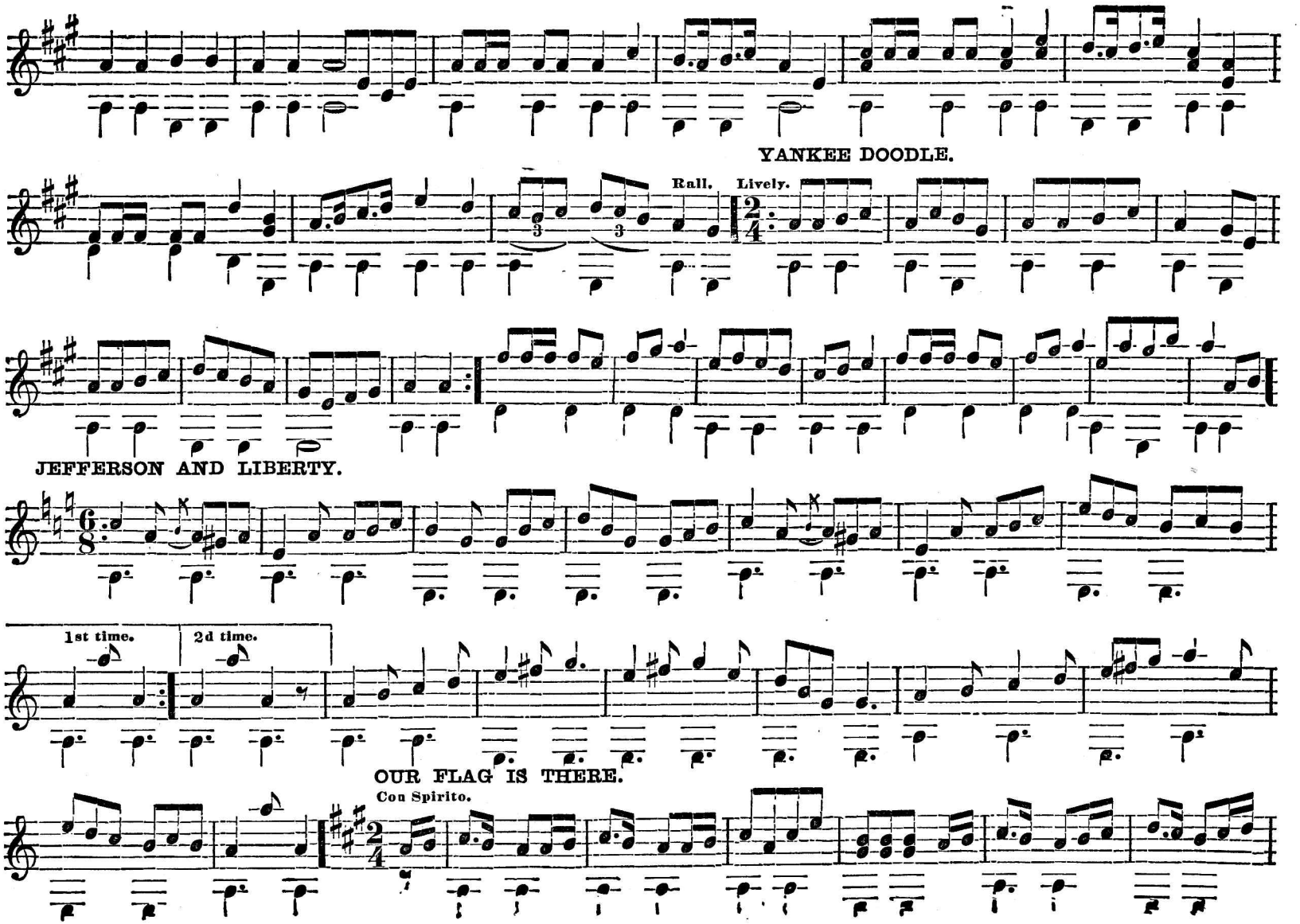
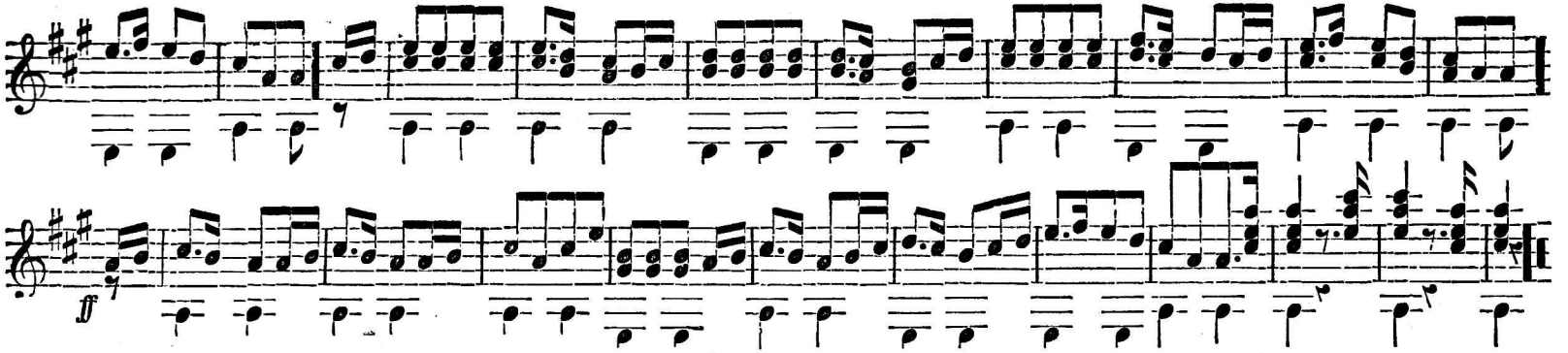
ff

f

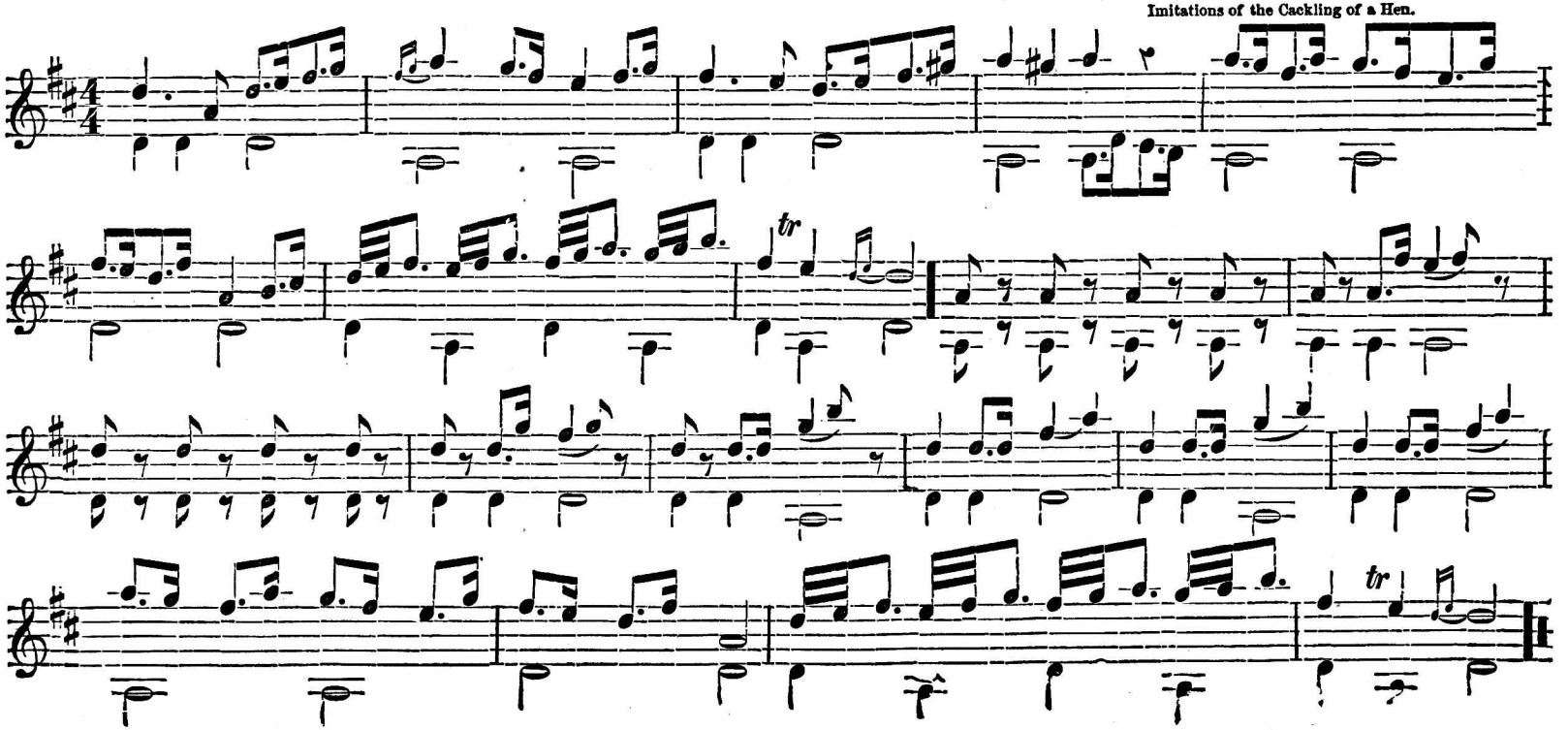
Rall.

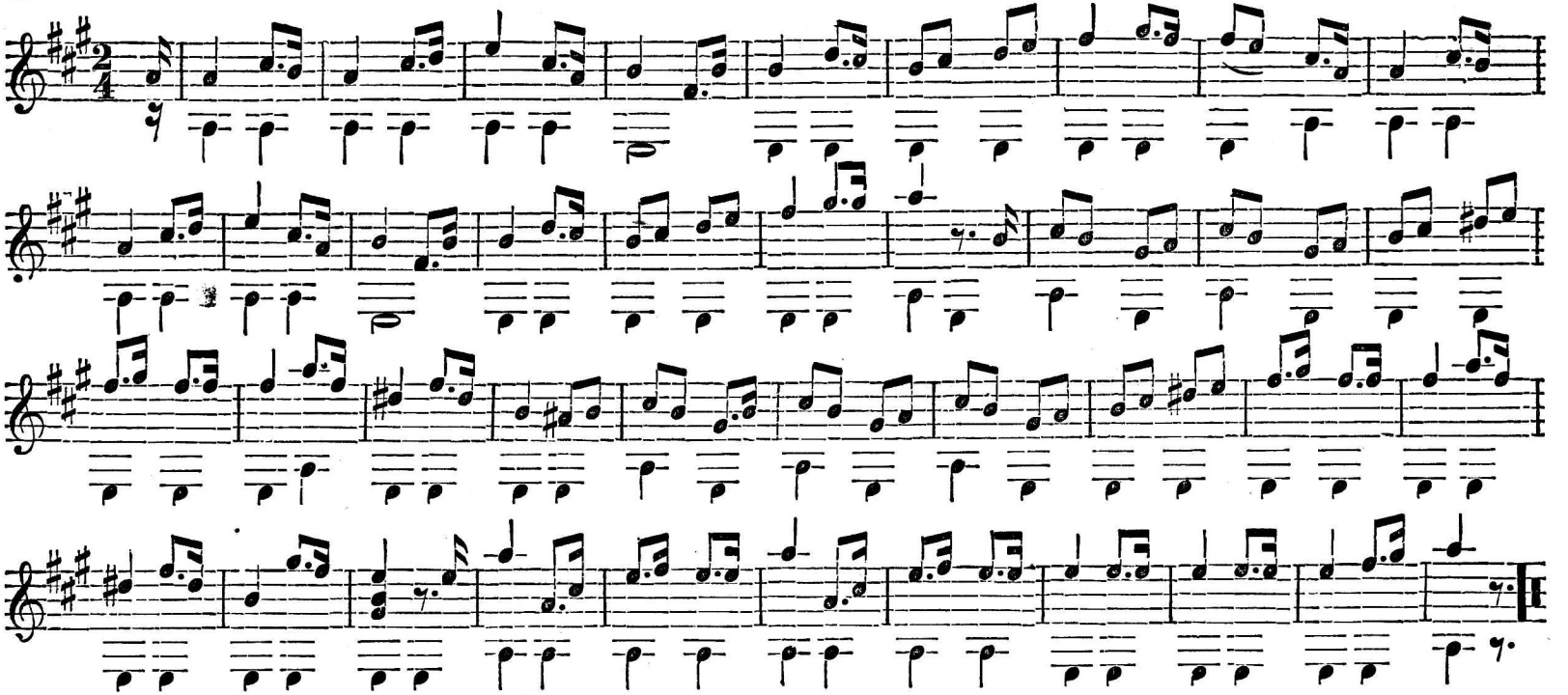
HAIL COLUMBIA.

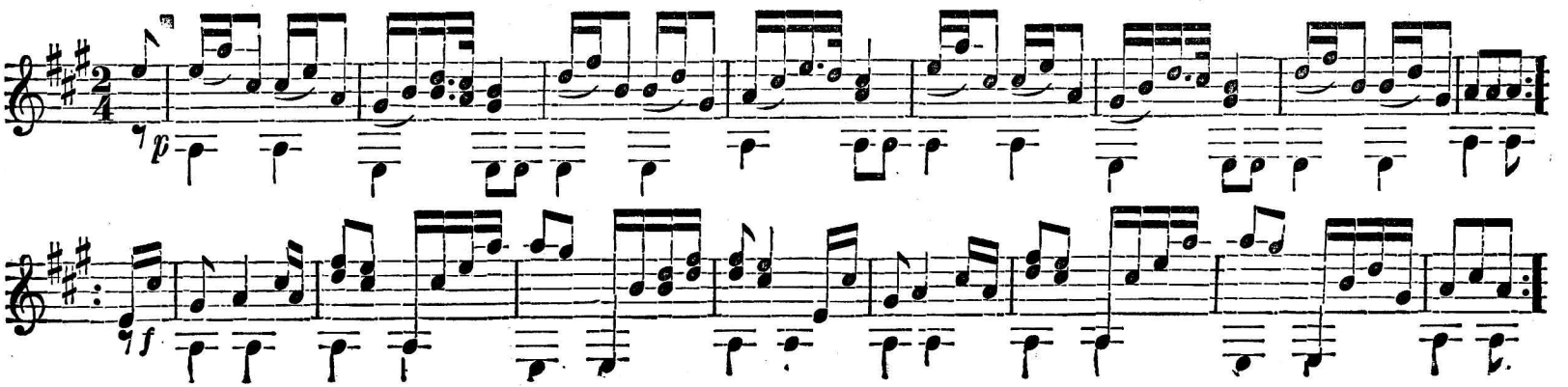
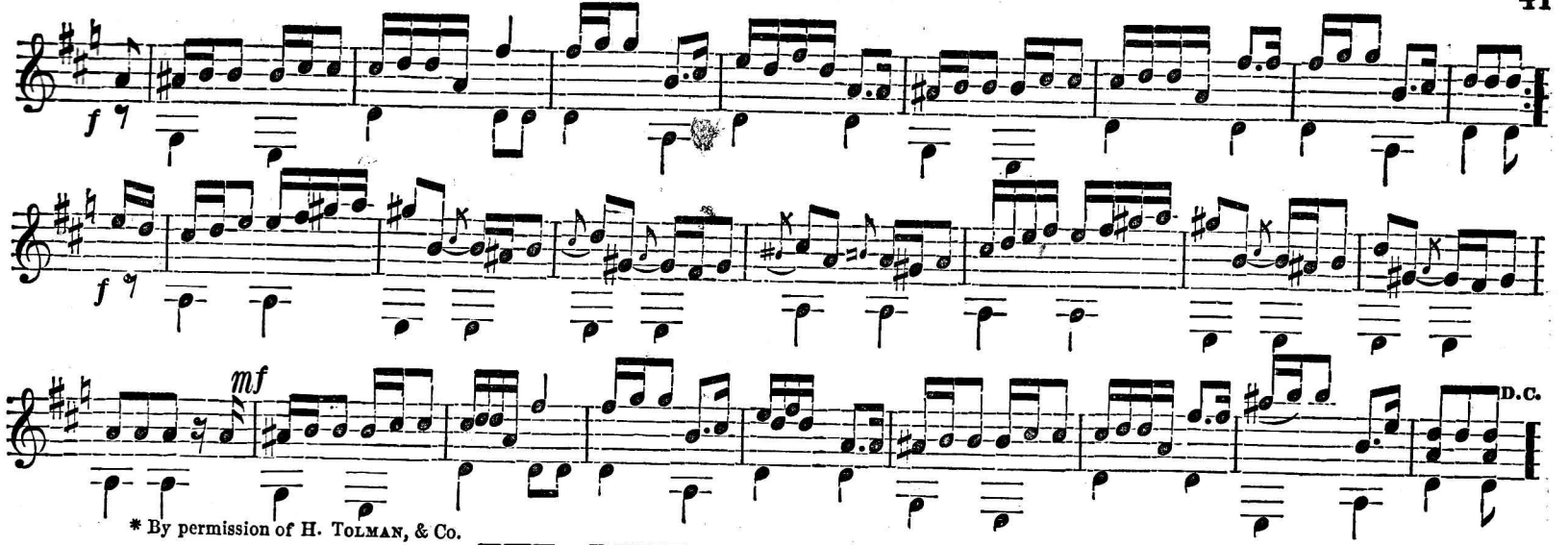
Tempo di Marcia.

NATIONAL MEDLEY, Concluded.

THE HEN'S MARCH.

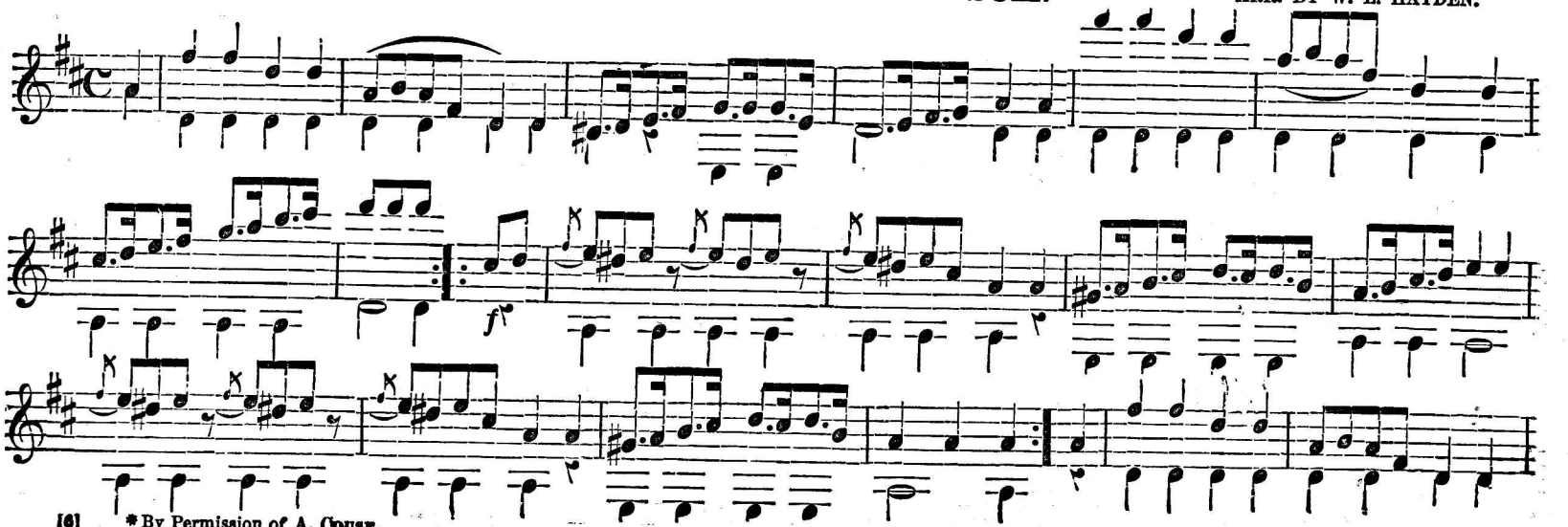
ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

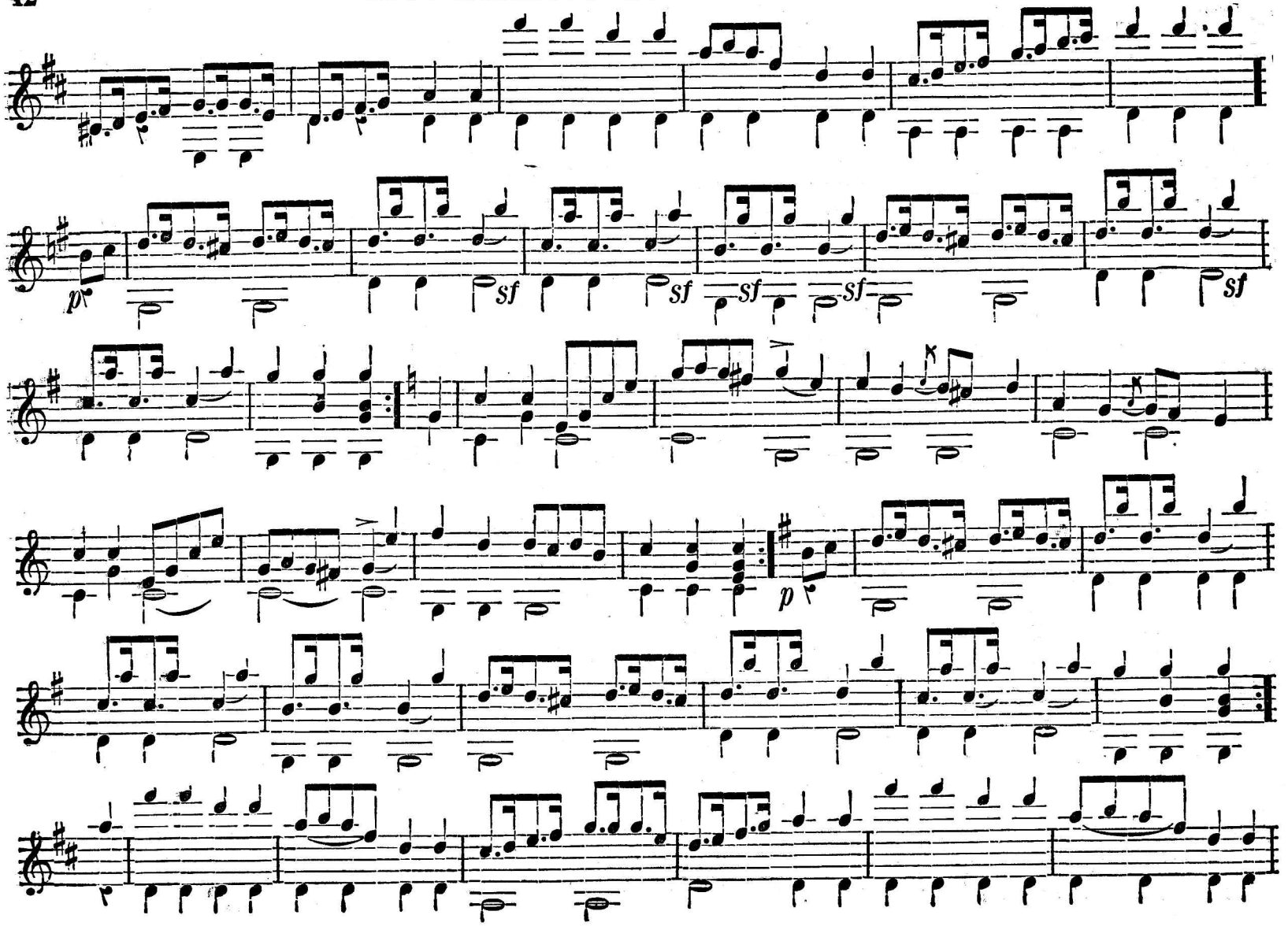
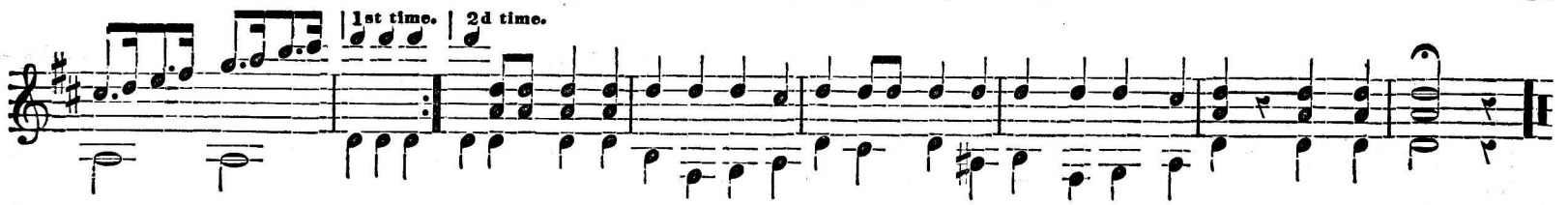
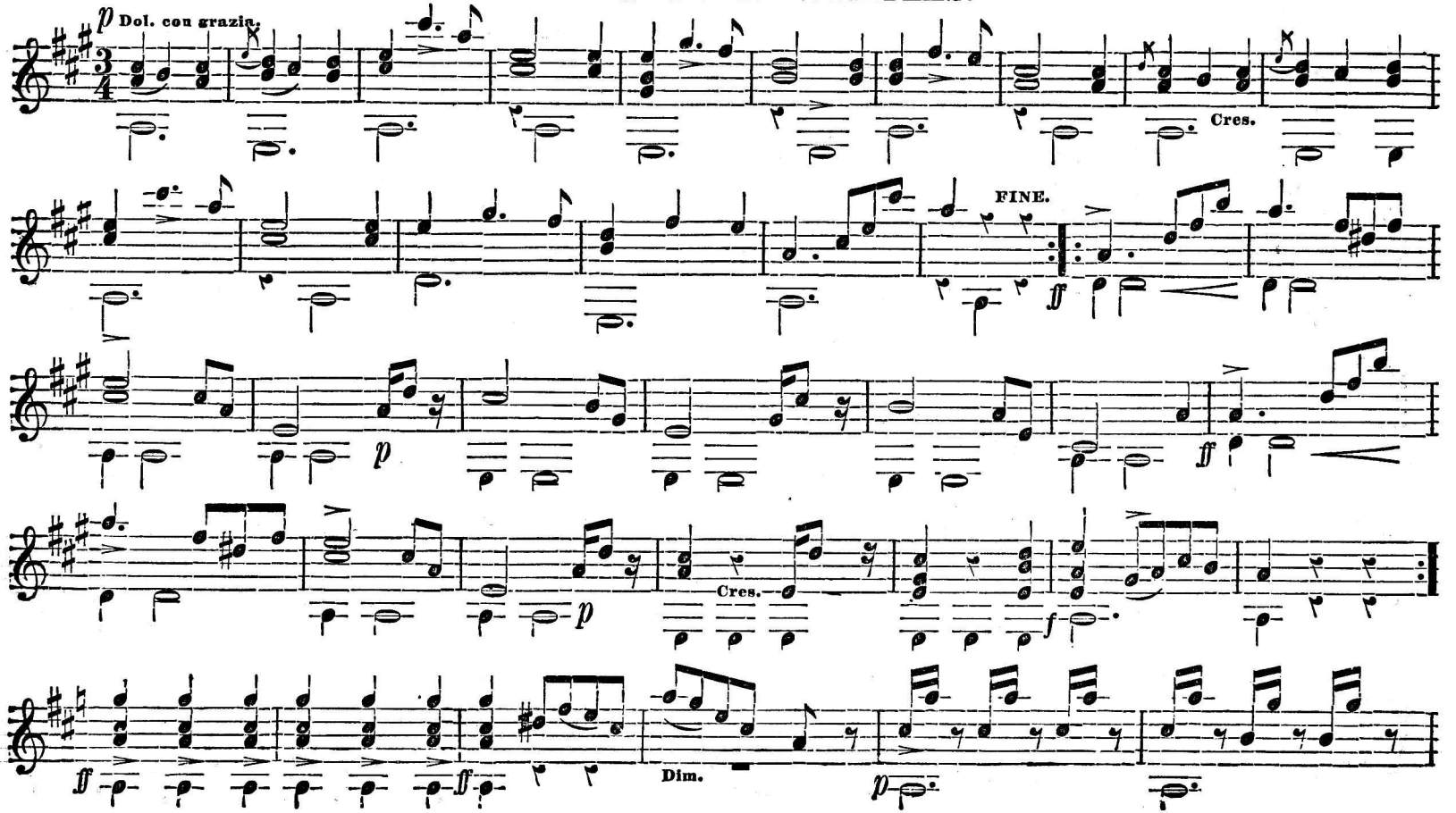
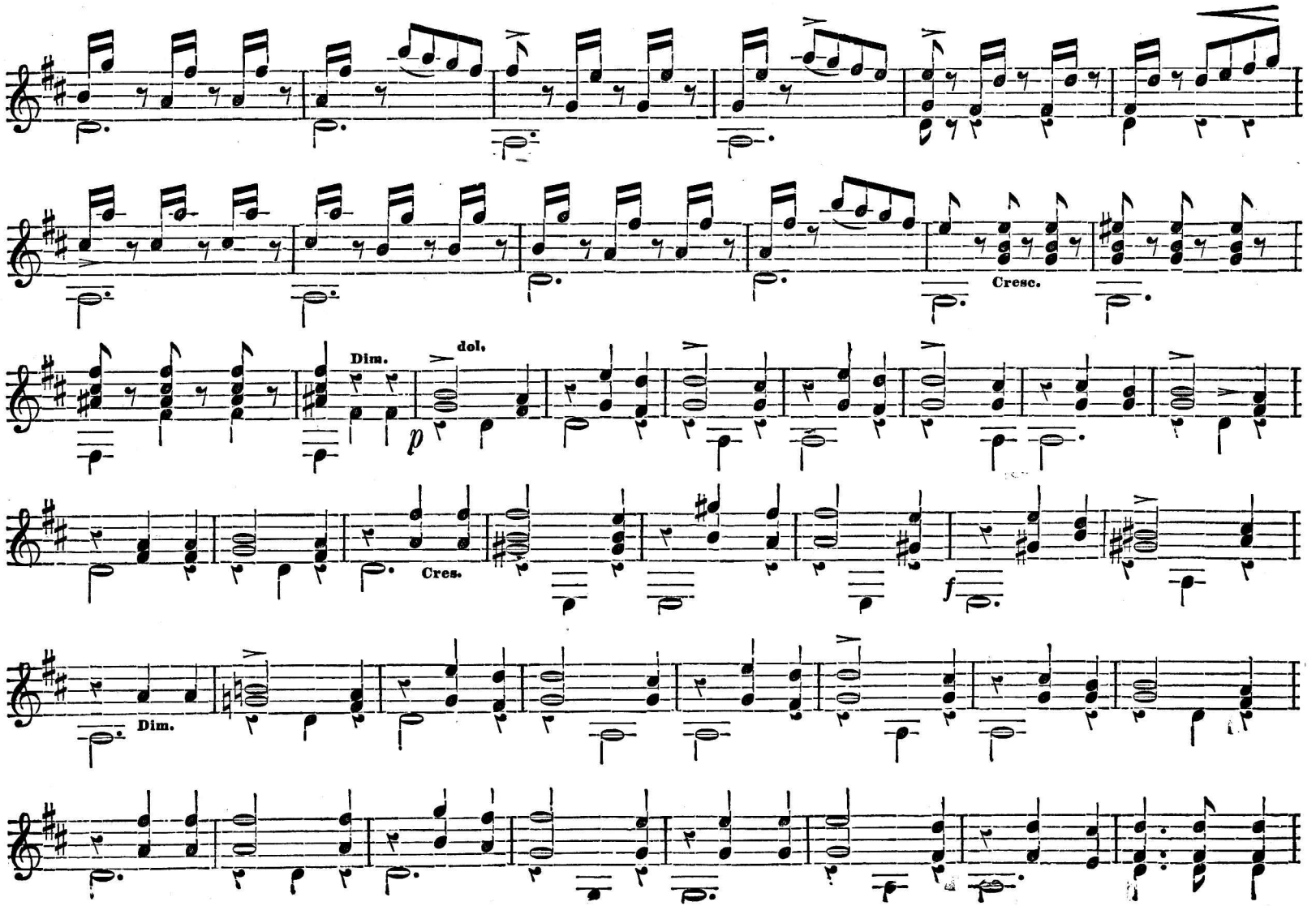
Imitations of the Cackling of a Hen.

GARIBALDI MARCH.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

DIAMOND SCHOTTISCH.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

DIAMOND SCHOTTISCH. Concluded.

* By permission of H. TOLMAN, & Co.

THE DETROIT SCHOTTISCH.*

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

* By Permission of A. COUSE.

THE DETROIT SCHOTTISCH. Continued.

DETROIT SCHOTTISCH, Concluded.

EVENING STAR WALTZES.

Cresc.
Dim.
dol.
p
Cres.
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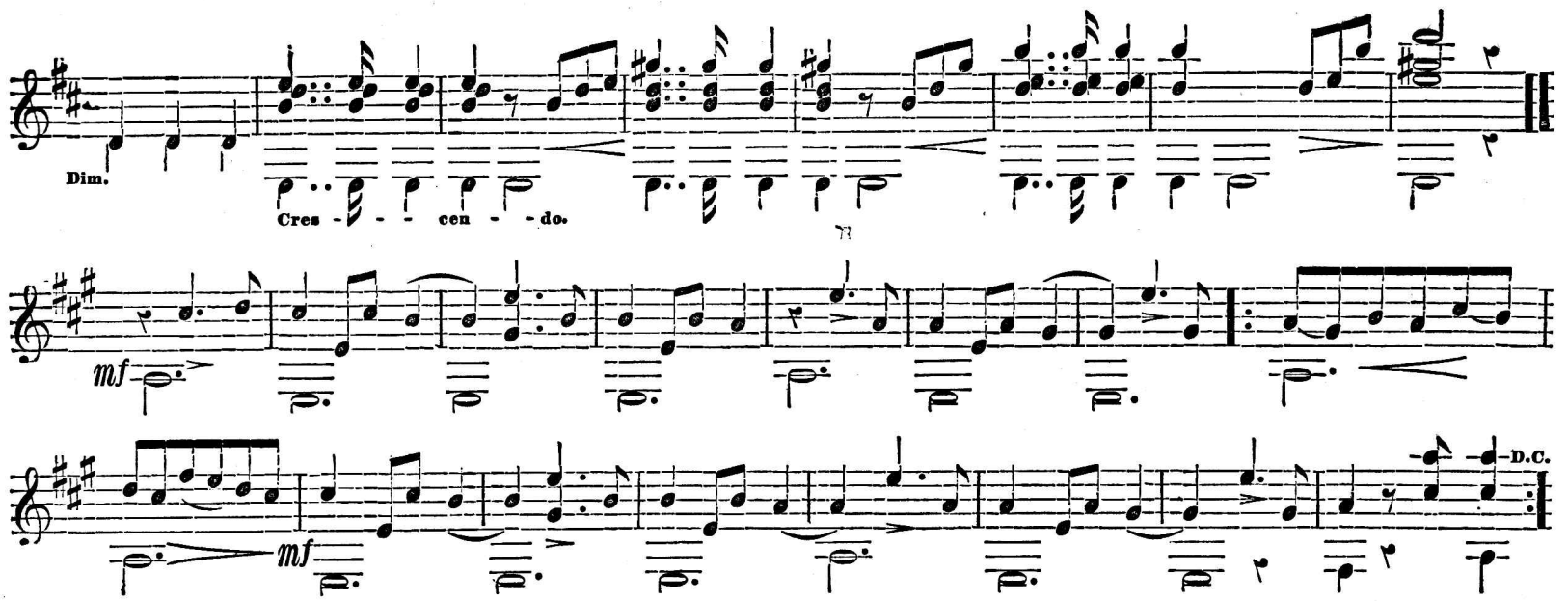
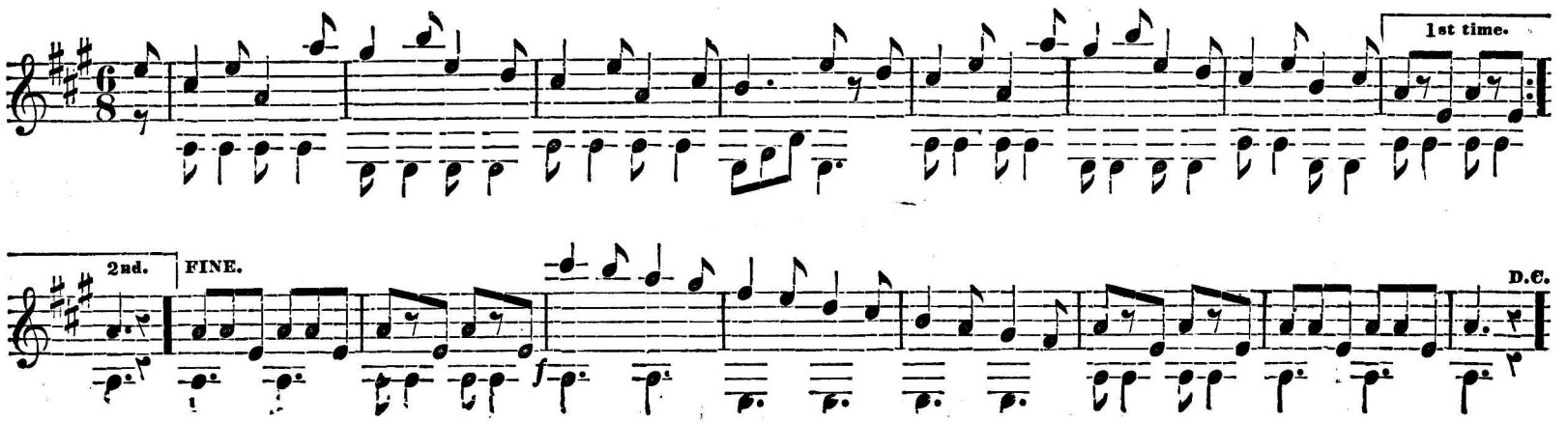
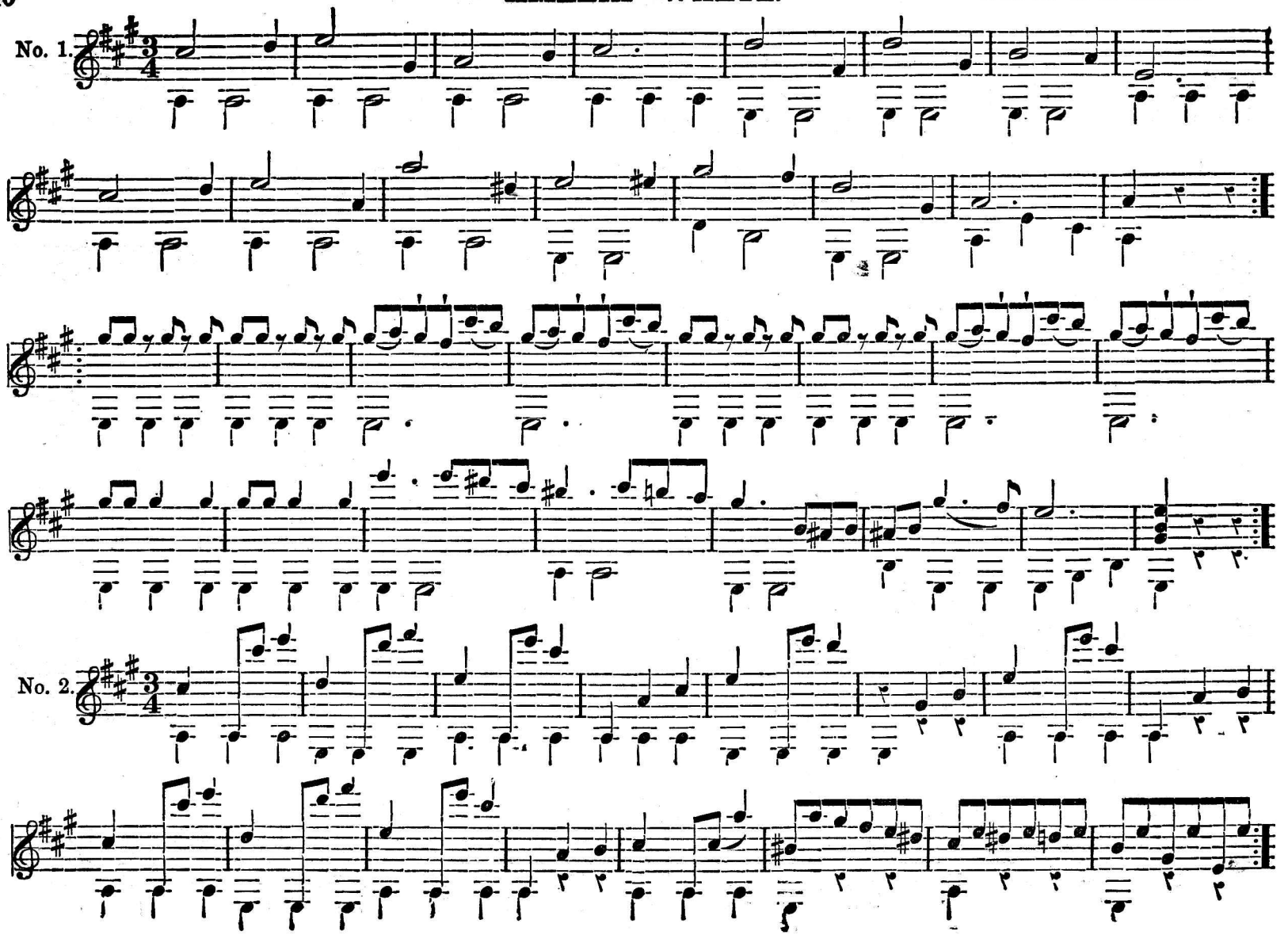
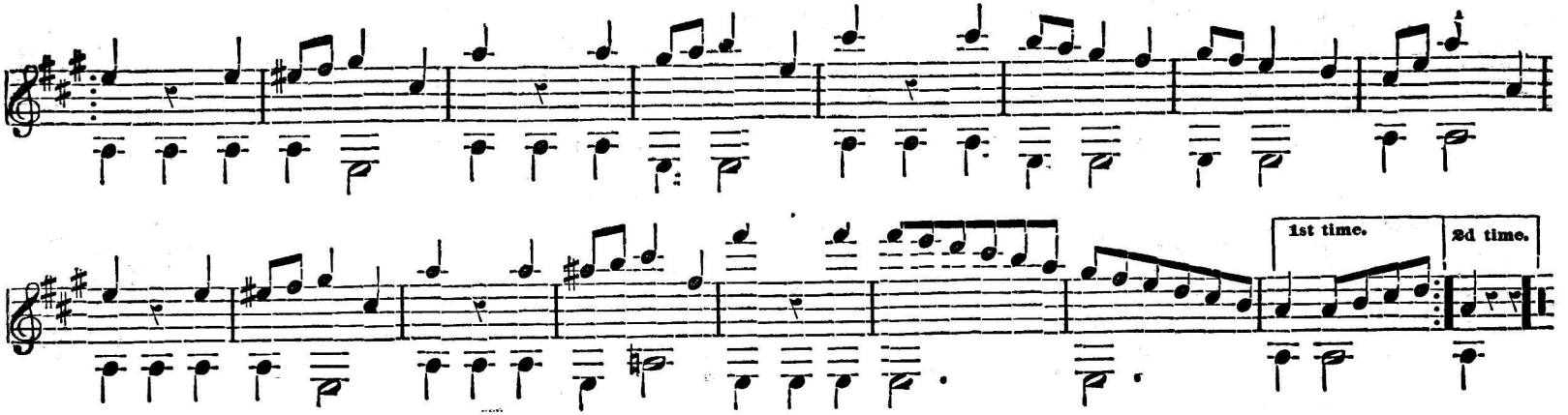
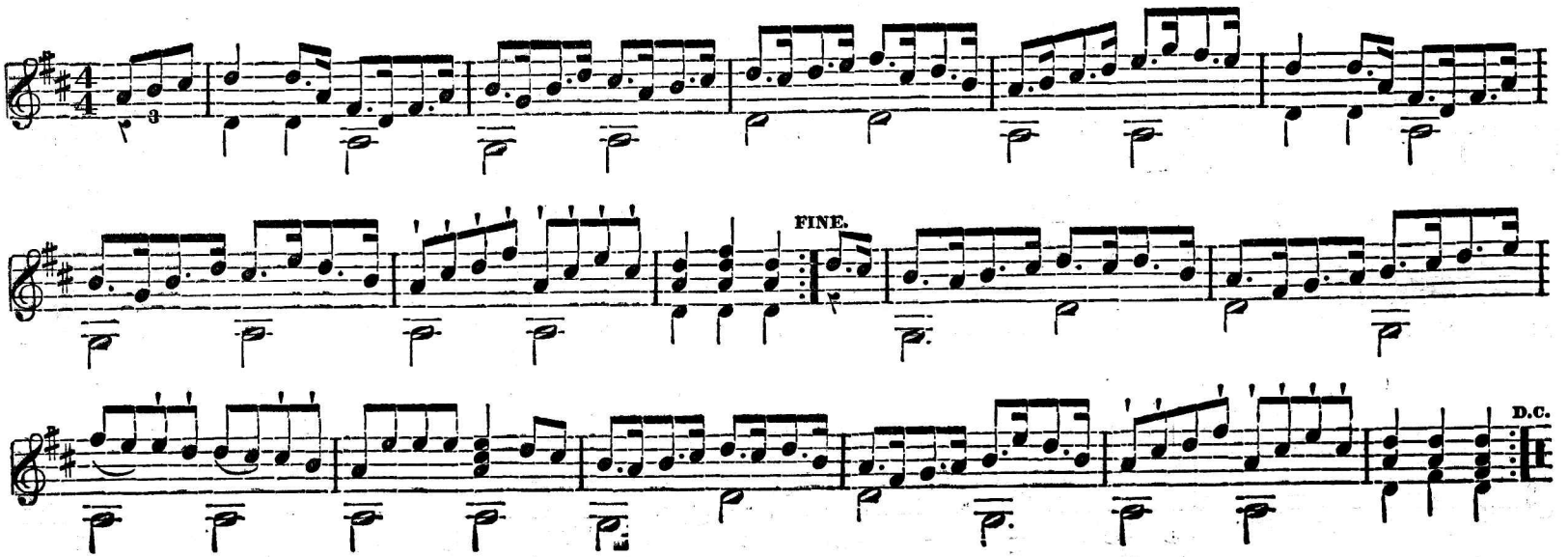
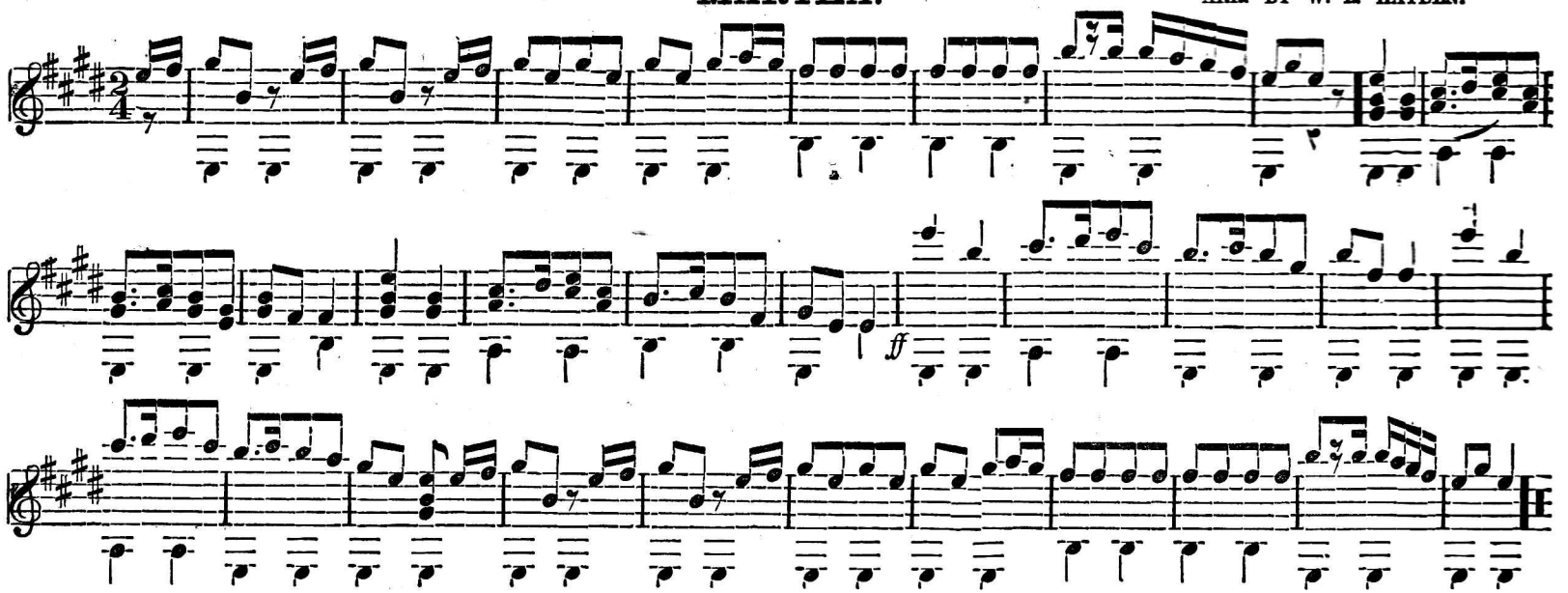
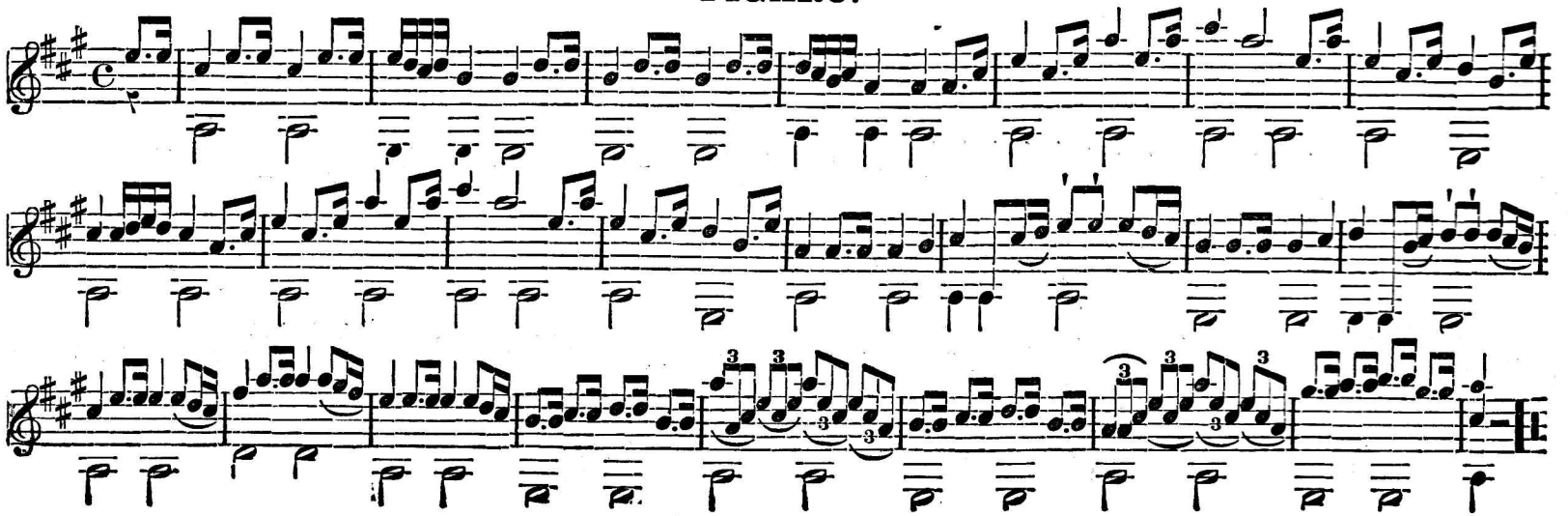
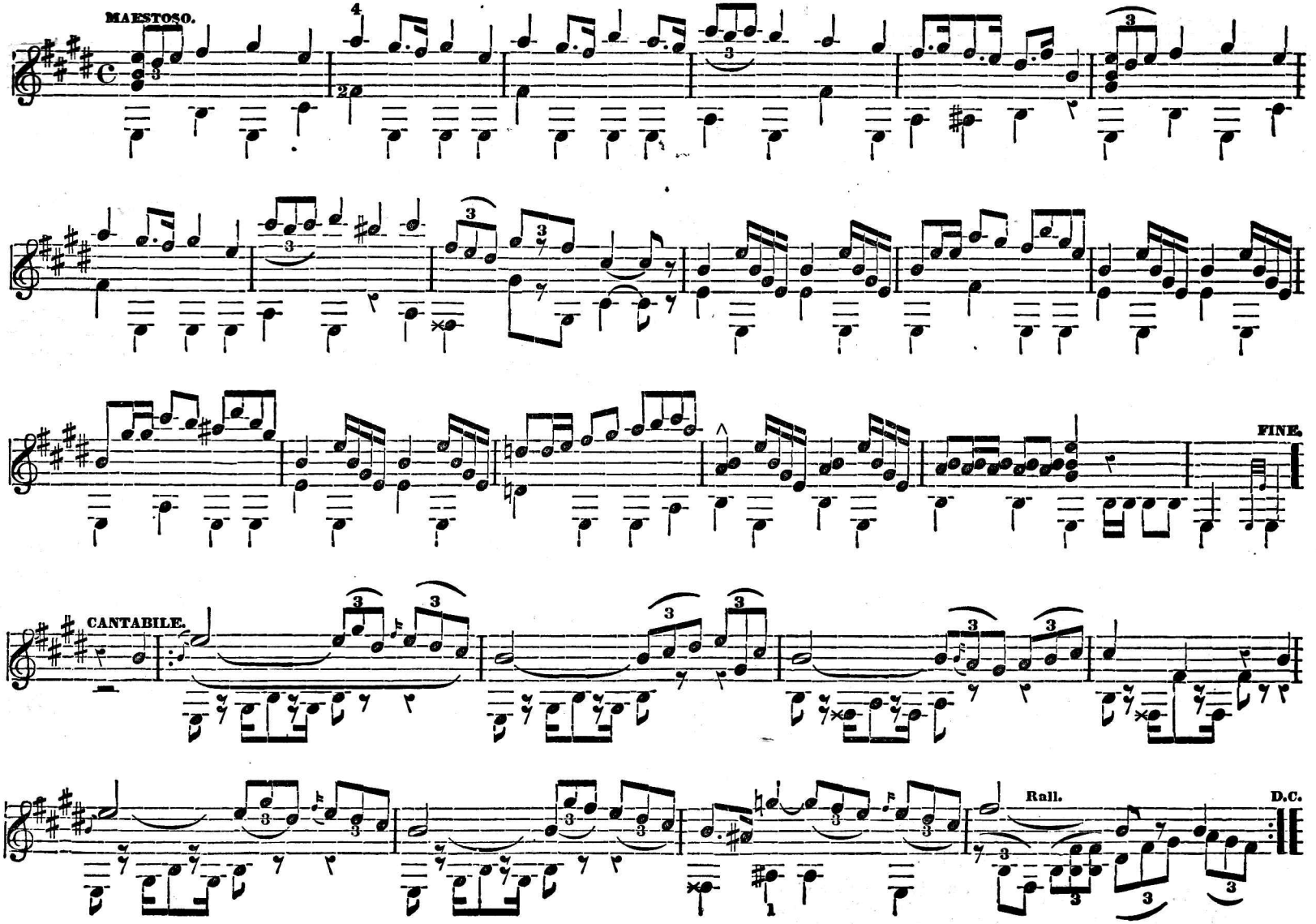

THE CURE.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

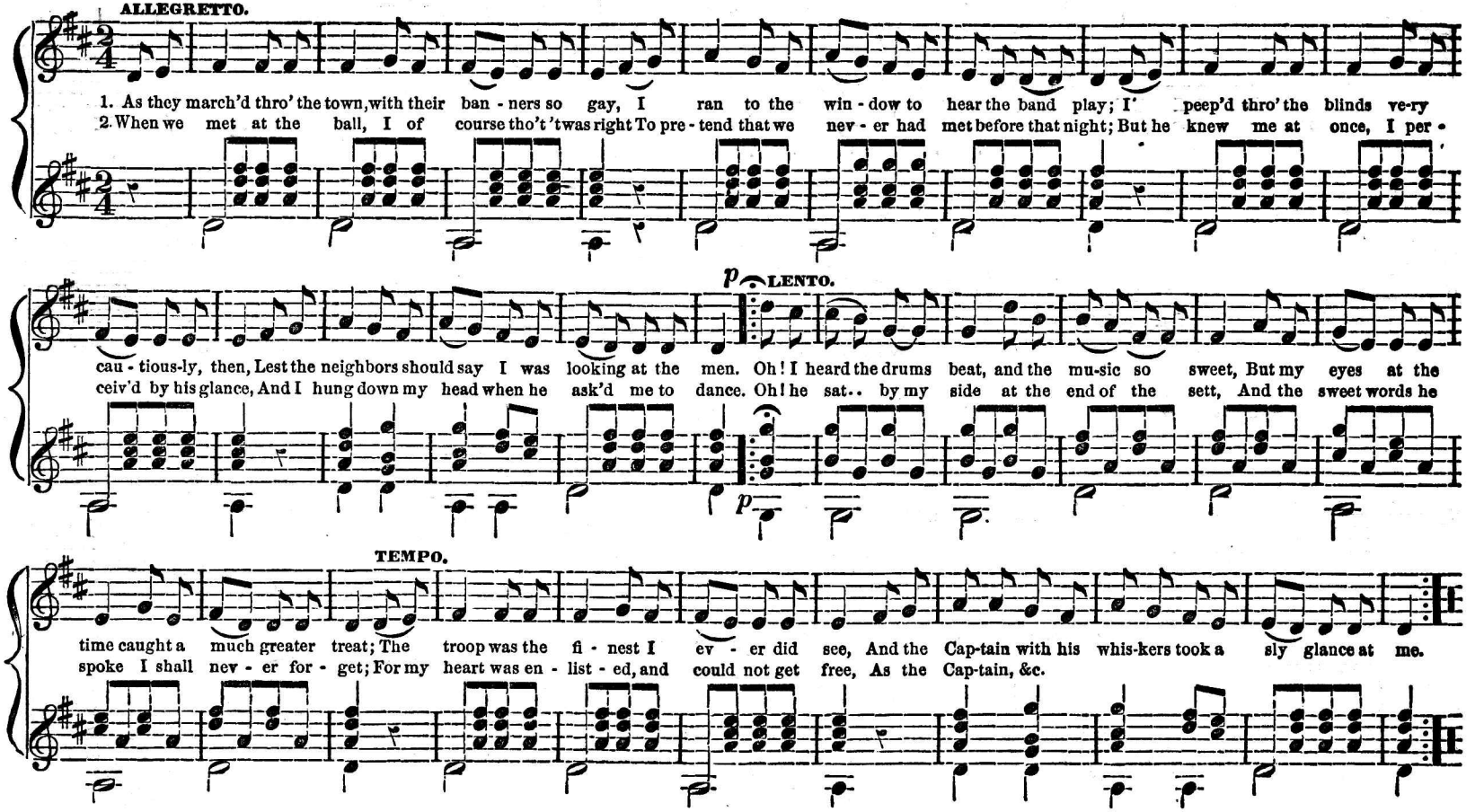
Performed at MORRIS BROS, BUCKLEYS' &c.

AMELIA WALTZ.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

AMELIA WALTZ, Concluded.

CLOG DANCE.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

MARTHA.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

FIGARO.

MAESTOSO.
FINE.
CANTABILE.
Rall.
D.C.

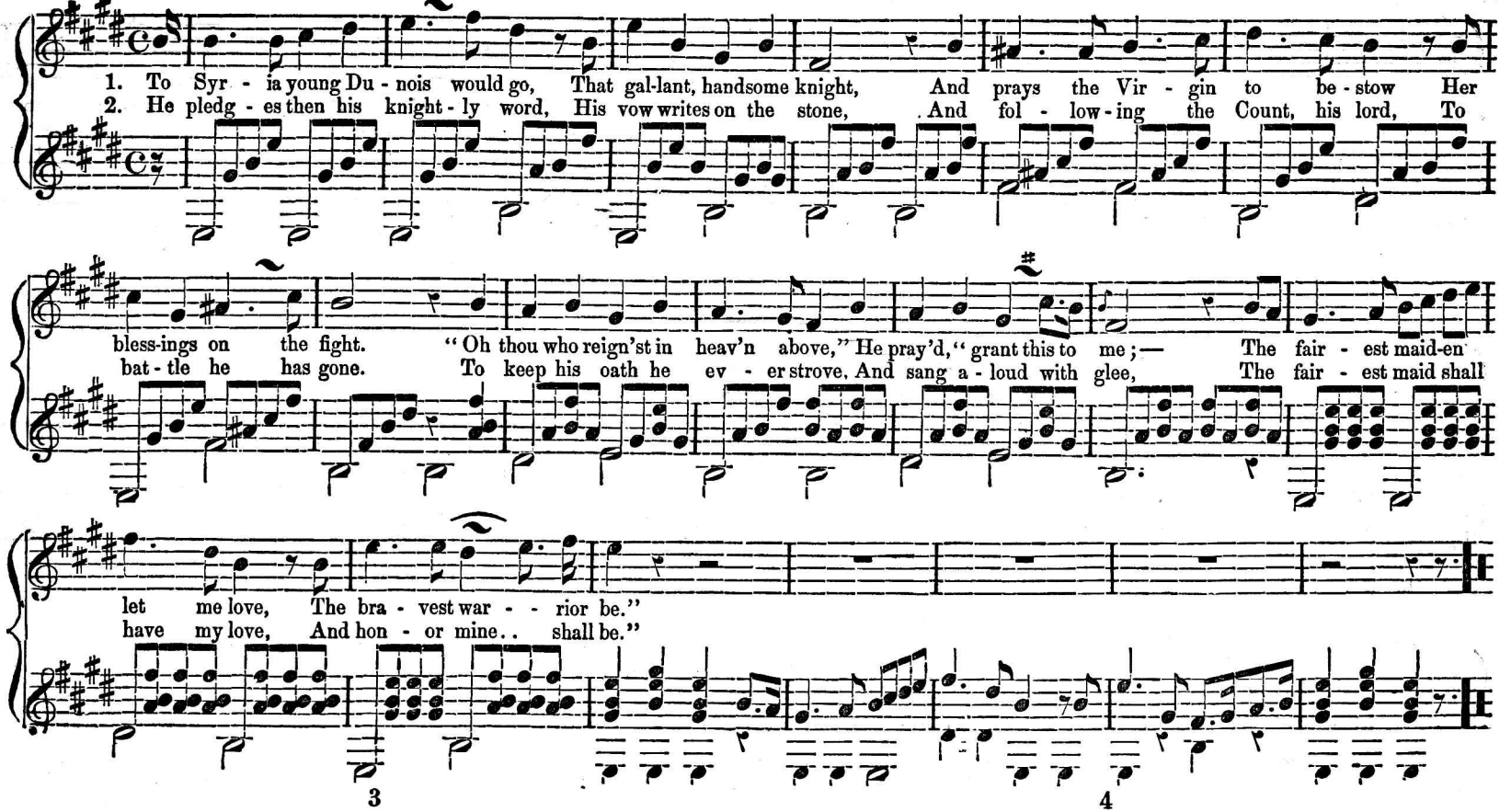
"AS WE MARCH'D THROUGH THE TOWN."

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

ALLEGRETTO.
1. As they march'd thro' the town, with their ban - ners so gay, I ran to the win - dow to hear the band play; I' peep'd thro' the blinds ve-ry
2. When we met at the ball, I of course tho't 'twas right To pre - tend that we nev - er had met before that night; But he knew me at once, I per -
p
LENTO.
cau - tious-ly, then, Lest the neighbors should say I was looking at the men. Oh! I heard the drums beat, and the mu-sic so sweet, But my eyes at the
ceiv'd by his glance, And I hung down my head when he ask'd me to dance. Oh! he sat.. by my side at the end of the sett, And the sweet words he
p
TEMPO.
time caught a much greater treat; The troop was the fi - nest I ev - er did see, And the Cap-tain with his whis-kers took a sly glance at me.
spoke I shall nev - er for - get; For my heart was en - list - ed, and could not get free, As the Cap-tain, &c.

3

But he marched from the town, and I see him no more,
Yet I think of him oft, and the whiskers he wore;
I dream all the night, and I talk all the day
Of the love of a Captain who went far away.
I remember with super-abundant delight
When we met in the street, and we danced all the night,
And keep in my mind how my heart jumped with glee,
As the Captain with his whiskers took a sly glance at me.

THE DEPARTURE FOR SYRIA.*

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

1. To Syr - ia young Du - nois would go, That gal-lant, handsome knight, And prays the Vir - gin to be - stow Her
2. He pledg - es then his knight - ly word, His vow writes on the stone, And fol - low - ing the Count, his lord, To
bless-ings on the fight. "Oh thou who reign'st in heav'n above," He pray'd, "grant this to me;— The fair - est maid-en
bat - tle he has gone. To keep his oath he ev - er strove, And sang a - loud with glee, The fair - est maid shall
let me love, The bra - vest war - - rior be."
have my love, And hon - or mine.. shall be."

3

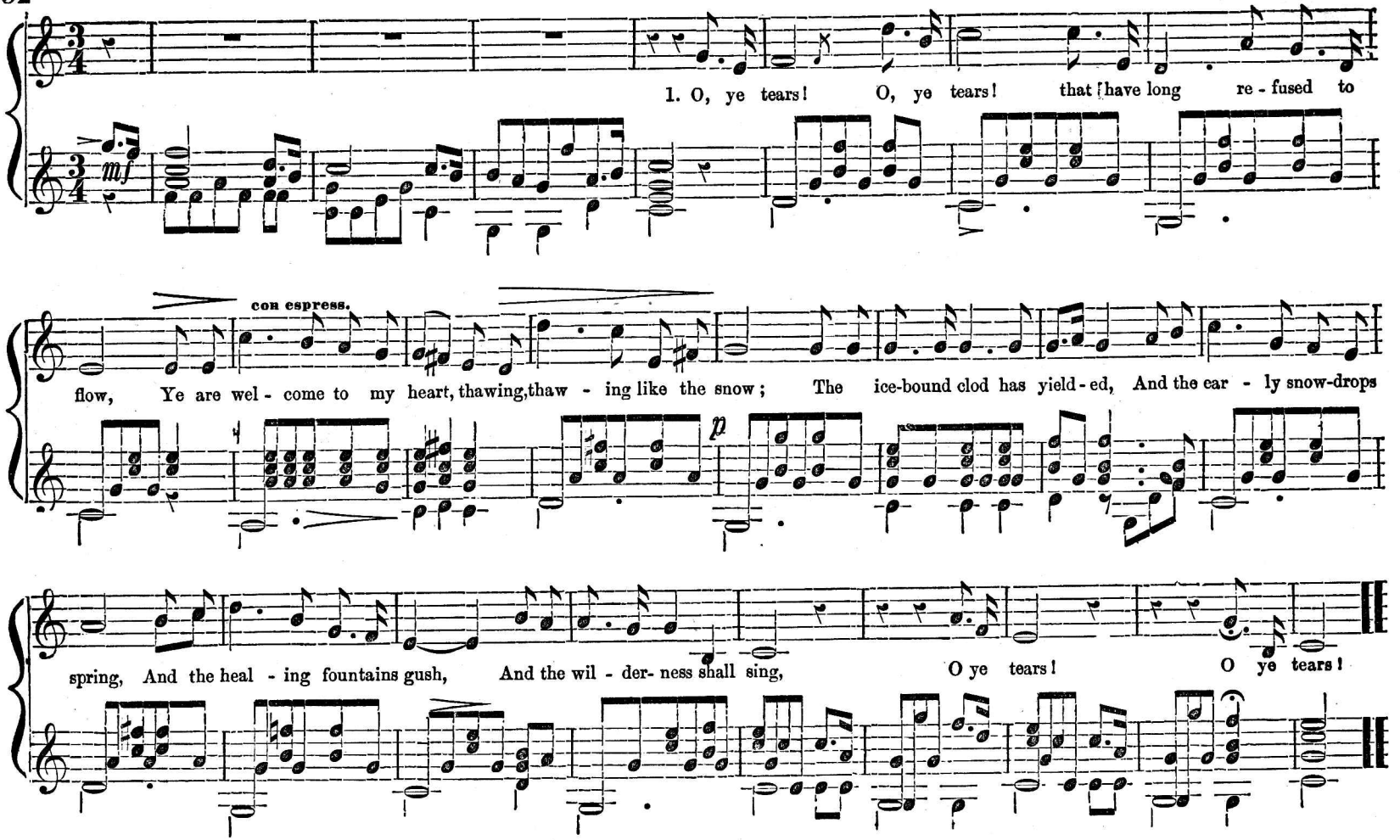
Then said the Count, "To thee we owe
Our victory, I confess;—
Glory on me thou dost bestow,
I give thee happiness;
My daughter, whom I fondly love,
I fondly give to thee;
She, who is fair all maids above,
Should valor's guerdon be."

4

They kneel at Mary's altar both,
The maid and gallant knight;
And there with happy hearts their troth
Right solemnly they plight.
It was a sight all souls to move,
And all cried joyously—
"Give honor to the brave, and love
Shall beauty's guerdon be."

* Composed by QUEEN HORTENSE, mother of the present EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON. Is now the National Air of the French Empire.

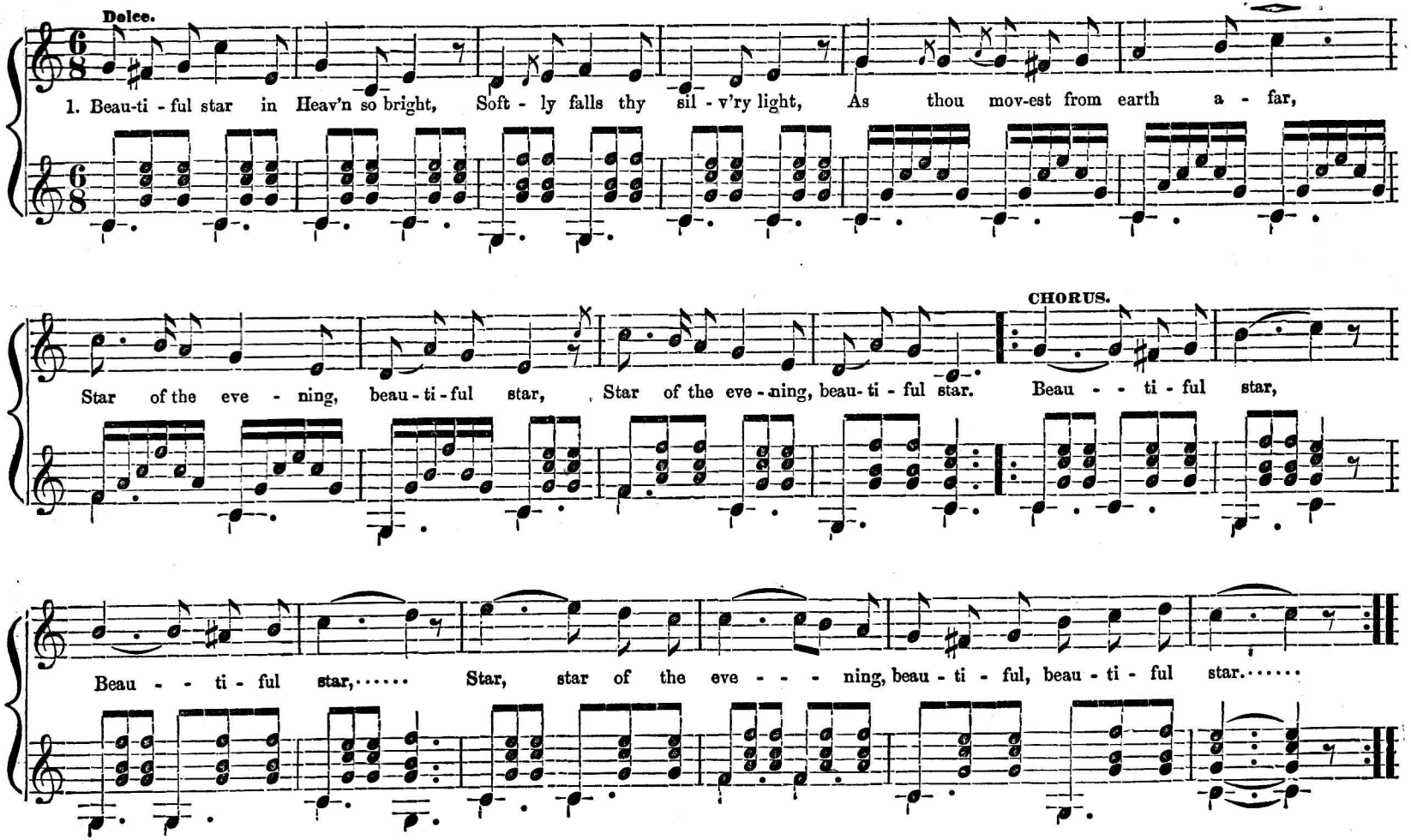
O YE TEARS! O YE TEARS!

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

1. O, ye tears! O, ye tears! that I have long re - fused to
mf
con espress.
flow, Ye are wel - come to my heart, thawing, thaw - ing like the snow; The ice-bound clod has yield - ed, And the ear - ly snow-drops
p
spring, And the heal - ing fountains gush, And the wil - der- ness shall sing, O ye tears! O ye tears!

2 O ye tears! O ye tears! I am thankful that ye run,
Though ye come from cold and dark, ye shall glitter in the sun;
The rainbow cannot cheer us, if the showers refuse to fall,
And the eyes that cannot weep, are the saddest eyes of all.
O ye tears! O ye tears!

3 There is light upon my path, there is sunshine in my heart,
And the leaf and fruit of life, shall not utterly depart,
Ye restore to me the freshness, and the bloom of long ago,
O ye tears! happy tears! I am thankful that ye flow.
O ye tears! happy tears!

STAR OF THE EVENING.

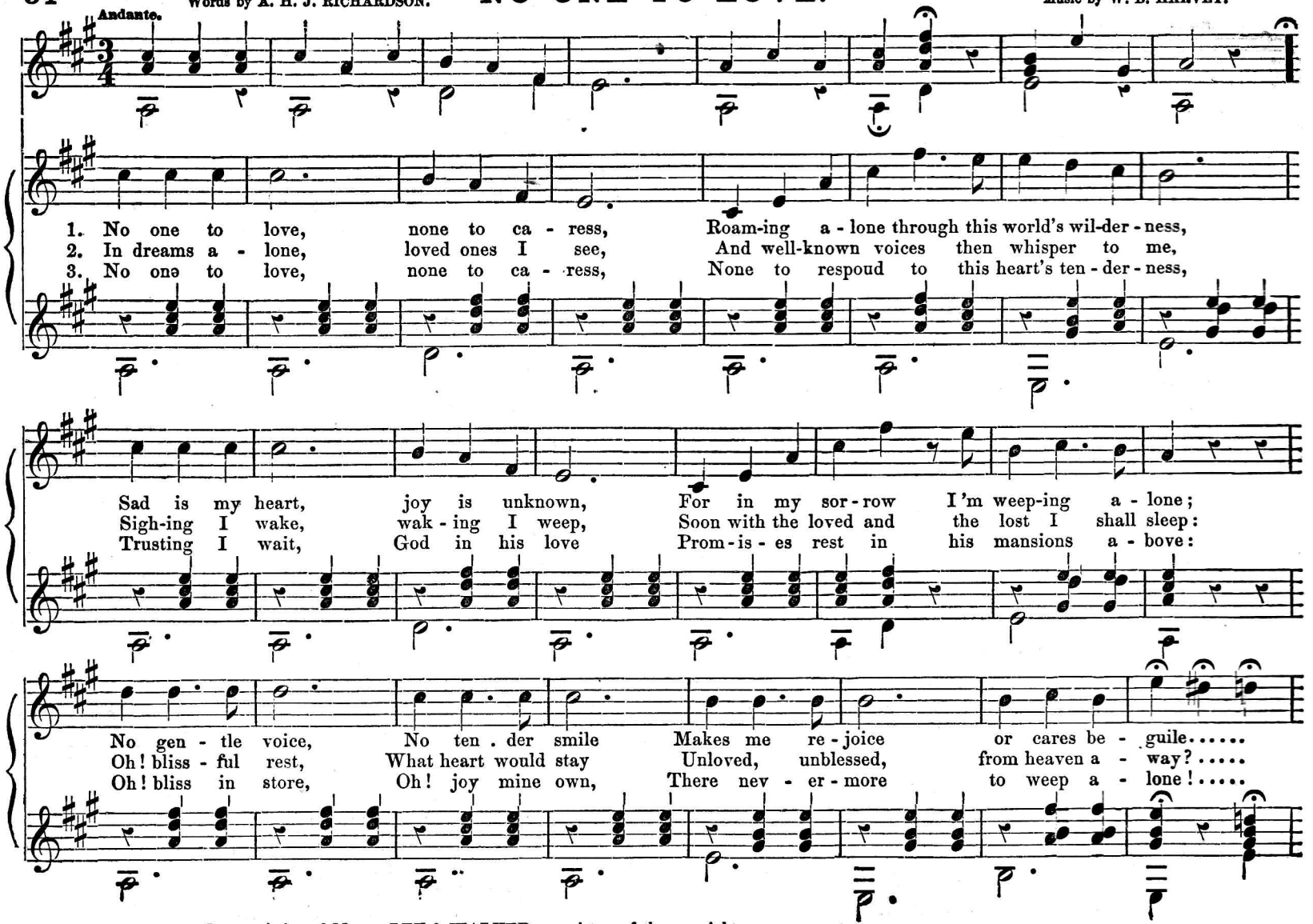
ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

Dolce.
1. Beau-ti - ful star in Heav'n so bright, Soft - ly falls thy sil - v'ry light, As thou mov-est from earth a - far,
CHORUS.
Star of the eve - ning, beau - ti - ful star, Star of the eve - ning, beau - ti - ful star. Beau - - ti - ful star,
Beau - - ti - ful star,..... Star, star of the eve - - - ning, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful star.....

2 In fancy's eye thou seem'st to say,
Follow me, from earth away,
Upward thy spirit's pinions try,
: To realms of love beyond the sky. :
CHORUS.—Beautiful star, &c.

3 Shine on, oh star of love divine,
And may our soul's affections twine,
Around thee as thou mov'st afar,
: Star of the twilight, beautiful star.
CHORUS.—Beautiful star, &c.

NO ONE TO LOVE.

Words by A. H. J. RICHARDSON.

Music by W. B. HARVEY.

Andante.
1. No one to love, none to ca - ress, Roam-ing a - lone through this world's wil-der - ness,
2. In dreams a - lone, loved ones I see, And well-known voices then whisper to me,
3. No one to love, none to ca - ress, None to respond to this heart's ten - der - ness,
Sad is my heart, joy is unknown, For in my sor - row I'm weep-ing a - lone;
Sigh-ing I wake, wak - ing I weep, Soon with the loved and the lost I shall sleep:
Trusting I wait, God in his love Prom - is - es rest in his mansions a - bove:
No gen - tle voice, No ten - der smile Makes me re - joice or cares be - guile.....
Oh! bliss - ful rest, What heart would stay Unloved, unblessed, from heaven a - way?.....
Oh! bliss in store, Oh! joy mine own, There nev - er - more to weep a - lone!.....

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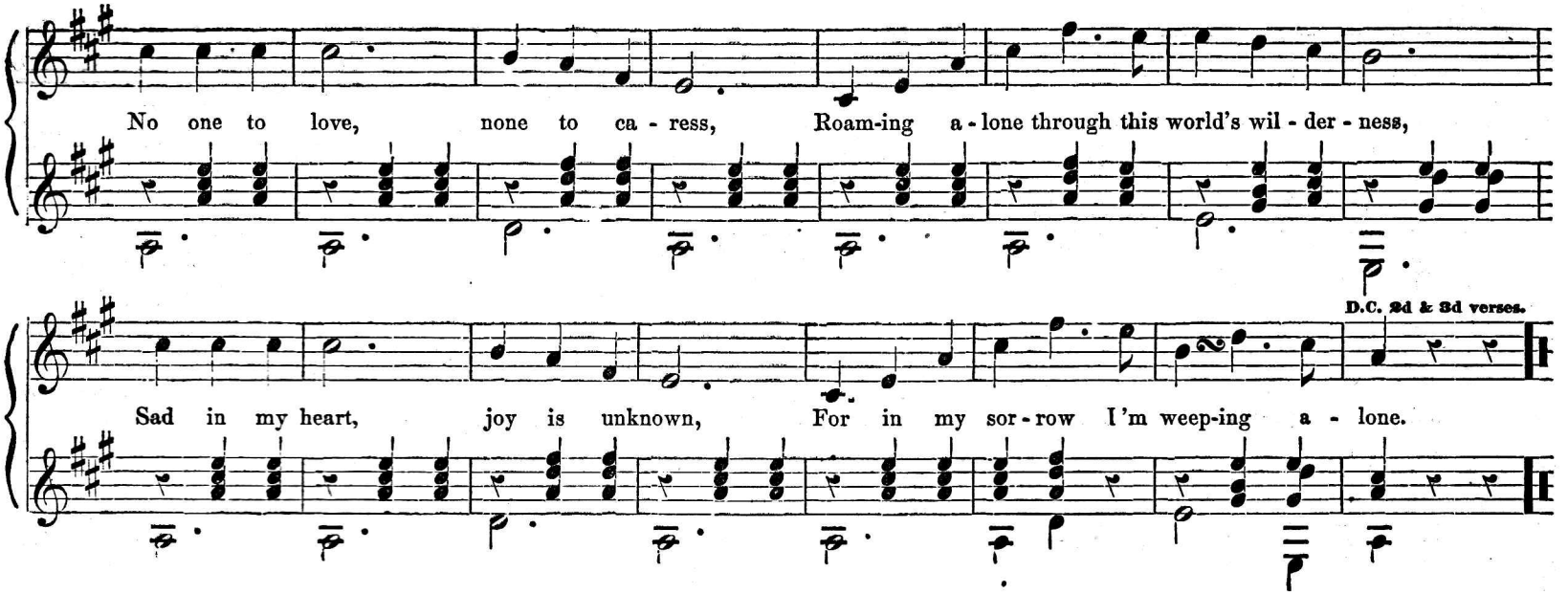
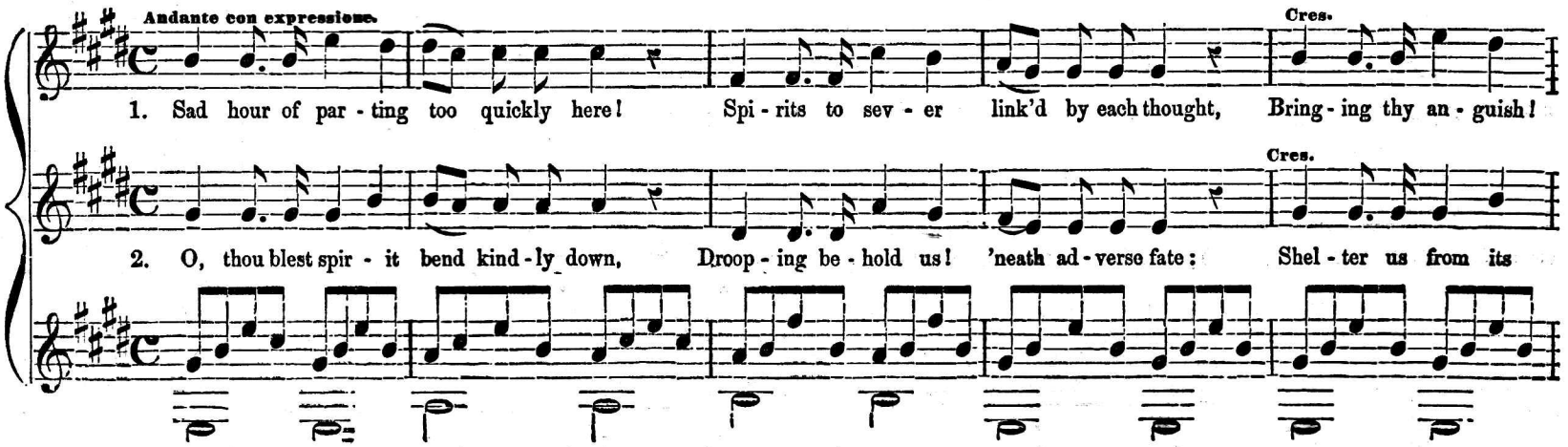
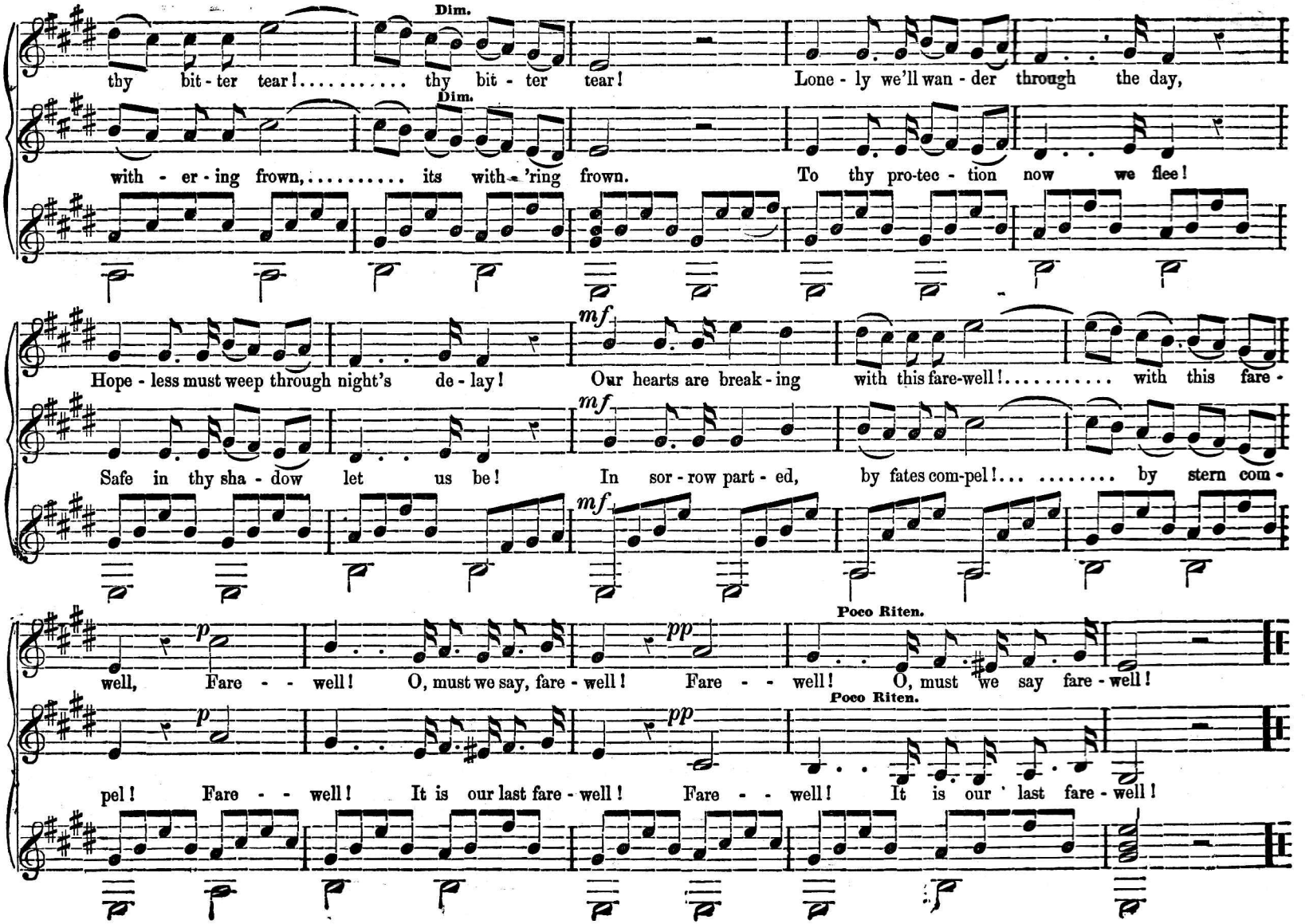
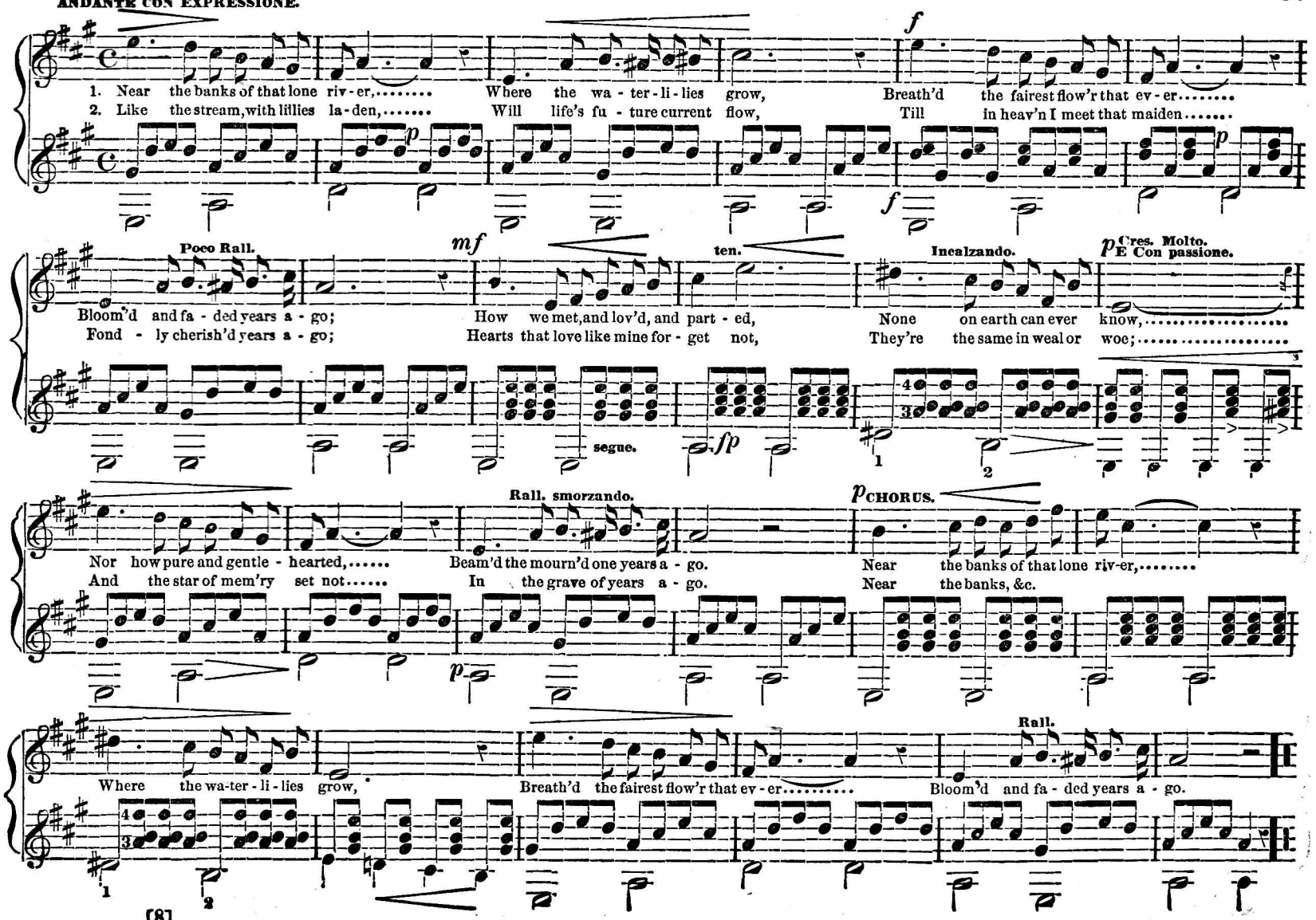
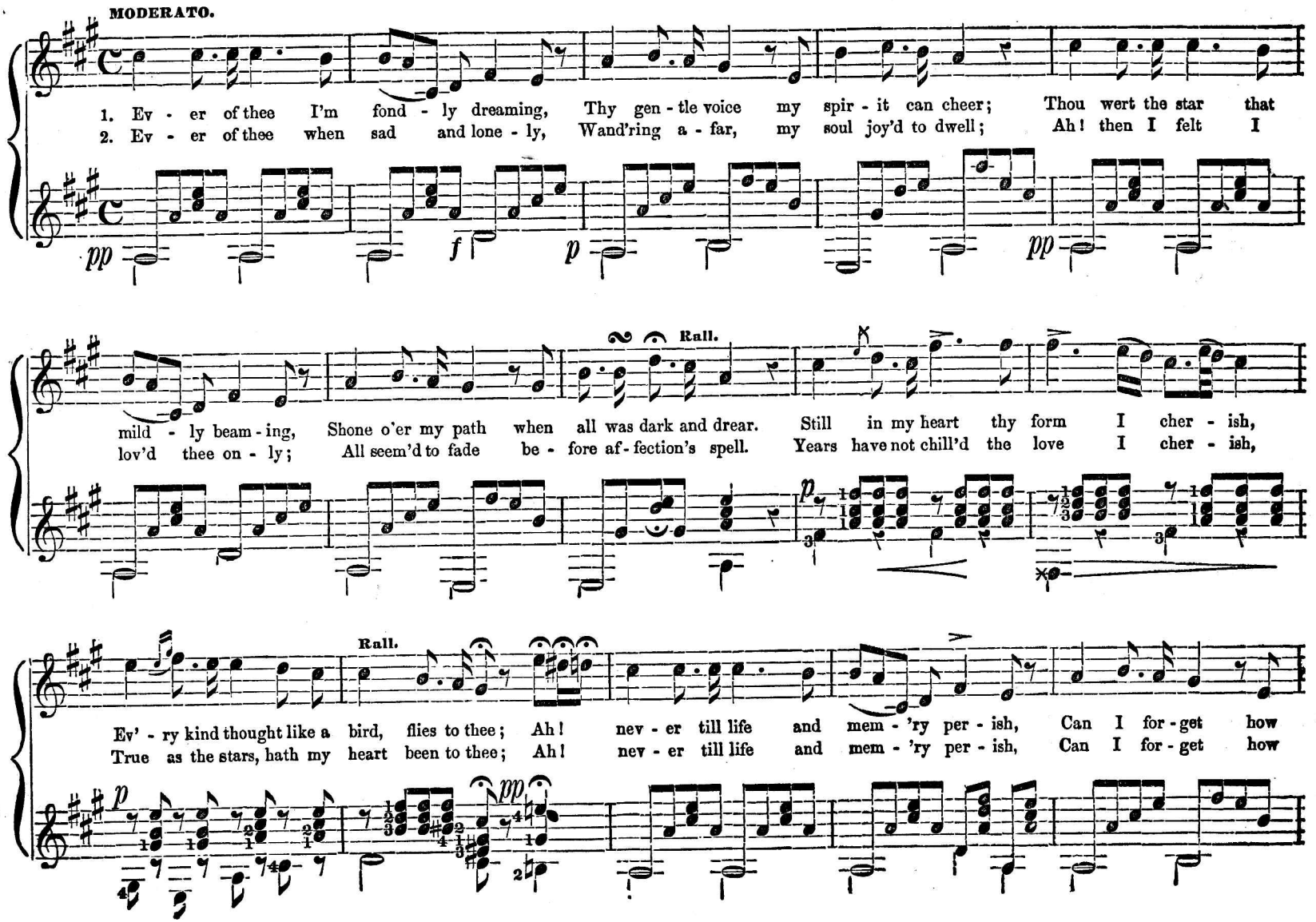
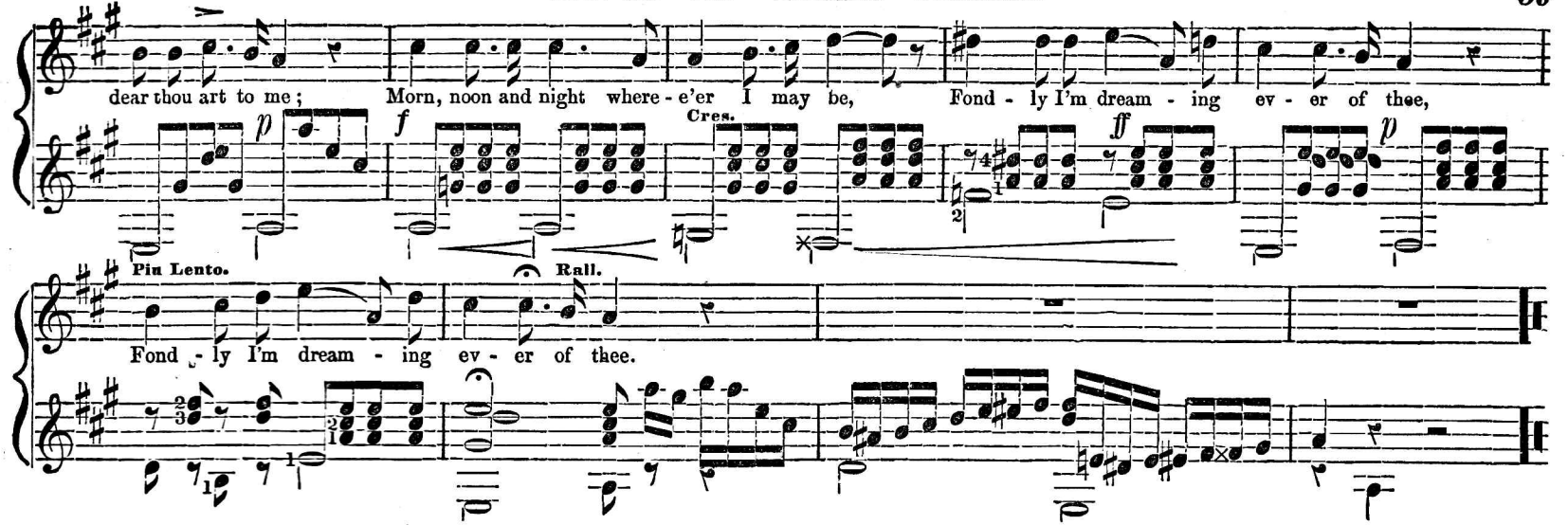
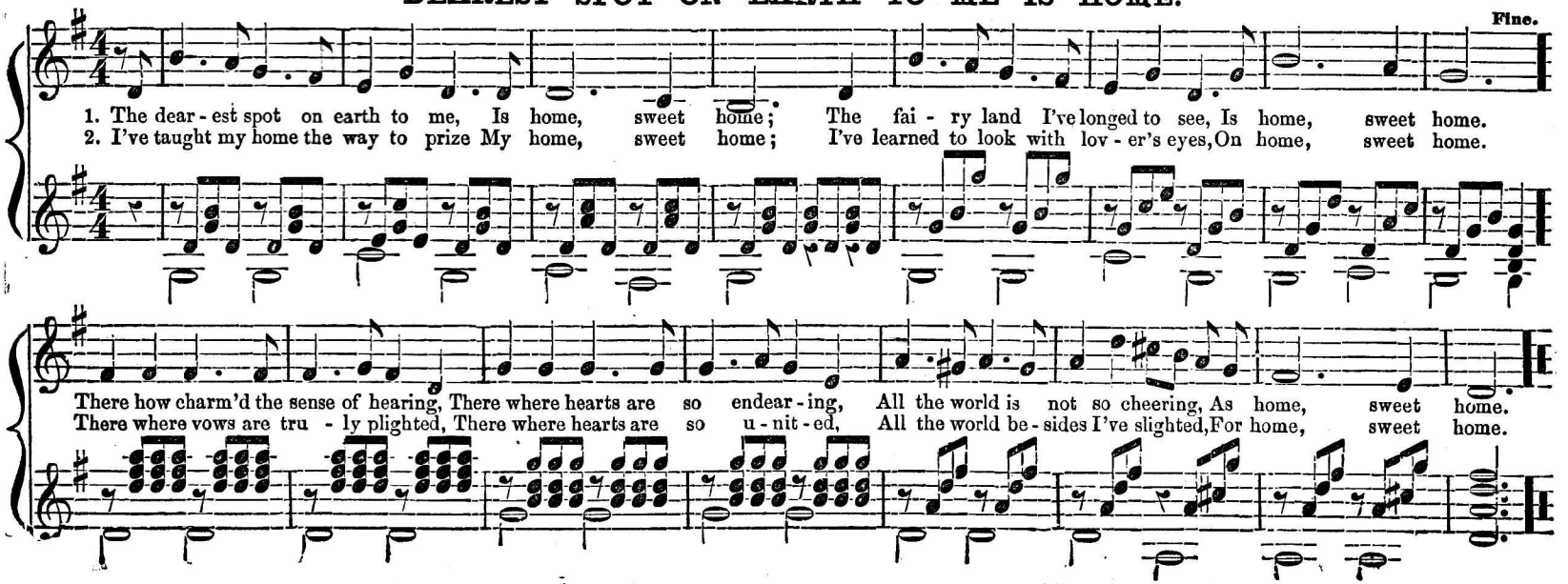
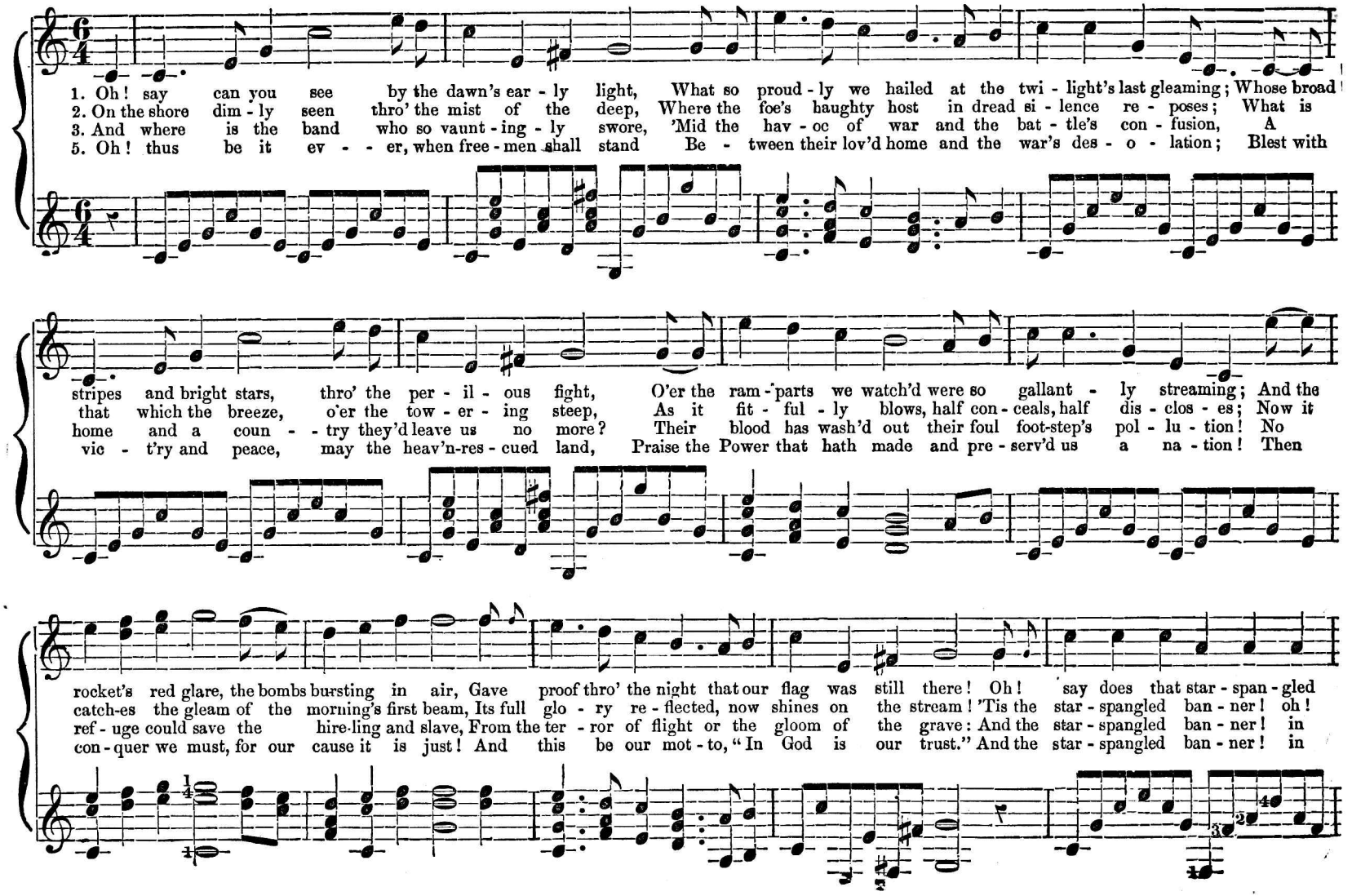

No one to love, none to ca - ress, Roam-ing a - lone through this world's wil - der - ness,
D.C. 2d & 3d verses.
Sad in my heart, joy is unknown, For in my sor - row I'm weep-ing a - lone.

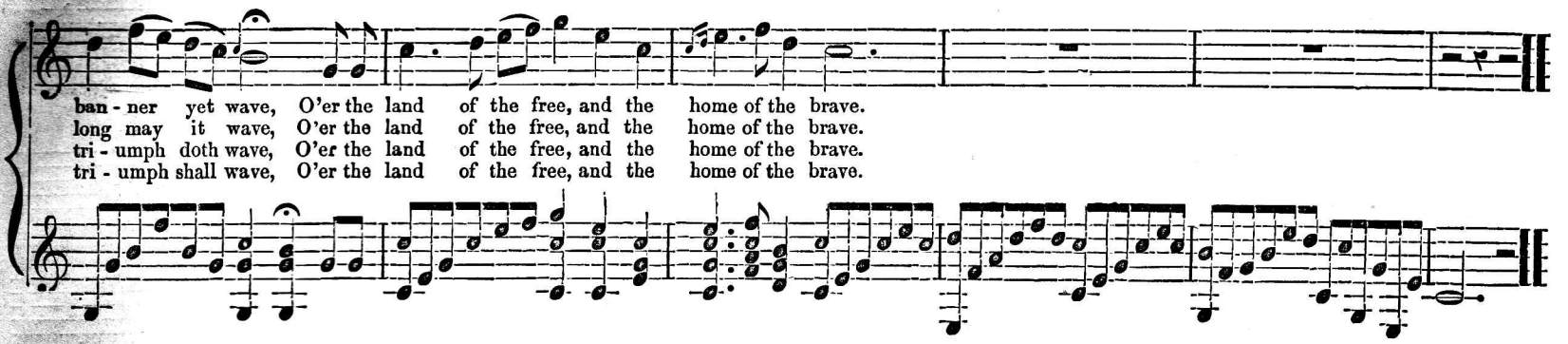
SAD HOUR OF PARTING, DUET.

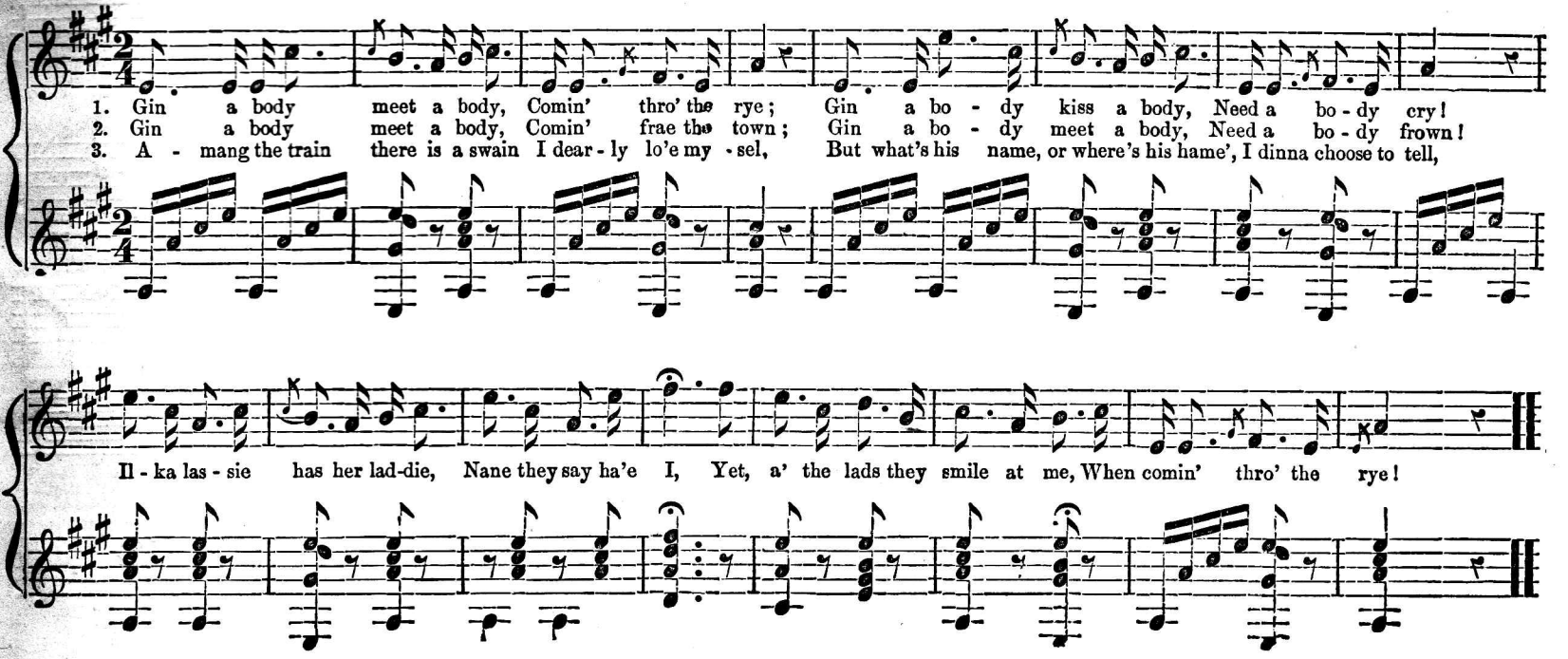
ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

Andante con expressione.
Cres.
1. Sad hour of par - ting too quickly here! Spi - rits to sev - er link'd by each thought, Bring - ing thy an - guish!
Cres.
2. O, thou blest spir - it bend kind - ly down, Droop - ing be - hold us! 'neath ad - verse fate: Shel - ter us from its

SAD HOUR OF PARTING, Concluded.

Dim.
thy bit - ter tear! ..... thy bit - ter tear!
Lone - ly we'll wan - der through the day,
Dim.
with - er - ing frown, ... its with - 'ring frown.
To thy pro-tec - tion now we flee!
mf
Hope - less must weep through night's de - lay!
Our hearts are break - ing with this fare-well! ..... with this fare -
mf
Safe in thy sha - dow let us be!
In sor - row part - ed, by fates com-pel! ..... by stern com -
mf
p
pp
Poco Riten.
well, Fare - - well! O, must we say, fare - well! Fare - - well! O, must we say fare - well!
p
pp
Poco Riten.
pel! Fare - - well! It is our last fare - well! Fare - - well! It is our last fare - well!

ANDANTE CON EXPRESSIONE.
1. Near the banks of that lone riv-er,..... Where the wa-ter-li-lies grow, Breath'd the fairest flow'r that ev-er.....
2. Like the stream, with lillies la-den,..... Will life's fu-ture current flow, Till in heav'n I meet that maiden.....
Poco Rall.
Bloom'd and fa-ded years a-go; How we met, and lov'd, and part-ed,
Fond-ly cherish'd years a-go; Hearts that love like mine for-get not,
ten.
Incalzando.
Cres. Molto. E Con passione.
None on earth can ever know,.....
They're the same in weal or woe;.....
segue.
Rall. smorzando.
Nor how pure and gentle-hearted,..... Beam'd the mourn'd one years a-go.
And the star of mem'ry set not..... In the grave of years a-go.
CHORUS.
Near the banks of that lone riv-er,.....
Near the banks, &c.
Where the wa-ter-li-lies grow,
Breath'd the fairest flow'r that ev-er.....
Rall.
Bloom'd and fa-ded years a-go.

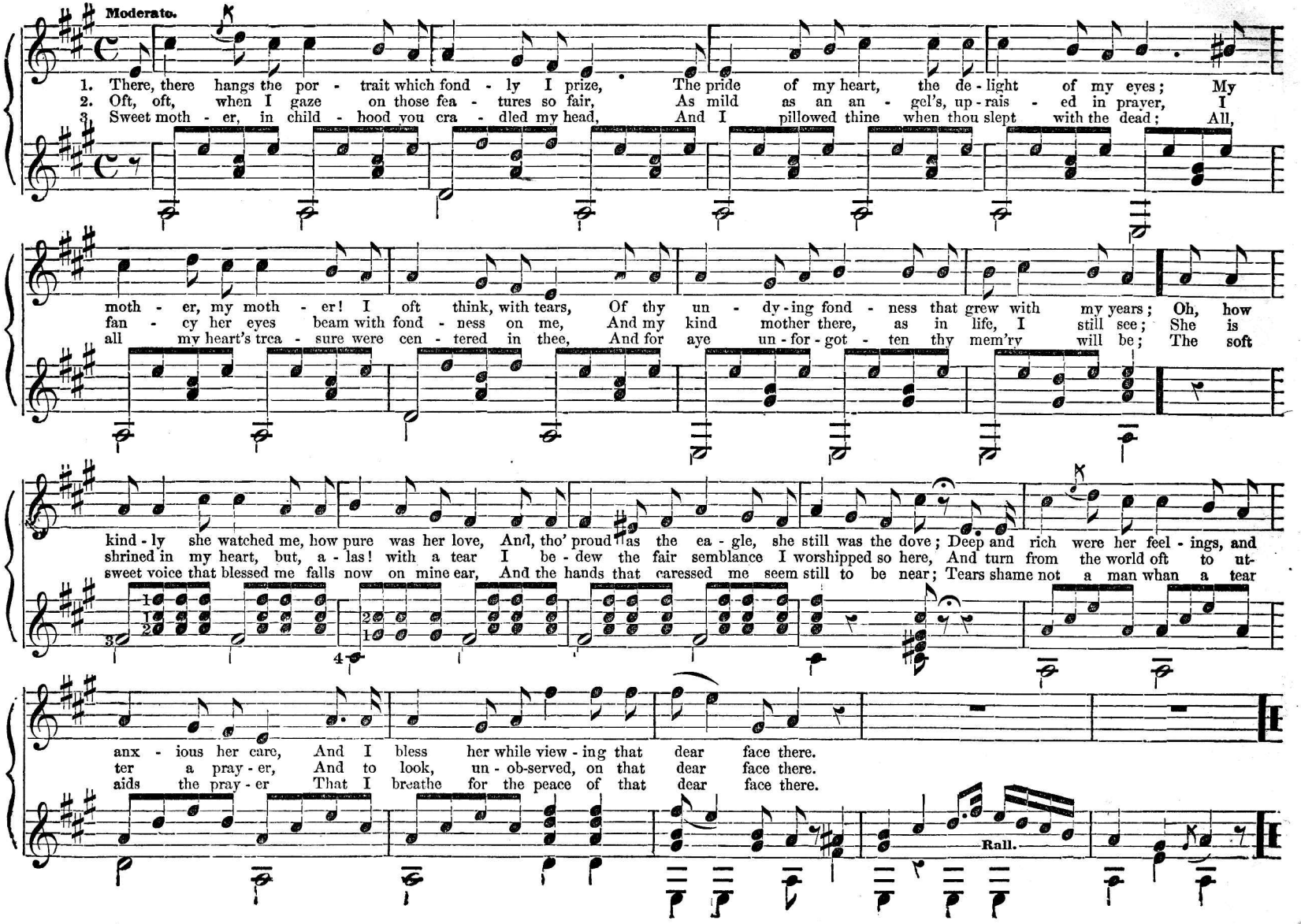
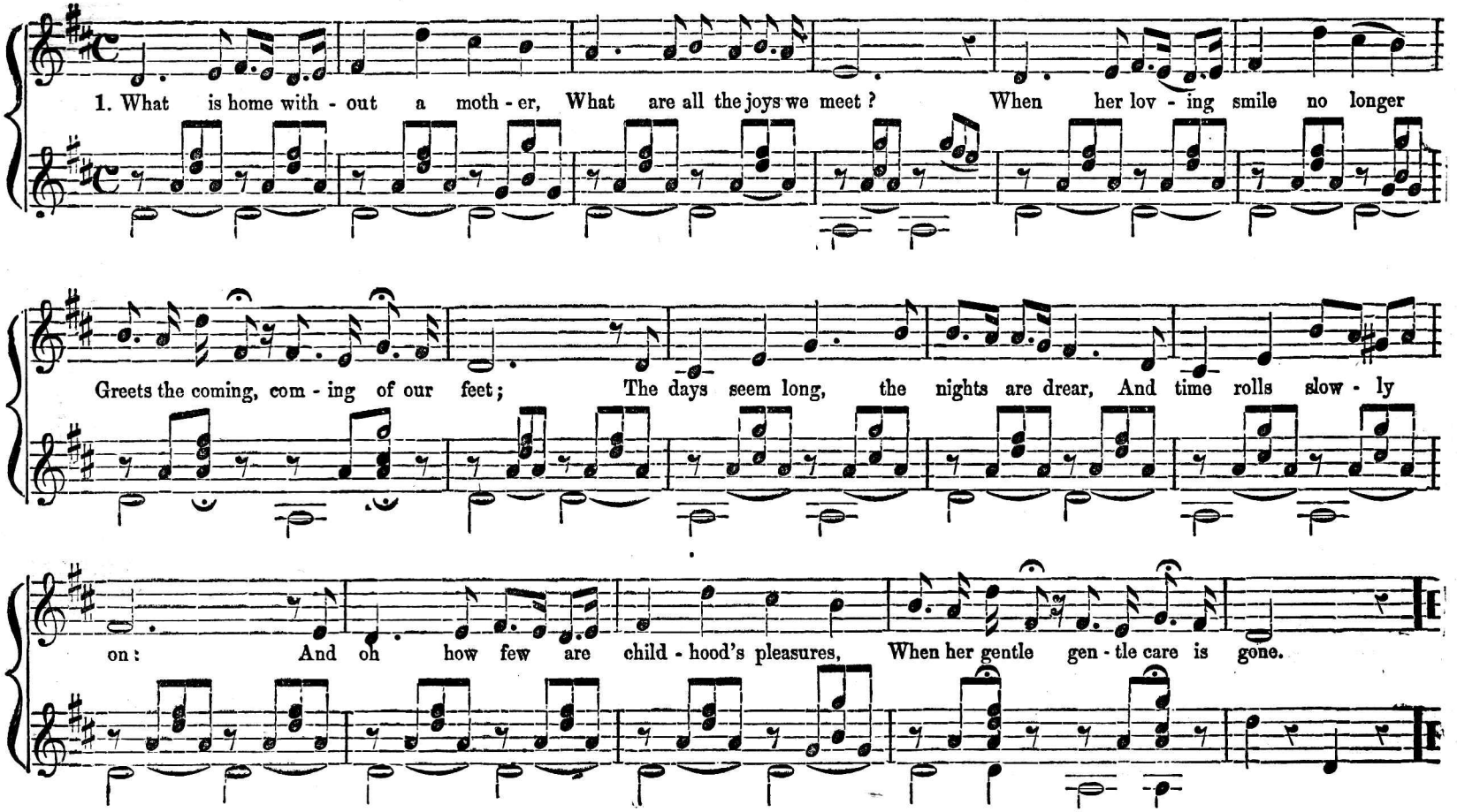
EVER OF THEE.

MODERATO.
1. Ev - er of thee I'm fond - ly dreaming, Thy gen - tle voice my spir - it can cheer; Thou wert the star that
2. Ev - er of thee when sad and lone - ly, Wand'ring a - far, my soul joy'd to dwell; Ah! then I felt I
pp
f
p
pp
Rall.
mild - ly beam - ing, Shone o'er my path when all was dark and drear. Still in my heart thy form I cher - ish,
lov'd thee on - ly; All seem'd to fade be - fore af - fection's spell. Years have not chill'd the love I cher - ish,
p
Rall.
Ev' - ry kind thought like a bird, flies to thee; Ah! nev - er till life and mem - 'ry per - ish, Can I for - get how
True as the stars, hath my heart been to thee; Ah! nev - er till life and mem - 'ry per - ish, Can I for - get how
p
pp

DEAREST SPOT ON EARTH TO ME IS HOME.

Fine.
1. The dear-est spot on earth to me, Is home, sweet home; The fai-ry land I've longed to see, Is home, sweet home.
2. I've taught my home the way to prize My home, sweet home; I've learned to look with lov-er's eyes, On home, sweet home.
There how charm'd the sense of hearing, There where hearts are so endear-ing, All the world is not so cheering, As home, sweet home.
There where vows are tru-ly plighted, There where hearts are so u-nit-ed, All the world be-sides I've slighted, For home, sweet home.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

1. Oh! say can you see by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we hailed at the twi - light's last gleaming; Whose broad
2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mist of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread si - lence re - poses; What is
3. And where is the band who so vaunt - ing - ly swore, 'Mid the hav - oc of war and the bat - tle's con - fusion, A
5. Oh! thus be it ev - - er, when free - men shall stand Be - tween their lov'd home and the war's des - o - lation; Blest with
stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the ram - parts we watch'd were so gallant - ly streaming; And the
that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es; Now it
home and a coun - - try they'd leave us no more? Their blood has wash'd out their foul foot-step's pol - lu - tion! No
vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-res - cued land, Praise the Power that hath made and pre - serv'd us a na - tion! Then
rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there! Oh! say does that star - span - gled
catch-es the gleam of the morning's first beam, Its full glo - ry re - flected, now shines on the stream! 'Tis the star - spangled ban - ner! oh!
ref - uge could save the hire-ling and slave, From the ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave: And the star - spangled ban - ner! in
con - quer we must, for our cause it is just! And this be our mot - to, "In God is our trust." And the star - spangled ban - ner! in


ban - ner yet wave, O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
long may it wave, O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
tri - umph doth wave, O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
tri - umph shall wave, O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

1. Gin a body meet a body, Comin' thro' the rye; Gin a bo - dy kiss a body, Need a bo - dy cry!
2. Gin a body meet a body, Comin' frae the town; Gin a bo - dy meet a body, Need a bo - dy frown!
3. A - mang the train there is a swain I dear - ly lo'e my - sel, But what's his name, or where's his hame', I dinna choose to tell,
Il - ka las - sie has her lad-die, Nane they say ha'e I, Yet, a' the lads they smile at me, When comin' thro' the rye!

MY MOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

Moderato.
1. There, there hangs the por - trait which fond - ly I prize, The pride of my heart, the de - light of my eyes; My
2. Oft, oft, when I gaze on those fea - tures so fair, As mild as an an - gel's, up - rais - ed in prayer, I
3. Sweet moth - er, in child - hood you cra - dled my head, And I pillowed thine when thou slept with the dead; All,
moth - er, my moth - er! I oft think, with tears, Of thy un - dy - ing fond - ness that grew with my years; Oh, how
fan - cy her eyes beam with fond - ness on me, And my kind mother there, as in life, I still see; She is
all my heart's trea - sure were cen - tered in thee, And for aye un - for - got - ten thy mem'ry will be; The soft
kind - ly she watched me, how pure was her love, And, tho' proud as the ea - gle, she still was the dove; Deep and rich were her feel - ings, and
shrined in my heart, but, a - las! with a tear I be - dew the fair semblance I worshipped so here, And turn from the world oft to ut-
sweet voice that blessed me falls now on mine ear, And the hands that caressed me seem still to be near; Tears shame not a man whan a tear
anx - ious her care, And I bless her while view - ing that dear face there.
ter a pray - er, And to look, un - ob-served, on that dear face there.
aids the pray - er That I breathe for the peace of that dear face there.
Rall.

1. What is home with - out a moth - er, What are all the joys we meet ? When her lov - ing smile no longer
Greets the coming, com - ing of our feet; The days seem long, the nights are drear, And time rolls slow - ly
on: And oh how few are child - hood's pleasures, When her gentle gen - tle care is gone.

2 Things we prize are first to vanish;
Hearts we love to pass away,
And how soon, e'en in our childhood,
We behold her turning gray;
Her eye grows dim, her step is slow,
Her joys of earth are past:
And sometimes ere we learn to know her,
She hath breath'd on earth her last.

3 Older hearts may have their sorrows,
Griefs that quickly die away;
But a mother lost in childhood,
Grieves the heart from day to day.
We miss her kind, her willing hand;
Her fond and earnest care:
And oh! how dark is life around us,
What is home without her there.

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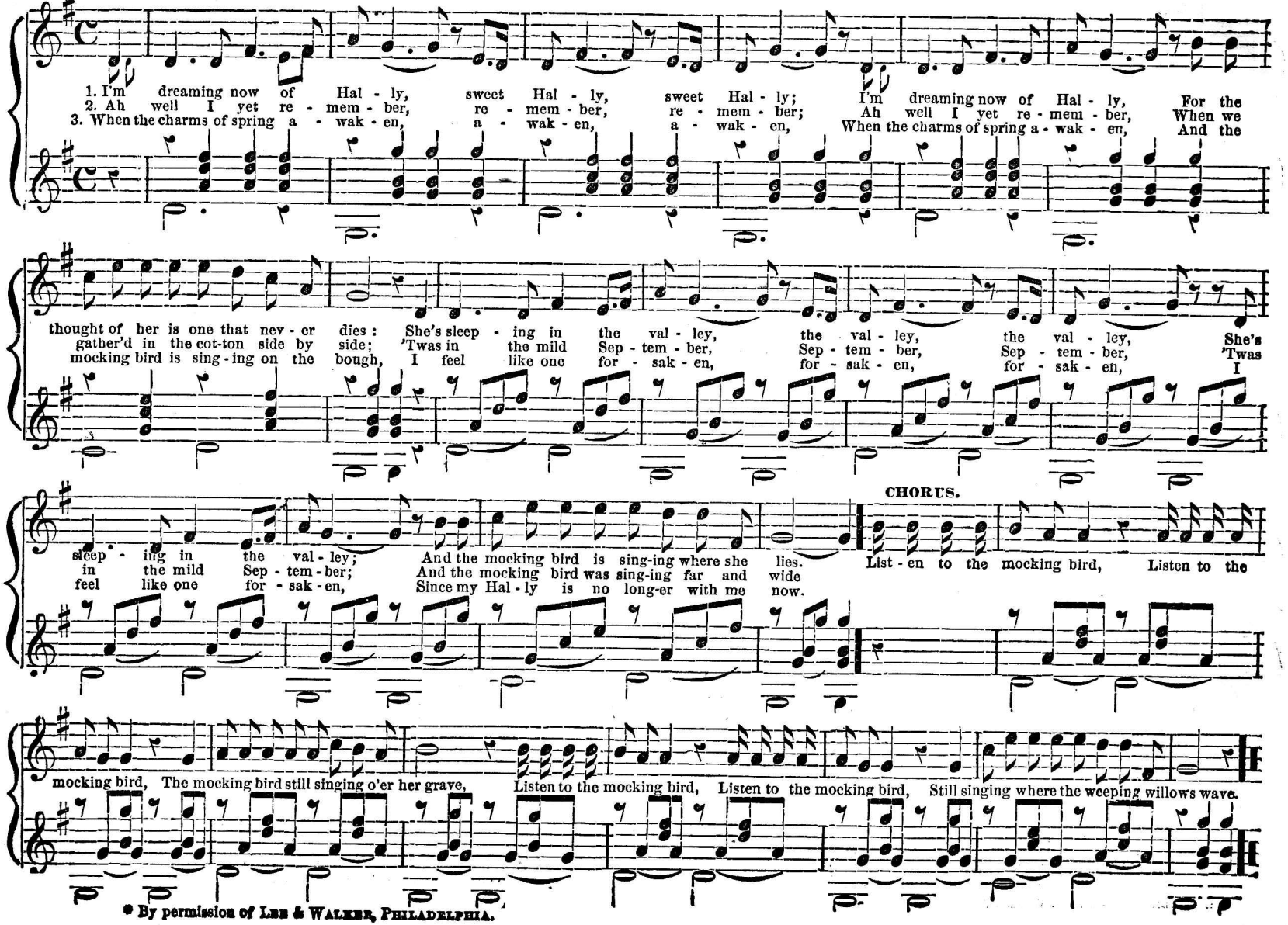
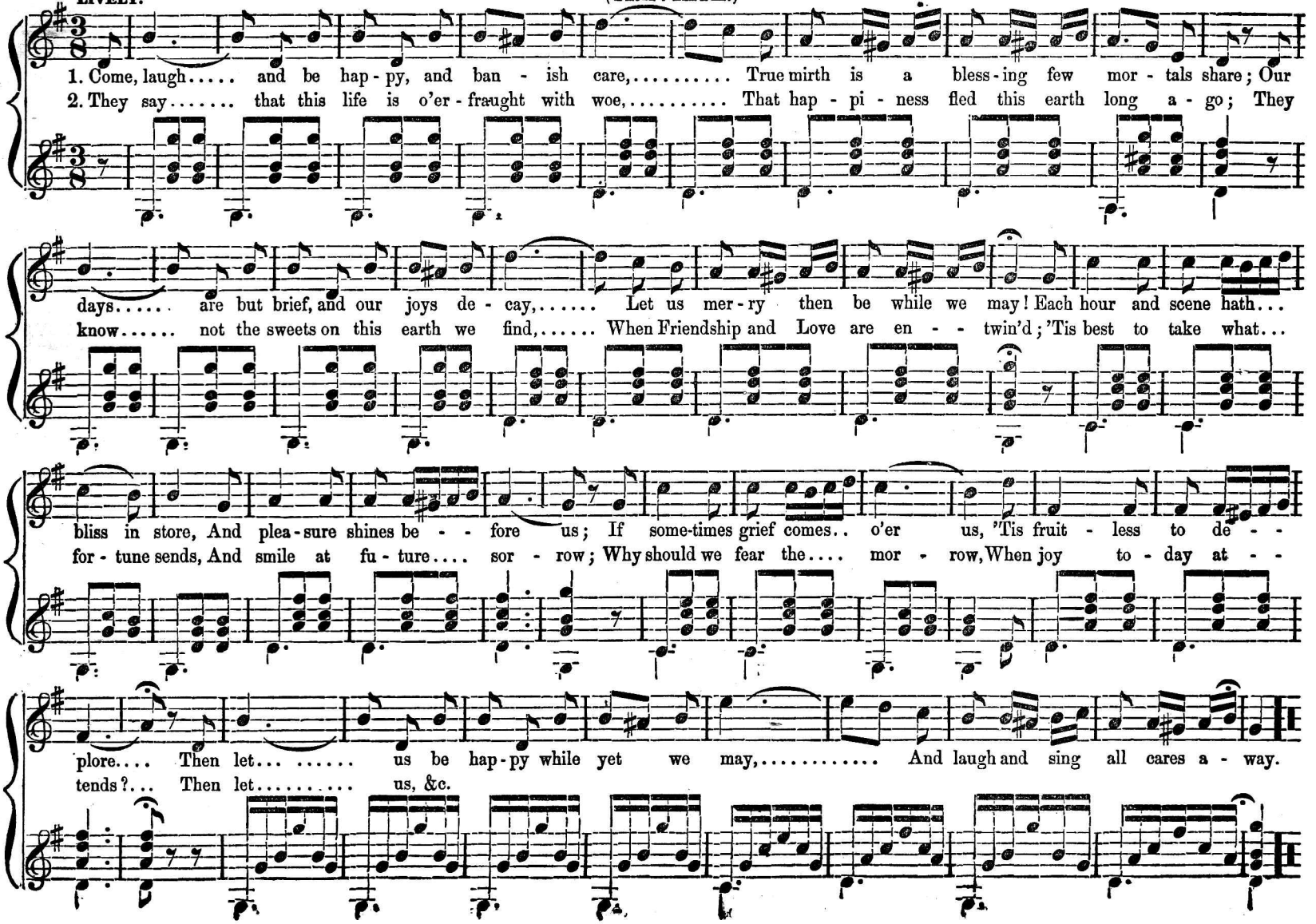
LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

1. I'm dreaming now of Hal - ly, sweet Hal - ly, sweet Hal - ly; I'm dreaming now of Hal - ly, For the
2. Ah well I yet re - mem - ber, re - mem - ber, re - mem - ber; Ah well I yet re - mem - ber, When we
3. When the charms of spring a - wak - en, a - wak - en, a - wak - en, When the charms of spring a - wak - en, And the
thought of her is one that nev - er dies: She's sleep - ing in the val - ley, the val - ley, the val - ley, She's
gather'd in the cot-ton side by side; 'Twas in the mild Sep - tem - ber, Sep - tem - ber, Sep - tem - ber, 'Twas
mocking bird is sing - ing on the bough, I feel like one for - sak - en, for - sak - en, for - sak - en, I
CHORUS.
sleep - ing in the val - ley; And the mocking bird is sing-ing where she lies. List - en to the mocking bird, Listen to the
in the mild Sep - tem - ber; And the mocking bird was sing-ing far and wide
feel like one for - sak - en, Since my Hal - ly is no long-er with me now.
mocking bird, The mocking bird still singing o'er her grave, Listen to the mocking bird, Listen to the mocking bird, Still singing where the weeping willows wave.

* By permission of Lee & Walker, Philadelphia.

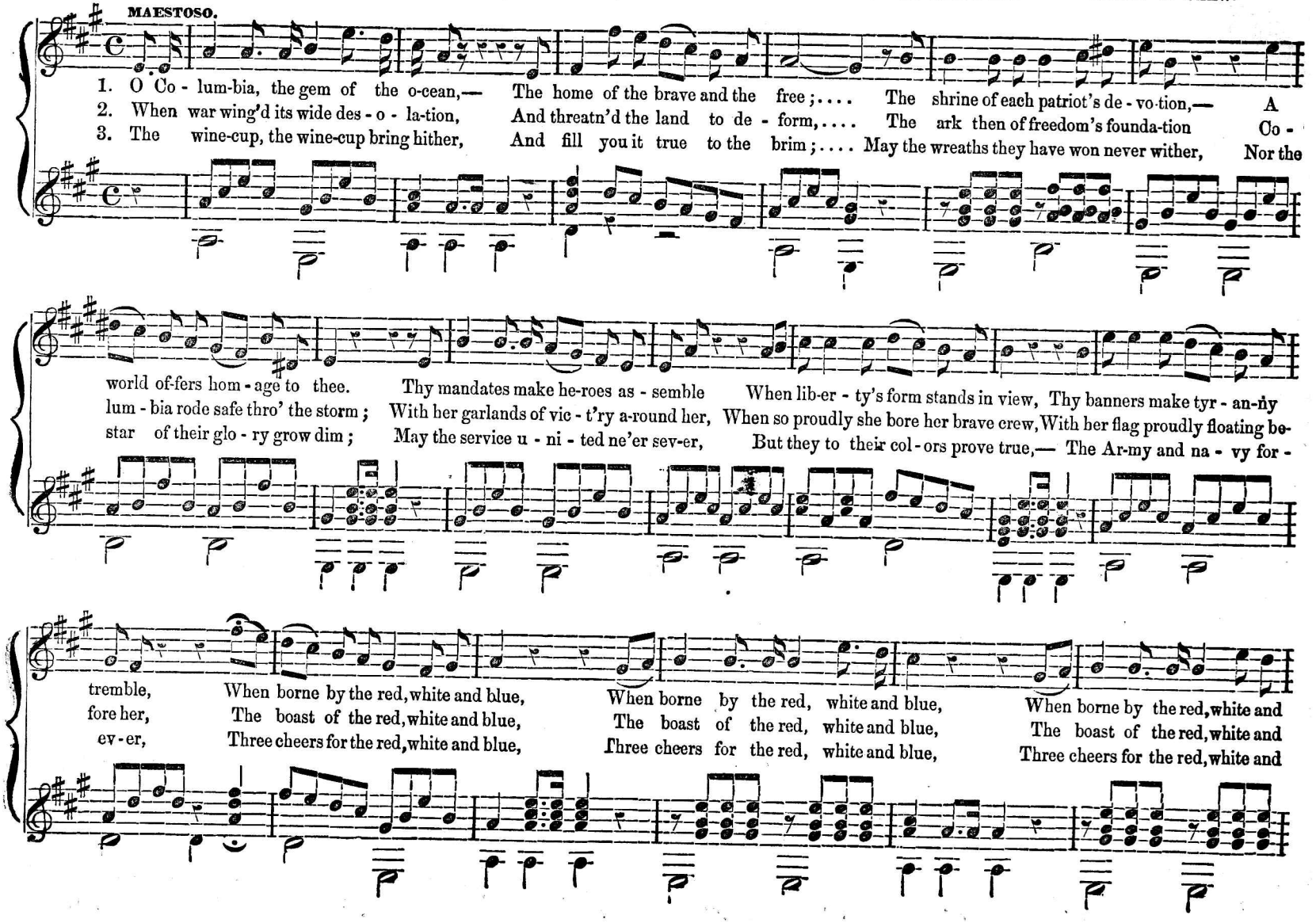
"WE'LL LAUGH AND SING ALL CARES AWAY."

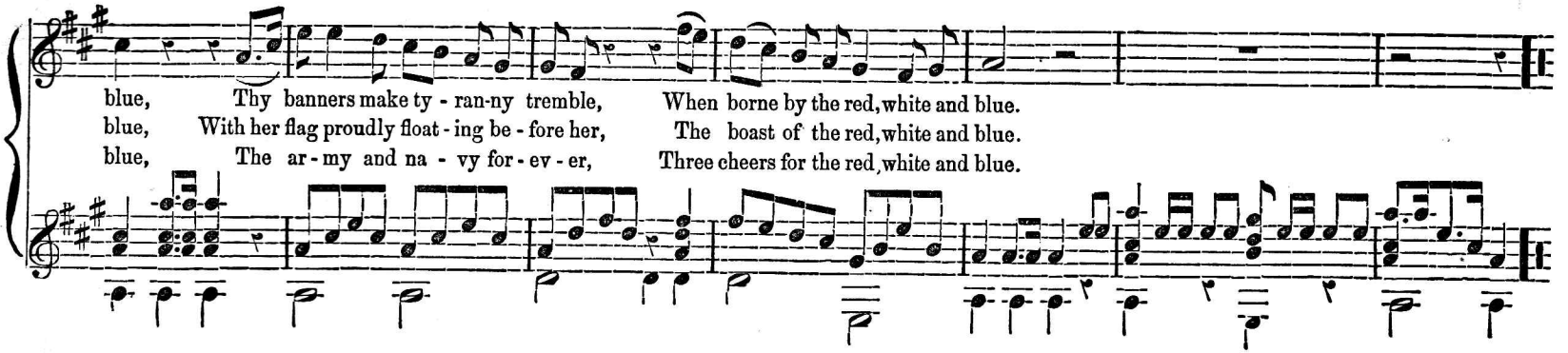
ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

(TRAVIATA.)

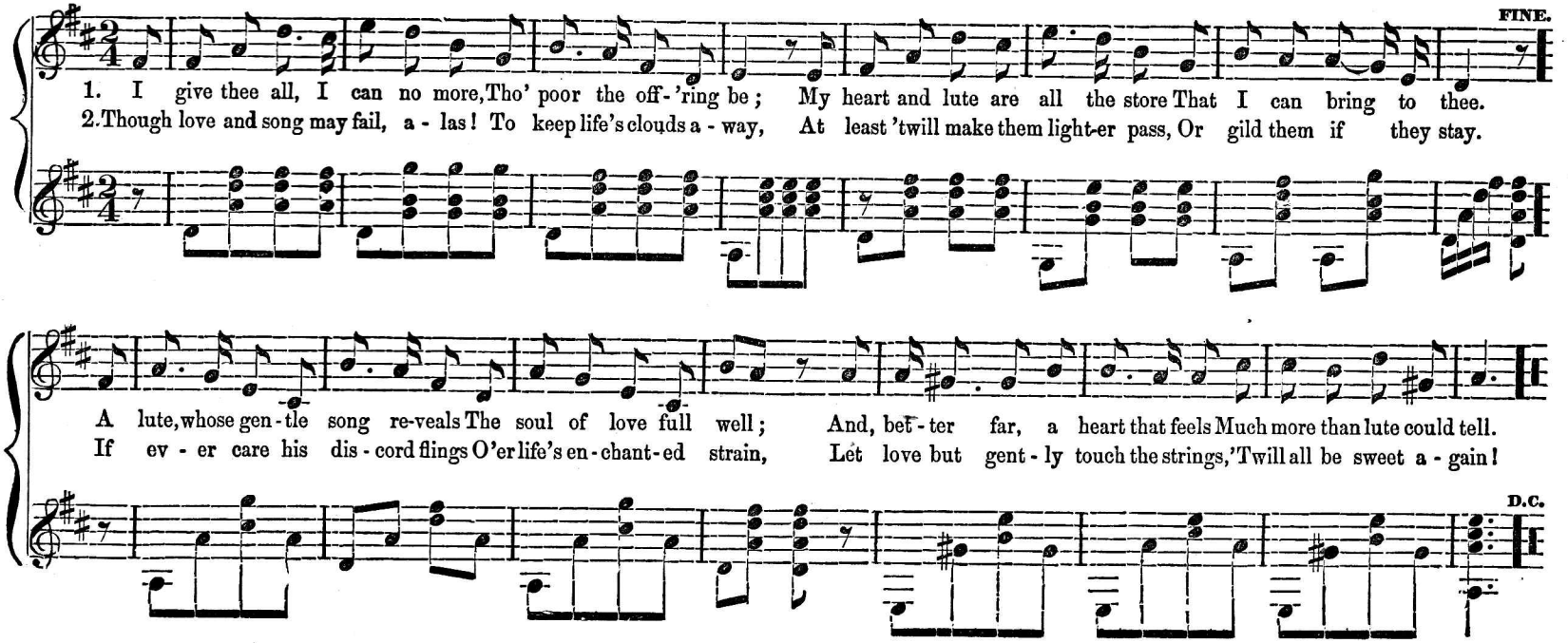
LIVELY.

1. Come, laugh..... and be hap - py, and ban - ish care,..... True mirth is a bless - ing few mor - tals share; Our
2. They say..... that this life is o'er - fraught with woe,..... That hap - pi - ness fled this earth long a - go; They
days..... are but brief, and our joys de - cay,..... Let us mer - ry then be while we may! Each hour and scene hath...
know..... not the sweets on this earth we find,..... When Friendship and Love are en - - twin'd; 'Tis best to take what...
bliss in store, And plea - sure shines be - - fore us; If some-times grief comes.. o'er us, 'Tis fruit - less to de - -
for - tune sends, And smile at fu - ture.... sor - row; Why should we fear the.... mor - row, When joy to - day at - -
plore.... Then let..... us be hap - py while yet we may,..... And laugh and sing all cares a - way.
tends?... Then let..... us, &c.

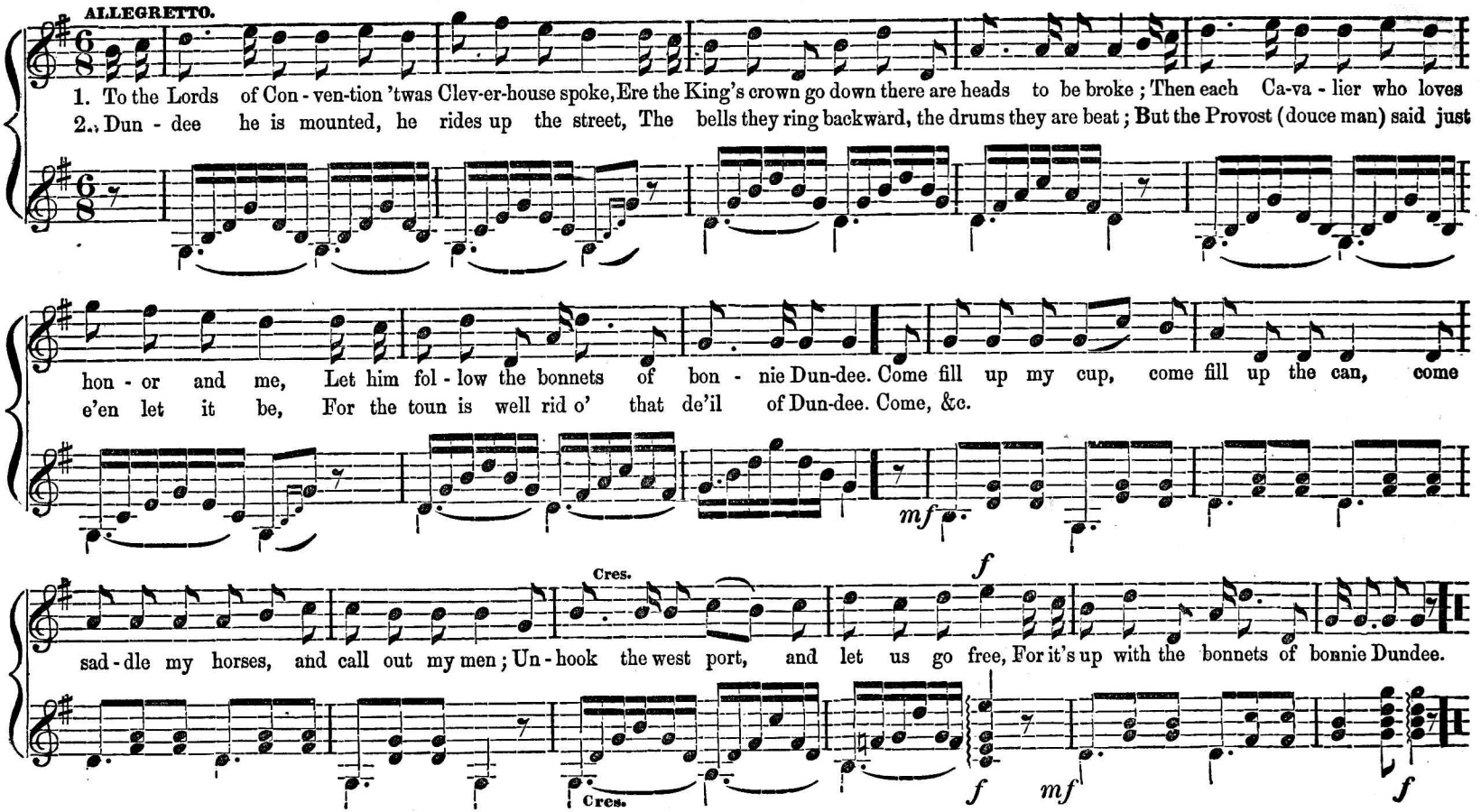
COLUMBIA, THE LAND OF THE BRAVE.

DAVID T. SHAW.

MAESTOSO.
1. O Co - lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean,— The home of the brave and the free;.... The shrine of each patriot's de - vo-tion,— A
2. When war wing'd its wide des - o - la-tion, And threatn'd the land to de - form,.... The ark then of freedom's founda-tion Co -
3. The wine-cup, the wine-cup bring hither, And fill you it true to the brim;.... May the wreaths they have won never wither, Nor the
world of-fers hom - age to thee. Thy mandates make he-roes as - semble When lib-er - ty's form stands in view, Thy banners make tyr - an-ny
lum - bia rode safe thro' the storm; With her garlands of vic - t'ry a-round her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew, With her flag proudly floating be-
star of their glo - ry grow dim; May the service u - ni - ted ne'er sev-er, But they to their col - ors prove true,— The Ar-my and na - vy for -
tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and
fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and
ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and


blue, Thy banners make ty - ran-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
blue, With her flag proudly float - ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
blue, The ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

MY HEART AND LUTE.

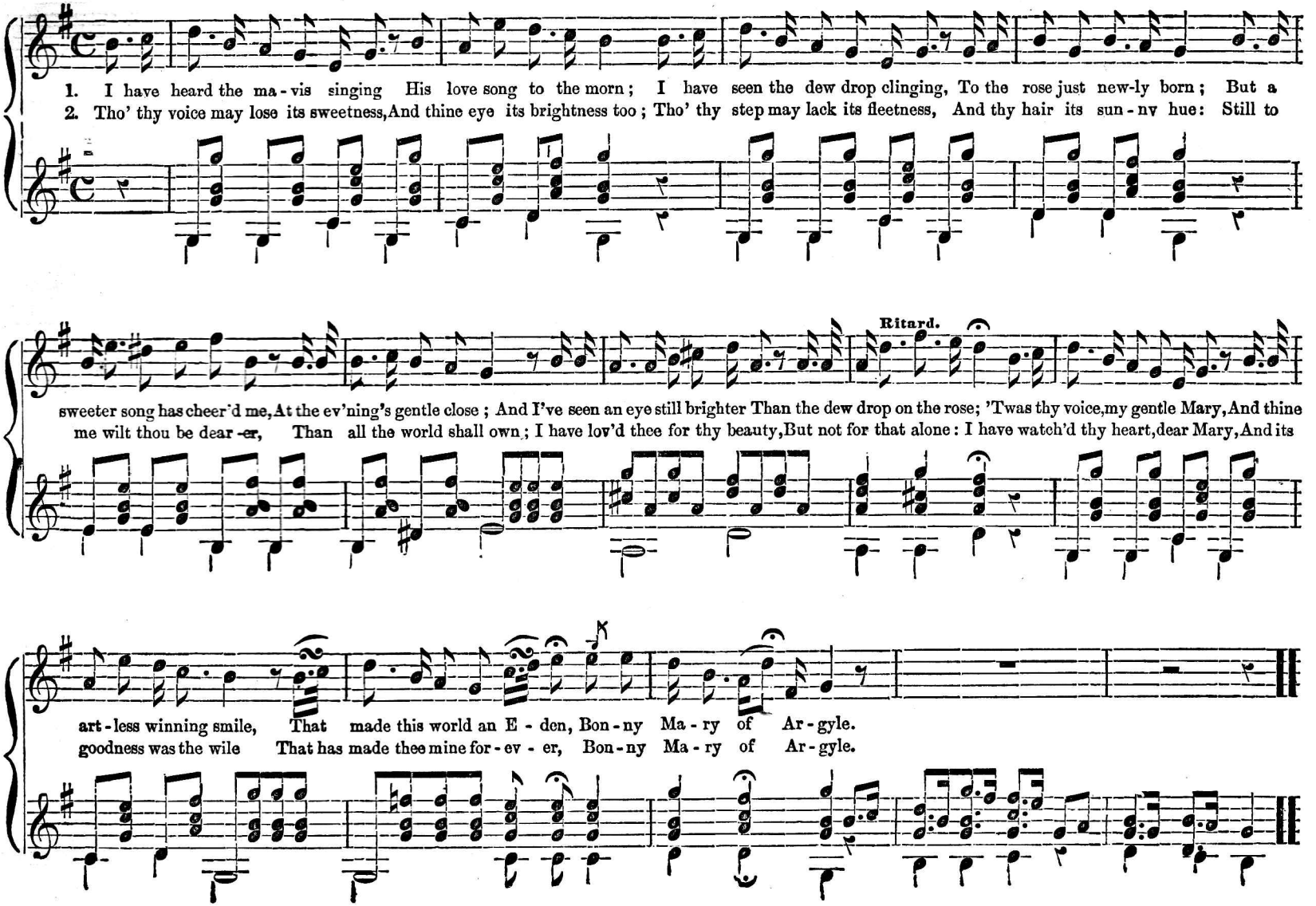

FINE.
1. I give thee all, I can no more, Tho' poor the off - 'ring be; My heart and lute are all the store That I can bring to thee.
2. Though love and song may fail, a - las! To keep life's clouds a - way, At least 'twill make them light-er pass, Or gild them if they stay.
A lute, whose gen - tle song re-veals The soul of love full well; And, bet - ter far, a heart that feels Much more than lute could tell.
If ev - er care his dis - cord flings O'er life's en - chant - ed strain, Let love but gent - ly touch the strings, 'Twill all be sweet a - gain!
D.C.

BONNIE DUNDEE.

ALLEGRETTO.
1. To the Lords of Con - ven-tion 'twas Clev-er-house spoke, Ere the King's crown go down there are heads to be broke; Then each Ca-va - lier who loves
2. Dun - dee he is mounted, he rides up the street, The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat; But the Provost (douce man) said just
hon - or and me, Let him fol - low the bonnets of bon - nie Dun-dee. Come fill up my cup, come fill up the can, come
e'en let it be, For the toun is well rid o' that de'il of Dun-dee. Come, &c.
mf
Cres.
f
sad - dle my horses, and call out my men; Un - hook the west port, and let us go free, For it's up with the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.
Cres.
f
mf
f

3

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth;
If there's lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north;
There are brave Duine-wassels, three thousan' times three,
Will cry—"hey for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee."
Come fill up my cup, &c.

4

Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper, I'll crouch wi' the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst o' your glee,
Ye ha'e nae seen the last o' my bonnets and me.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

1. I have heard the ma - vis singing His love song to the morn; I have seen the dew drop clinging, To the rose just new-ly born; But a
2. Tho' thy voice may lose its sweetness, And thine eye its brightness too; Tho' thy step may lack its fleetness, And thy hair its sun - ny hue: Still to
Ritard.
sweeter song has cheer'd me, At the ev'ning's gentle close; And I've seen an eye still brighter Than the dew drop on the rose; 'Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary, And thine
me wilt thou be dear -er, Than all the world shall own; I have lov'd thee for thy beauty, But not for that alone: I have watch'd thy heart, dear Mary, And its
art - less winning smile, That made this world an E - den, Bon - ny Ma - ry of Ar - gyle.
goodness was the wile That has made thee mine for - ev - er, Bon - ny Ma - ry of Ar - gyle.

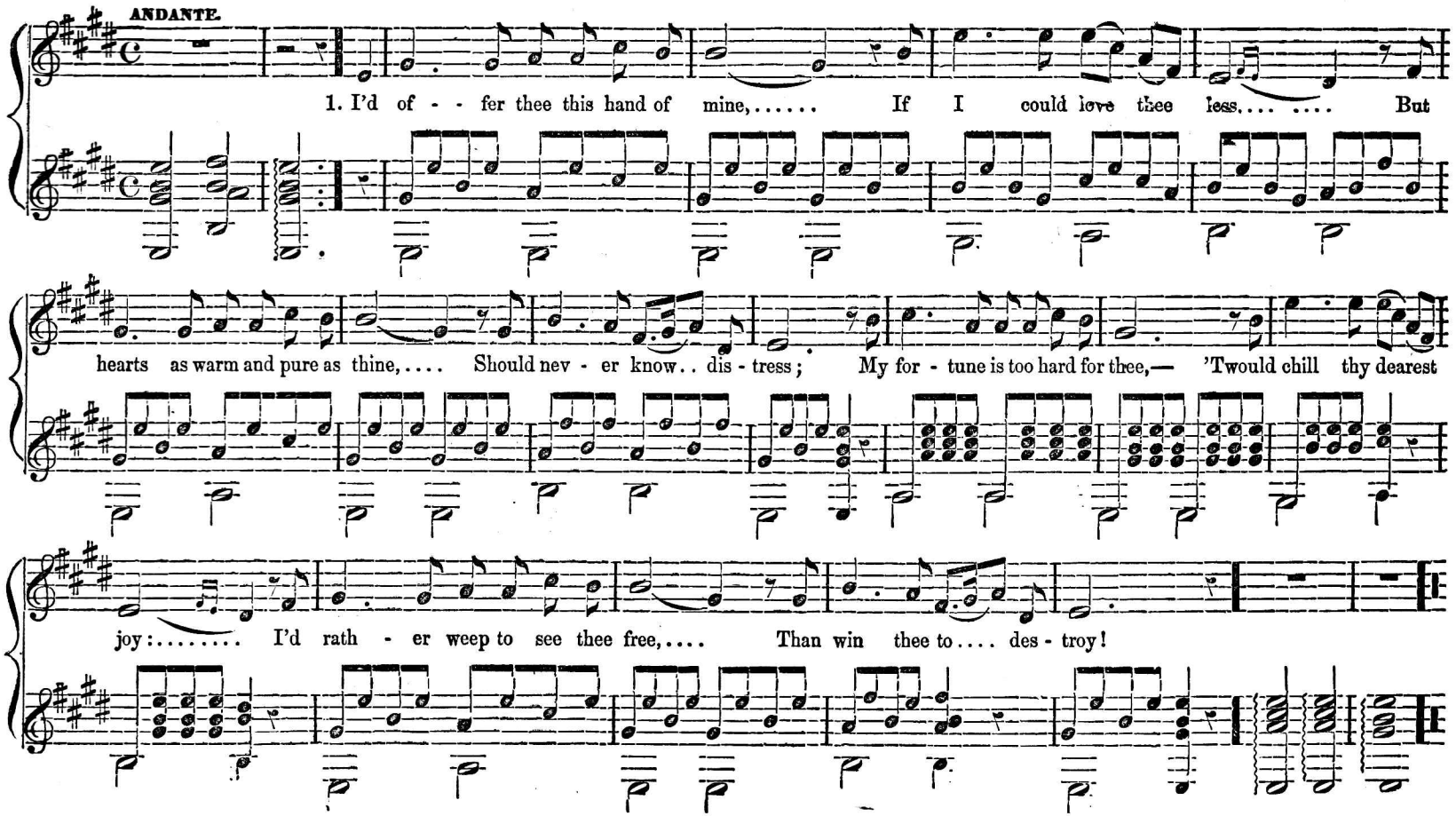
ISABEL.

Moderato.

1. Wake dear - est, wake, and a - gain u - ni - ted, We'll rove by yon - der sea; And where our first vows of
2. Dark is my doom, and from thee I sev-er, Whom I have lov'd a - lone; 'Twere cru - el to link thy
3. And when at length in these love - ly bow-ers, Some hap - pier youth you see; And you cull for him spring's

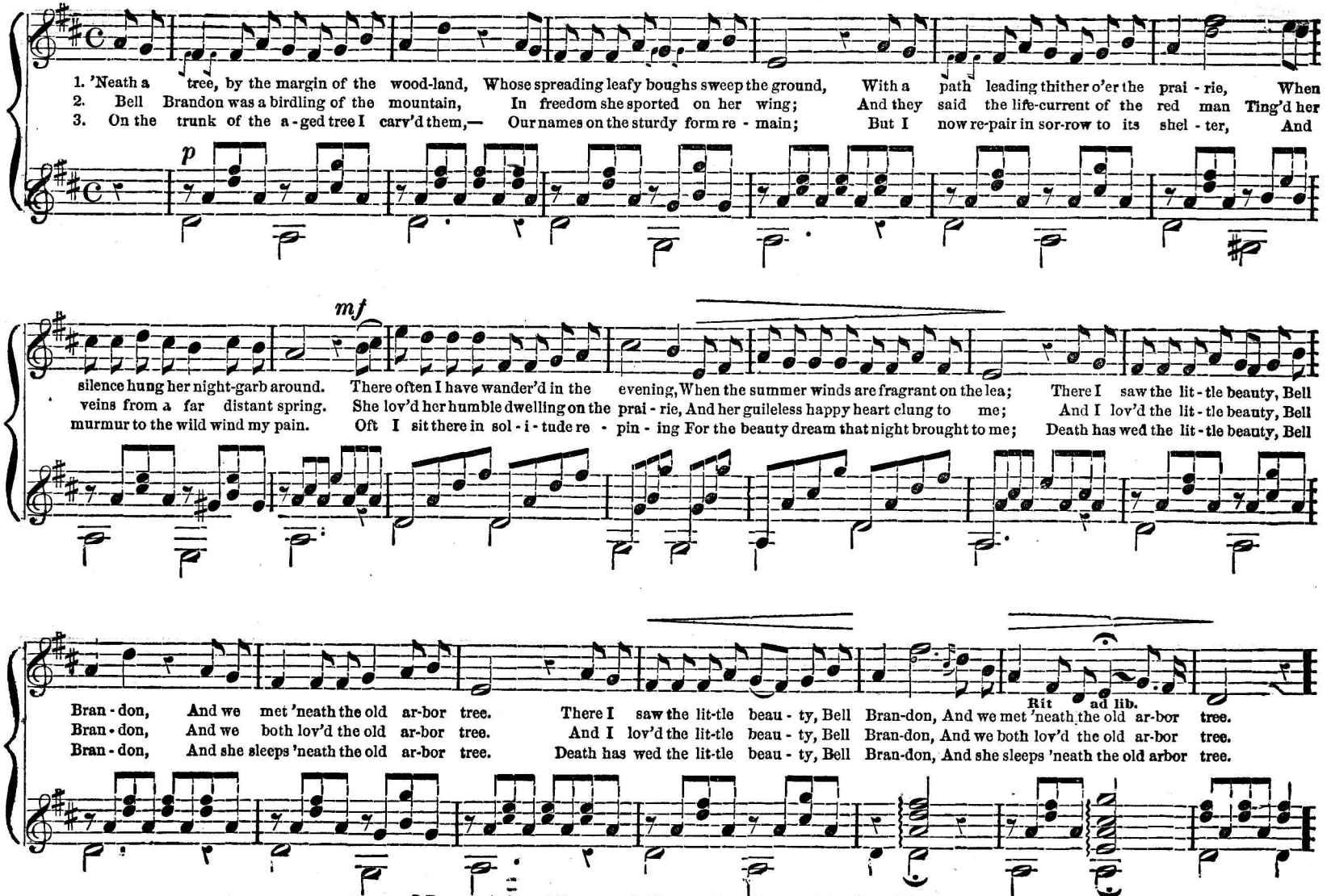
love were plighted, Our last farewell shall be: There oft I've gaz'd on thy smiles de - lighted; And there I'll part from
fate for ev - er, With sorrows like my own; Go smile on live - li - er friends, and nev-er La - ment me when I'm
sweet-est flow-ers, And he sings of love to thee: When you laugh with him at these van - ish'd hours, Oh! tell him to love like

thee, I - sa - bel! I - sa - bel! I - sa - bel! One look, tho' that look is in sor - row; Fare thee
gone. I - sa - bel! &c.
me. I - sa - bel! &c.

well, fare thee well, fare thee well! Far hence I shall wan - der to - mor-row: Ah me! Ah me!

ANDANTE.
1. I'd of - - fer thee this hand of mine,..... If I could love thee less,.... .... But
hearts as warm and pure as thine,.... Should nev - er know.. dis - tress; My for - tune is too hard for thee,— 'Twould chill thy dearest
joy:..... I'd rath - er weep to see thee free,.... Than win thee to.... des - troy!

2 I leave thee in thy happiness,
As one too dear to love;
As one I think of but to bless,
As wretchedly I rove:
But oh! when sorrow's cup I drink,
All bitter though it be,
How sweet 'twill be for me to think
It holds no drop for thee.

3 And now, my dreams are sadly o'er,
Fate bids them all depart,
And I must leave my native shore
In brokenness of heart;
Then oh! dear one, when far from thee,
I ne'er know joy again,
I would not that one thought of me
Should give thy bosom pain.

BELL BRANDON.*

1. 'Neath a tree, by the margin of the wood-land, Whose spreading leafy boughs sweep the ground, With a path leading thither o'er the prai - rie, When
2. Bell Brandon was a birdling of the mountain, In freedom she sported on her wing; And they said the life-current of the red man Ting'd her
3. On the trunk of the a-ged tree I carv'd them,— Our names on the sturdy form re - main; But I now re-pair in sor-row to its shel - ter, And
p
mf
silence hung her night-garb around. There often I have wander'd in the evening, When the summer winds are fragrant on the lea; There I saw the lit - tle beauty, Bell
veins from a far distant spring. She lov'd her humble dwelling on the prai - rie, And her guileless happy heart clung to me; And I lov'd the lit - tle beauty, Bell
murmur to the wild wind my pain. Oft I sit there in sol - i - tude re - pin - ing For the beauty dream that night brought to me; Death has wed the lit - tle beauty, Bell
Bran - don, And we met 'neath the old ar-bor tree. There I saw the lit-tle beau - ty, Bell Bran-don, And we met 'neath the old ar-bor tree.
Bran - don, And we both lov'd the old ar-bor tree. And I lov'd the lit-tle beau - ty, Bell Bran-don, And we both lov'd the old ar-bor tree.
Bran - don, And she sleeps 'neath the old ar-bor tree. Death has wed the lit-tle beau - ty, Bell Bran-don, And she sleeps 'neath the old arbor tree.
Rit
ad lib.

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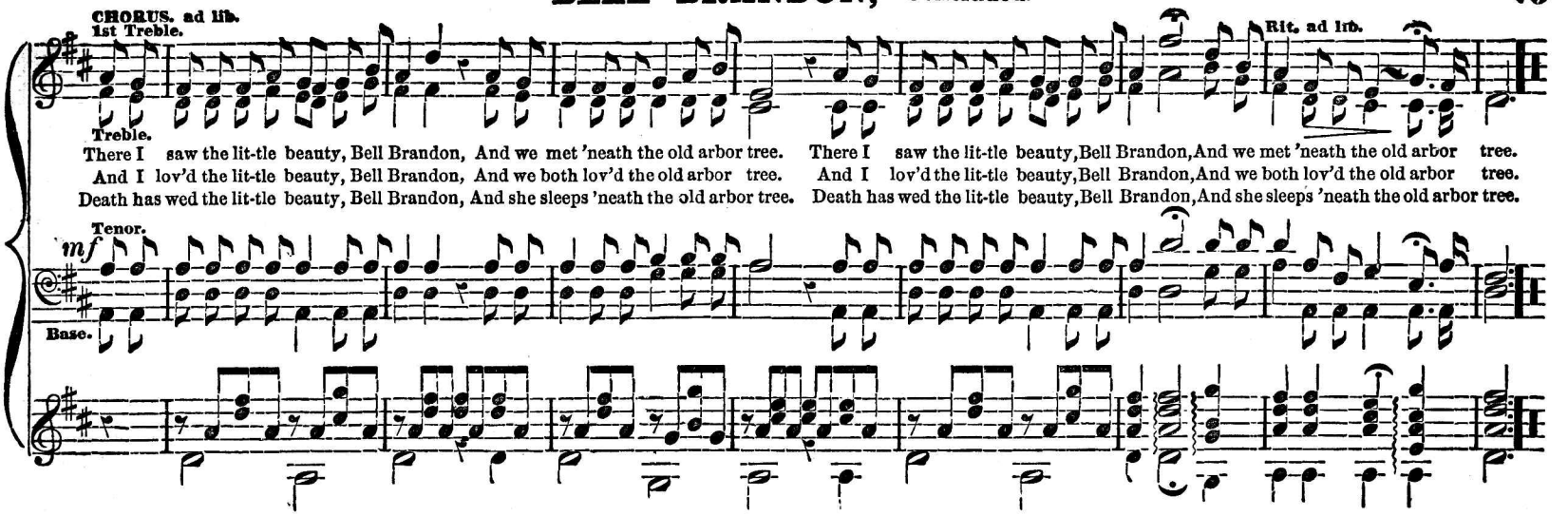
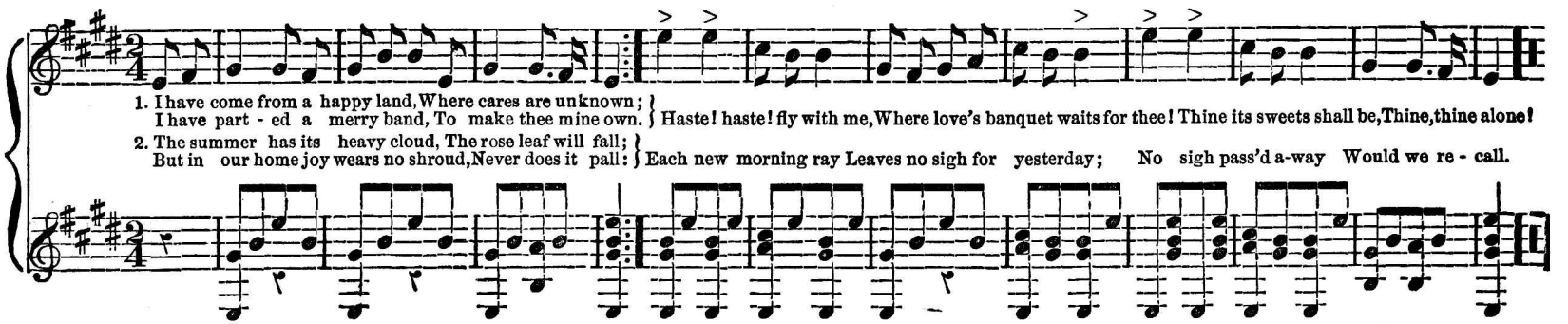
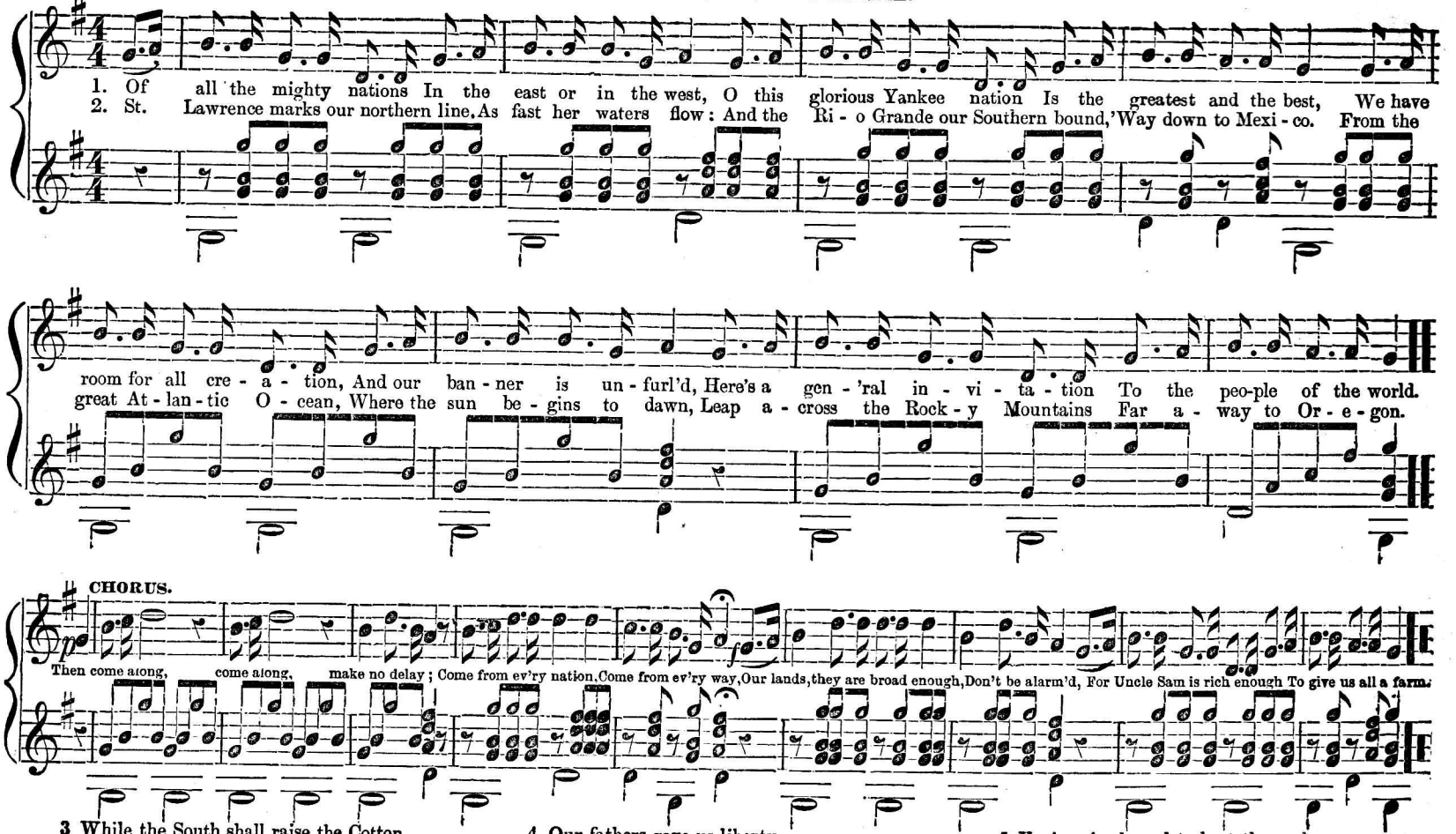

CHORUS. ad lib.
1st Treble.
Rit. ad lib.
Treble.
There I saw the lit-tle beauty, Bell Brandon, And we met 'neath the old arbor tree. There I saw the lit-tle beauty, Bell Brandon, And we met 'neath the old arbor tree.
And I lov'd the lit-tle beauty, Bell Brandon, And we both lov'd the old arbor tree. And I lov'd the lit-tle beauty, Bell Brandon, And we both lov'd the old arbor tree.
Death has wed the lit-tle beauty, Bell Brandon, And she sleeps 'neath the old arbor tree. Death has wed the lit-tle beauty, Bell Brandon, And she sleeps 'neath the old arbor tree.
Tenor.
mf
Base.

"I HAVE COME FROM A HAPPY LAND."

1. I have come from a happy land, Where cares are unknown; I have part - ed a merry band, To make thee mine own. } Haste! haste! fly with me, Where love's banquet waits for thee! Thine its sweets shall be, Thine, thine alone!
2. The summer has its heavy cloud, The rose leaf will fall; But in our home joy wears no shroud, Never does it pall: } Each new morning ray Leaves no sigh for yesterday; No sigh pass'd a-way Would we re - call.

3 Is trouble on thy youthful brow?
Sorrow on thy soul?
O, heed them not who for thee now
Wreath the midnight bowl:
There you'll seek in vain
For a balm to banish pain;
Nought your lip can drain
Will grief control.

4 But the touch of a gentle hand
Trouble can remove;
And pain will cease when lightly fanned
By the breath of love!
And, when fond hearts beat
Together, sorrow must retreat,
Touched by music meet
For realms above.

5 Then hence to the happy land
Where care is unknown;
And first, in a merry band,
I'll make thee mine own!
Haste! haste! fly with me,
Where love's banquet waits for thee!
Thine its sweets shall be,
Thine, thine alone.

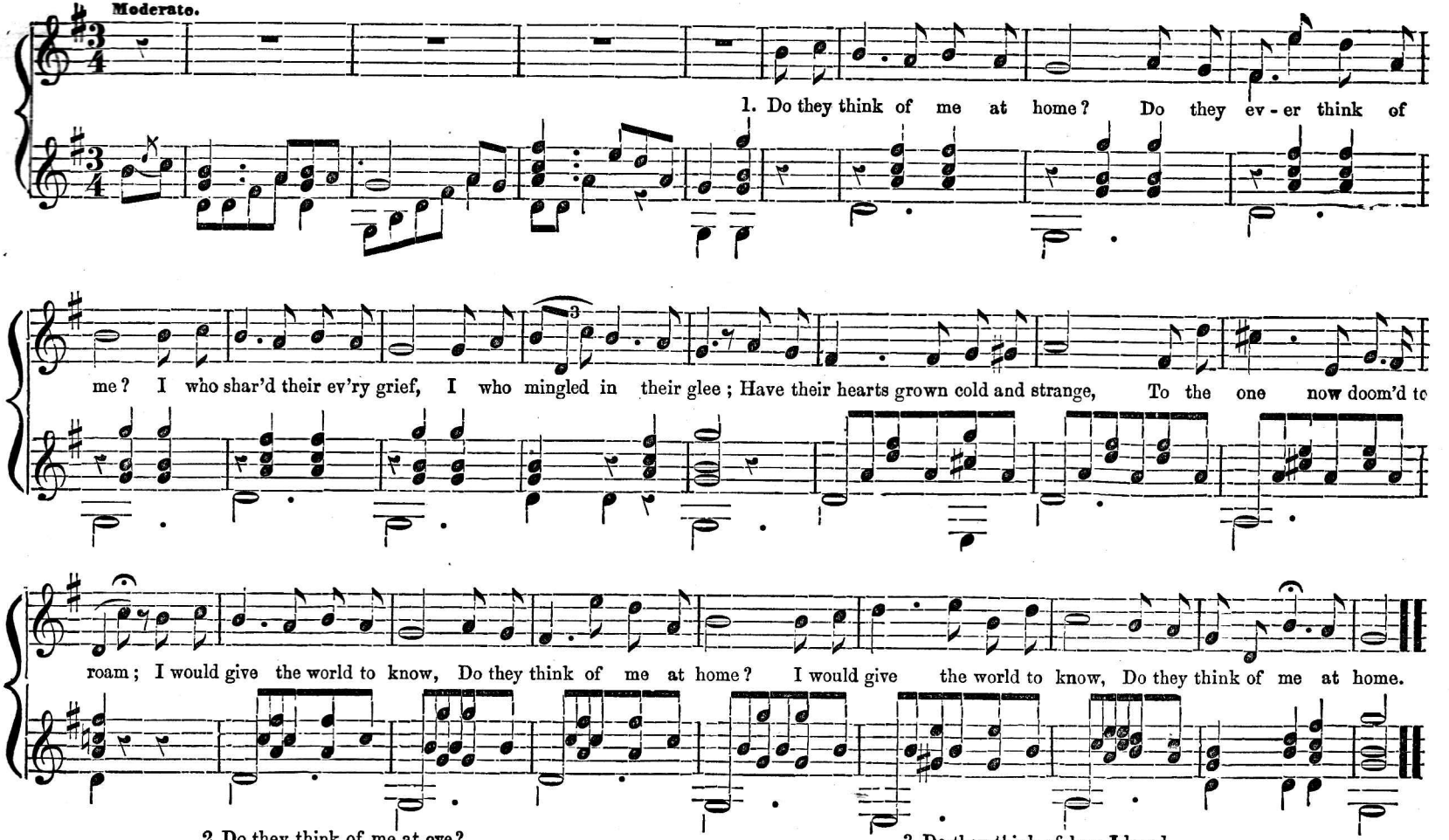
UNCLE SAM'S FARM.

1. Of all the mighty nations In the east or in the west, O this glorious Yankee nation Is the greatest and the best, We have
2. St. Lawrence marks our northern line, As fast her waters flow: And the Ri - o Grande our Southern bound, 'Way down to Mexi - co. From the
room for all cre - a - tion, And our ban - ner is un - furl'd, Here's a gen - 'ral in - vi - ta - tion To the peo-ple of the world.
great At - lan - tic O - cean, Where the sun be - gins to dawn, Leap a - cross the Rock - y Mountains Far a - way to Or - e - gon.
CHORUS.
Then come along, come along, make no delay; Come from ev'ry nation, Come from ev'ry way, Our lands, they are broad enough, Don't be alarm'd, For Uncle Sam is rich enough To give us all a farm.

3 While the South shall raise the Cotton,
And the West the Corn and Pork,
New England Manufactories
Shall do up the finer work;
For the deeper and flowing waterfalls
That course along our hills,
Are just the thing for washing sheep,
And driving Cotton Mills.
CHORUS. Then come along, &c.

4 Our fathers gave us liberty,
But little did they dream,
The grand results that pour along
This mighty age of Steam;
For our mountains, lakes and rivers,
Are all a blaze of fire,
And we send our news by lightning,
On the Telegraphic wires.
CHORUS. Then come along, &c.

5 Yes! we're bound to beat the nations,
For our motto's "Go ahead;"
And we'll tell the foreign paupers
That our people are well fed;
For the nations must remember
That Uncle Sam is not a fool,
For the people do the voting,
And the children go to school.
CHORUS. Then come along, &c.

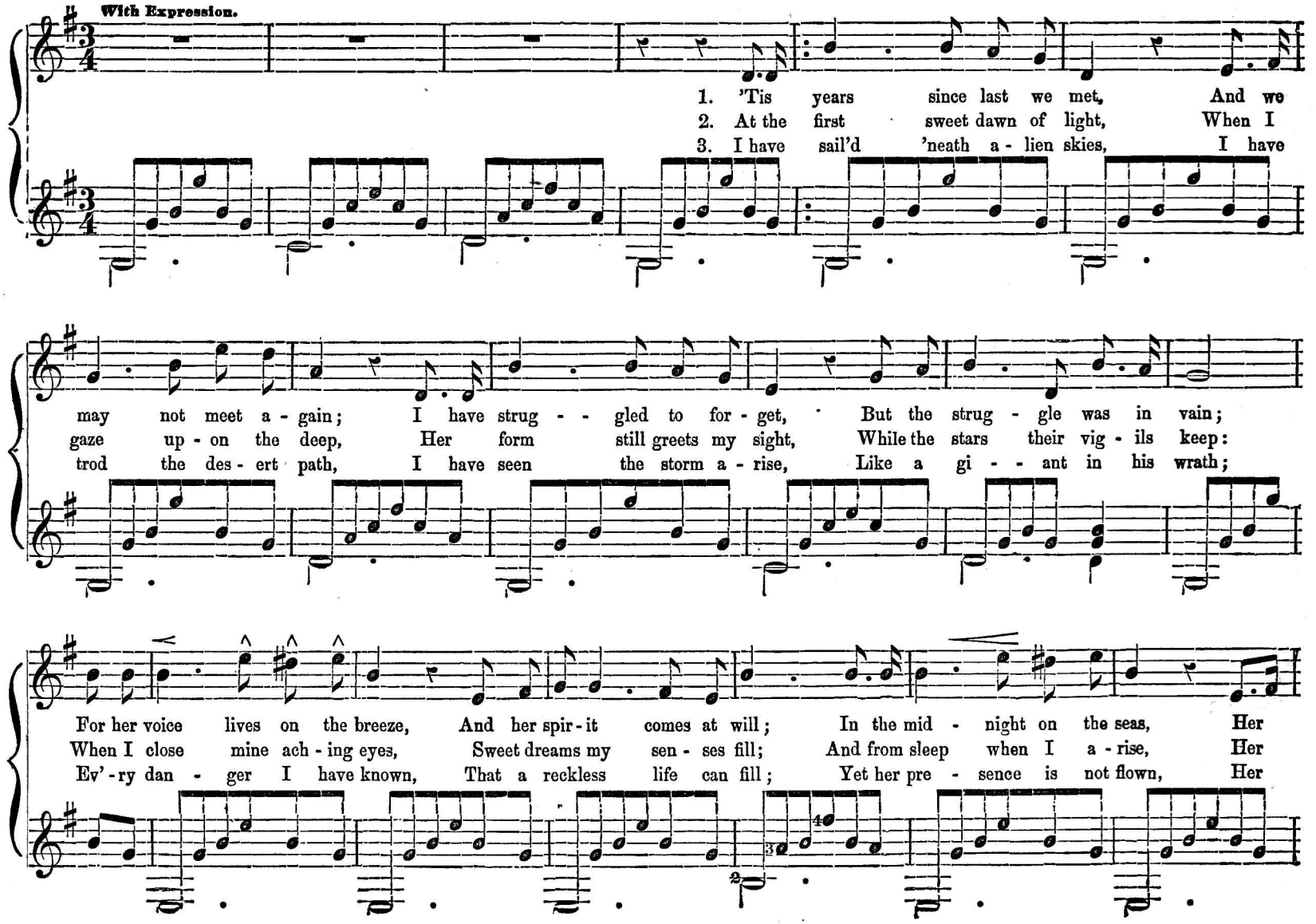
DO THEY THINK OF ME AT HOME.

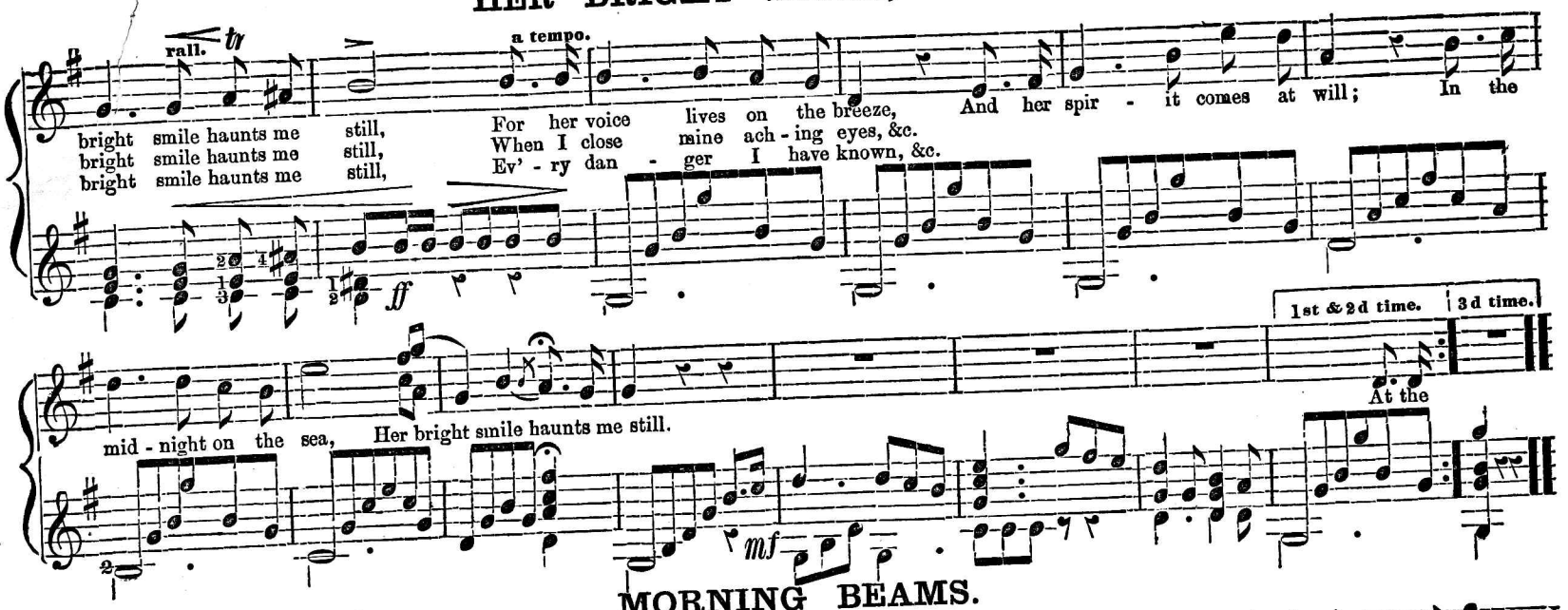
ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

Moderate.
1. Do they think of me at home? Do they ev-er think of
me? I who shar'd their ev'ry grief, I who mingled in their glee; Have their hearts grown cold and strange, To the one now doom'd to
roam; I would give the world to know, Do they think of me at home? I would give the world to know, Do they think of me at home.

2 Do they think of me at eve?
Of the songs I used to sing;
Is the harp I struck untouch'd,
Does a stranger wake the strings;
Will no kind, forgiving word,
Come across the raging foam;
Shall I never cease to sigh,
Do they think of me at home.

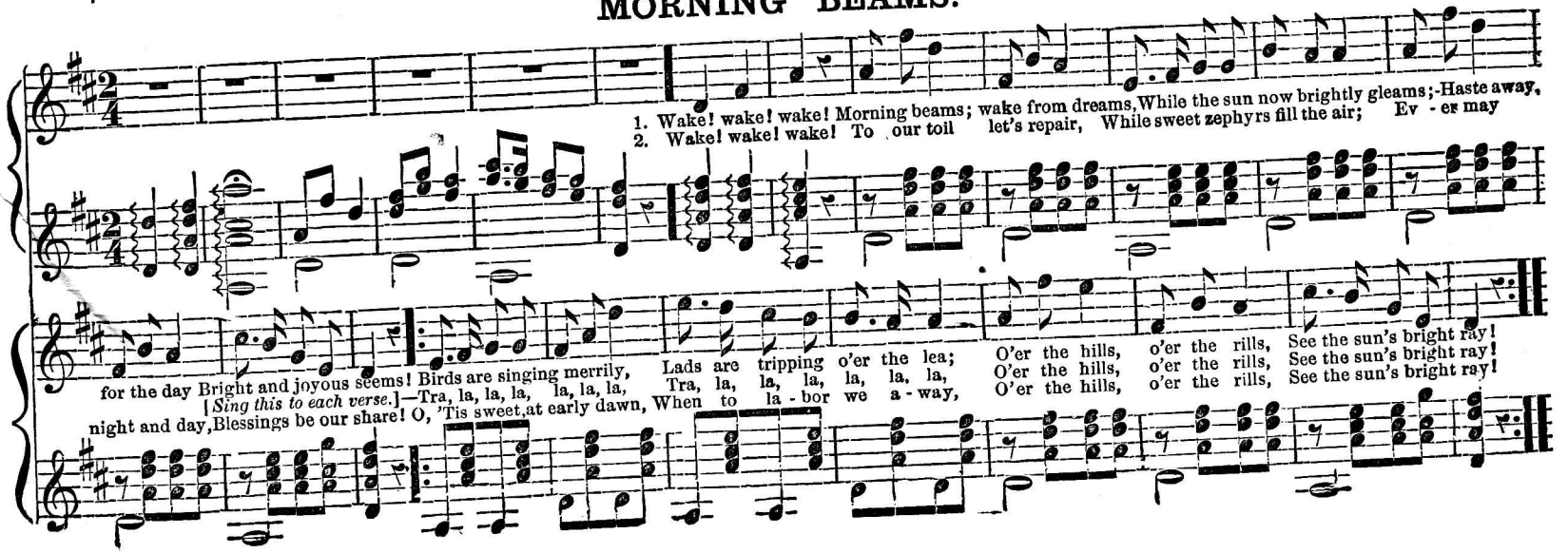
3 Do they think of how I loved,
In my happy, early days,
Do they think of him who came,
But could never win their praise;
I am happy by his side,
And from mine he'll never roam,
But my heart will sadly ask,
Do they think of me at home,

HER BRIGHT SMILE.

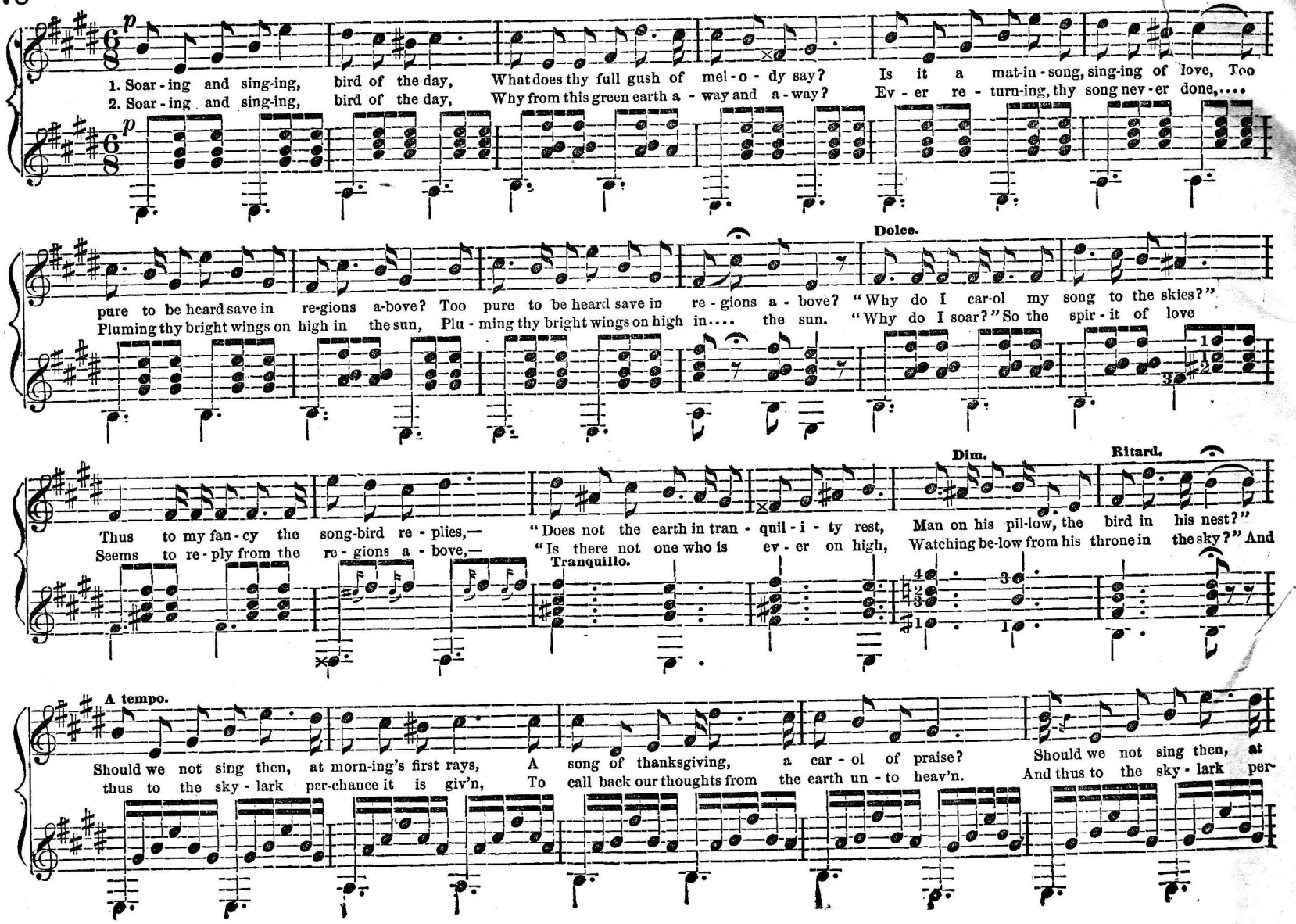
ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

With Expression.
1. 'Tis years since last we met, And we
2. At the first sweet dawn of light, When I
3. I have sail'd 'neath a - lien skies, I have
may not meet a - gain; I have strug - - gled to for - get, But the strug - gle was in vain;
gaze up - on the deep, Her form still greets my sight, While the stars their vig - ils keep:
trod the des - ert path, I have seen the storm a - rise, Like a gi - - ant in his wrath;
For her voice lives on the breeze, And her spir - it comes at will; In the mid - night on the seas, Her
When I close mine ach - ing eyes, Sweet dreams my sen - ses fill; And from sleep when I a - rise, Her
Ev' - ry dan - ger I have known, That a reckless life can fill; Yet her pre - sence is not flown, Her

HER BRIGHT SMILE, Concluded.

rall.
a tempo.
bright smile haunts me still,
bright smile haunts me still,
bright smile haunts me still,
For her voice lives on the breeze, And her spir - it comes at will; In the
When I close mine ach - ing eyes, &c.
Ev' - ry dan - ger I have known, &c.
ff
1st & 2d time.
3d time.
mid - night on the sea, Her bright smile haunts me still.
At the
mf

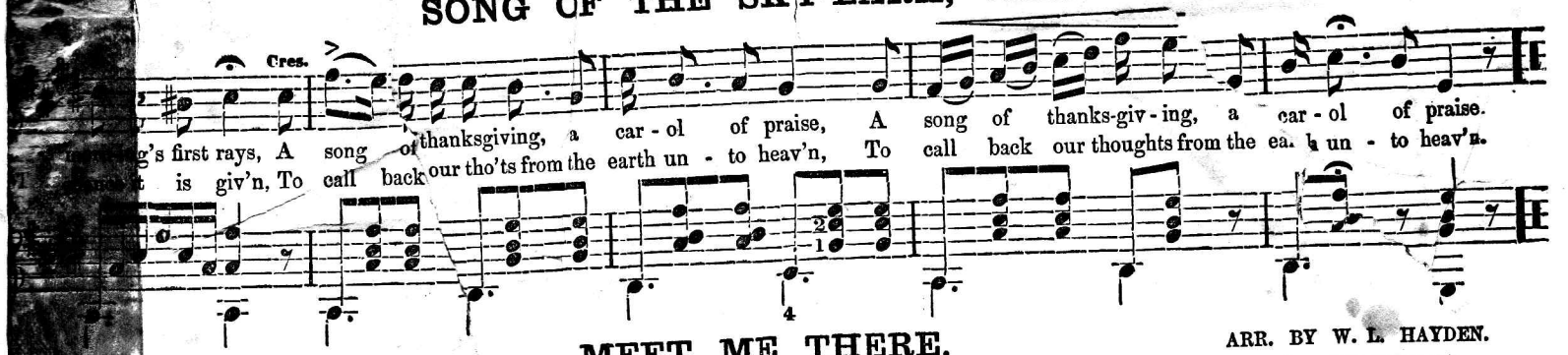
MORNING BEAMS.


1. Wake! wake! wake! Morning beams; wake from dreams, While the sun now brightly gleams; - Haste away,
2. Wake! wake! wake! To our toil let's repair, While sweet zephyrs fill the air; Ev - er may
for the day Bright and joyous seems! Birds are singing merrily, Lads are tripping o'er the lea; O'er the hills, o'er the rills, See the sun's bright ray!
[Sing this to each verse.]—Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, O'er the hills, o'er the rills, See the sun's bright ray!
night and day, Blessings be our share! O, 'Tis sweet, at early dawn, When to la - bor we a - way, O'er the hills, o'er the rills, See the sun's bright ray!

SONG OF THE SKY-LARK.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

p
1. Soar - ing and sing-ing, bird of the day, What does thy full gush of mel - o - dy say? Is it a mat-in - song, sing-ing of love, Too
2. Soar - ing and sing-ing, bird of the day, Why from this green earth a - way and a - way? Ev - er re - turn-ing, thy song nev - er done,....
p
Dolce.
pure to be heard save in re-gions a-bove? Too pure to be heard save in re - gions a - bove? "Why do I car-ol my song to the skies?"
Pluming thy bright wings on high in the sun, Plu - ming thy bright wings on high in.... the sun. "Why do I soar?" So the spir - it of love
Dim.
Ritard.
Thus to my fan - cy the song-bird re - plies,— "Does not the earth in tran - quil - i - ty rest, Man on his pil-low, the bird in his nest?"
Seems to re - ply from the re - gions a - bove,— "Is there not one who is ev - er on high, Watching be-low from his throne in the sky?" And
Tranquillo.
A tempo.
Should we not sing then, at morn-ing's first rays, A song of thanksgiving, a car - ol of praise? Should we not sing then, at
thus to the sky - lark per-chance it is giv'n, To call back our thoughts from the earth un - to heav'n. And thus to the sky - lark per-

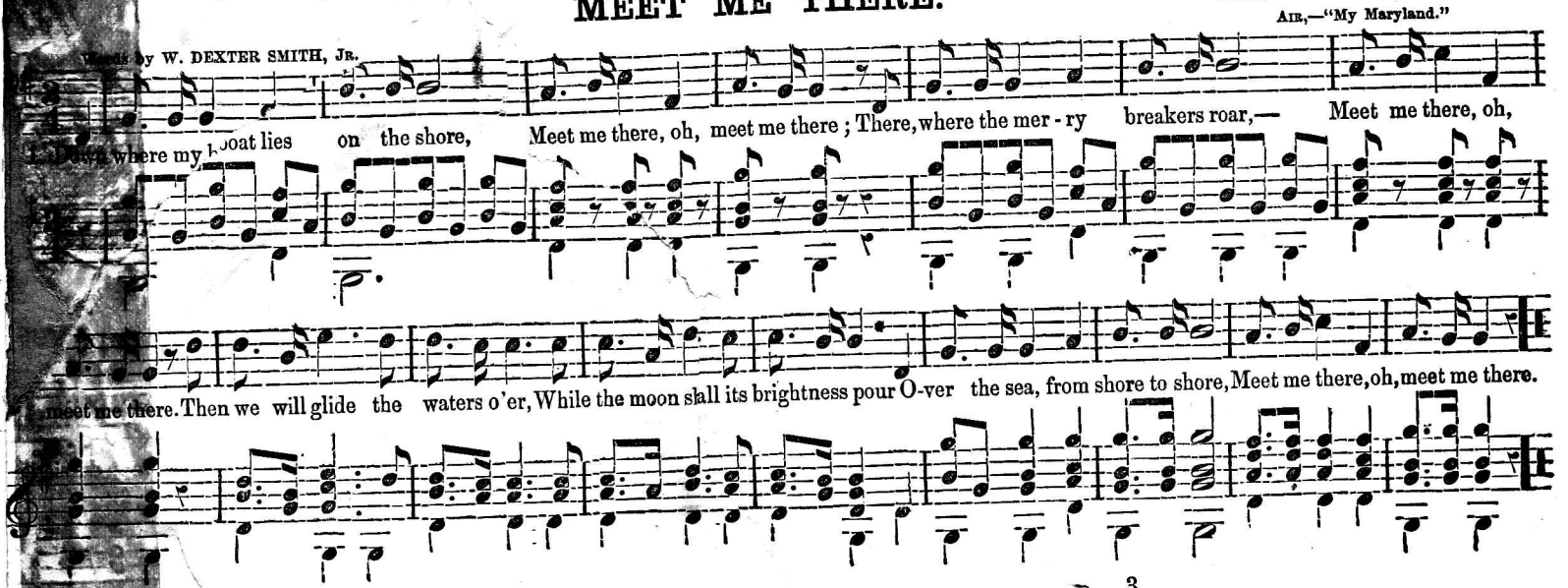
SONG OF THE SKY-LARK, Concluded.


Cres.
g's first rays, A song of thanksgiving, a car - ol of praise, A song of thanks-giv - ing, a car - ol of praise.
is giv'n, To call back our tho'ts from the earth un - to heav'n, To call back our thoughts from the ea. h un - to heav'n.

MEET ME THERE.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

AIR,—"My Maryland."

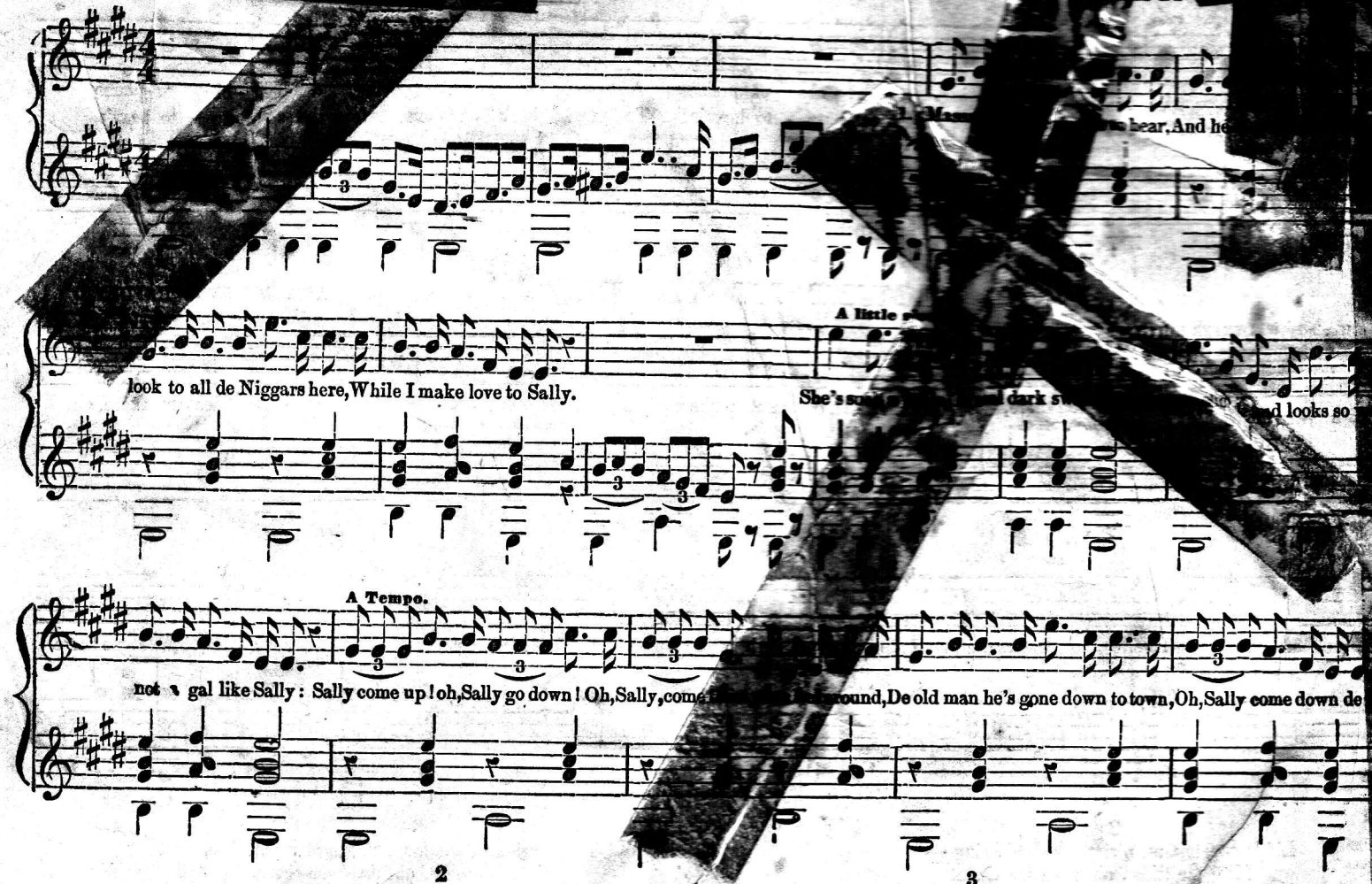

Words by W. DEXTER SMITH, JR.
1. Down where my boat lies on the shore, Meet me there, oh, meet me there; There, where the mer - ry breakers roar,— Meet me there, oh,
meet me there. Then we will glide the waters o'er, While the moon shall its brightness pour O-ver the sea, from shore to shore, Meet me there, oh, meet me there.

2

Life's sweetest mem'ries joy shall bring,—
Meet me there, oh, meet me there.
And of the future we will sing,—
Meet me there, oh, meet me there.
And then the melody shall ring,
O'er the blue waters echoing,—
Till there the breeze shall answers bring,—
Meet me there, oh, meet me there.

3

There, where the stars gleam, sweet and free,
Meet me there, oh, meet me there.
And where the zephyrs kiss the sea,—
Meet me there, oh, meet me there.
As boundless as eternity
Is the blue ocean's melody,
Then, oh how happy we shall be.
Meet me there, oh, meet me there.

SALLY COME UP.

look to all de Niggars here, While I make love to Sally.
A Tempo.
not a gal like Sally: Sally come up! oh, Sally go down! Oh, Sally, come
round, De old man he's gone down to town, Oh, Sally come down de

2

Monday night I gave a ball,
And I invite de Niggars all;
The thick, the thin, the short, the tall,
But none come up to Sally.

3

De fiddle was played by Pompey Jones,
Uncle Ned he shook de bones;
Joe he played de pine stick stones;
But I made love to Sally.